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PORTRAIT OF OUR FATHER
THOMAS MANN

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When did our father's image first take on living form for us? Let us return for a moment to the land of our childhood, to the meadows and hills of the Bavarian uplands where we used to pass the summer months. They are far away from us now — a distance of a quarter of a century. Father, who looms very large in our childish eyes (he is actually of medium height and lightly built), is coming up the path that leads from the garden gate to the house. Our Tölz house, so called because it is in Bad Tölz, a health resort, stands in full sunshine against a gigantic black forest and looks out on to the Karwendel Mountains, covered with eternal snow. We are busy weeding the tennis court; it is very hot, and the sound of our parents' footsteps on the gravel path is good to hear, for it means dinner. Mother and father are wheeling their bicycles; they have been in the village shopping.

We seldom saw our father. In spite or because of that, we felt him as a great power in our lives, as the final authority from which there was no appeal. He worked every morning from nine till a quarter past twelve. In the afternoon he rested. Later, after tea, he wrote letters. During all these hours we had to be quiet, and there were terrible moments when he would come to the door of his study, demanding 'Qui-et, there!' in a voice in which vexation struggled with the incapacity to believe that we had forgotten again.

Sometimes, towards evening, when we were sitting in the nursery on the chairs we had long since grown out of, and feeling very much bored with our box of bricks, he would call us. We would tumble downstairs as fast as we could; to be called in the evening meant being read to, and being read to by Father was the height of our dreams. For that purpose only were we allowed in his study — a moderate-sized room full of books, with a red plush carpet, a scrupulously tidy writing table, another round oak table covered with books, a chaise-longue covered with books, every chair stacked with books. The room was never quite free of cigar smoke, and the smell of it, mingled with a faint redolence of glue and dust from the books, was always

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associated in our minds with our father. Father would shut the door behind us. There was a book in his hand: a volume of the *Arabian Nights*, or *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, or Tolstoy's *Popular Tales*. He read beautifully; the figures came out of the stories and filled the room; the funny ones made us all laugh till we cried. We were thrilled, saddened, or shocked as the story would have us be.

We knew that Father wrote stories himself, though we were 'too young for them yet,' but we knew too that he could have gone on the stage if he had wanted to. He was passionately fond of the theatre, and would often talk about what it would be like the first time he took us there. We used to think he could have been a musician; he played the violin beautifully, and when we sang carols on Christmas Eve he would whistle the alto most tunefully. But the fact of the matter was that he ought to have been an artist. Sometimes he would make little sketches for us — a gentleman with a goatee, who he declared, heaven knows why, was the Brazilian Ambassador, or another in tails who was 'the Pride of the Ballroom.'

Sometimes the children at school would ask us: 'Does your father ever trouble his head about you?' It was our mother who took charge of our school reports, and when we had any 'row' at home to tell about it was generally she who had intervened to settle things. It was obviously she who managed our education, and so we used to tell our friends: 'No — I mean yes. You can't really describe it.'

It is a fact that our father did not *seem* to trouble his head about us. He thought it was better to give us 'a living example' than to make any attempt to bring us up in the way we should go. The atmosphere of our home, the feeling of spiritual responsibility, the discipline of work, the regularity of life, the cheerfulness, the calm, the gravity always tinged with irony which is peculiar to him, and which he brought to bear on our childish affairs with just the same kindliness as on the 'grown-up' matters that touched him personally, his talks with our mother or with the friends who came to lunch — all these things, he thought, were of a nature to help in the formation of our characters. Besides, he relied on what he believed was our innate good sense.

On rare occasions he spoke to us of his own youth, his development, his life. The anecdotes from his childhood were by no means 'moralizing,' but in some way that is not easily explicable they had the power to enlighten us and to stimulate our ambition. Our father confessed that as a boy he had been very lazy — not thoroughly lazy, of course, for he had been an avid reader, had played the violin and written poetry, but lazy as a pupil. He received poor marks and was refractory toward his teachers. He told us many humorous tales about the teachers in his native town, Lübeck. And he also told us about the fine old patrician home in which he grew up — to this day it is shown to visitors as the Buddenbrook House, although the author who was born there has been living in exile, as a 'traitor to his country.' He told us about the room which he shared with his brother Heinrich for many years, of his grave, very correct father, of his beautiful mother, who hailed from Brazil.

'And then?' we inquired. 'After you left Lübeck and were no longer a schoolboy, what happened?'

He sat in his armchair, his legs crossed, a cigar in his mouth, and said: 'Yes, then the years in Munich followed — we left Lübeck soon after the death of my father, your grandfather. At that time I had already begun to write — or, to be more exact, I had never stopped. But the family was of the opinion that I should have a "regular profession." For a while I worked for an insurance company — but only for a short time. I knew that wasn't the right thing for me;

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I had other plans.' Then he would smile mysteriously, almost gayly, as though the thought of those 'other plans,' then already shyly enshrined in his heart, amused him.

'Military service was definitely *not* the right thing for me,' he continued. 'My feet could not get used to the ideal German gait, commonly known as "march past." I became quite ill, was taken to the hospital, and had to be released from military service after a few weeks. I was more fortunate in another position, which I accepted about that time: I was made editor of *Simplicissimus* — you know that magazine with the funny pictures. The first money I ever earned was paid by this magazine. The publisher had accepted one of my short stories and remunerated me with three shining gold pieces — to this day I can feel them as they lay in my hand then. The man who presented these first gold pieces to me was Jakob Wassermann!'

'The real, dear old Jakob Wassermann?' we asked. 'Have you known him that long?'

'Yes,' he said, 'I have known him that long. And we were always good friends.'

Beautiful evening hours under the lamp, the air filled with heavy blue cigar smoke and talk — that was almost better than being read to. Our father spoke to us of Italy, where he had spent several years, together with our Uncle Heinrich. 'It was there I began my work on *Buddenbrooks*. At first I wasn't at all serious about it. I thought to myself: why not tell a little about Lübeck? I have so many memories that will amuse my friends in Munich. And then the book increased in volume. I was terrified at such a growth, but I soon realized that was the only way — not one bit of it must be eliminated. That is the reason why I was so very much upset by the cruel suggestion of my publisher in Berlin, dear old S. Fischer, then quite a young man, to curtail the material to half its size, so that it could be published in one volume. I was quite unwilling to do this. While it was really meant only as a sort of jest for my friends, yet it was to be a very *exhaustive* jest. I wrote Fischer: "I cannot permit deletions! I would rather abandon the publication!" I was taking a great risk; but I was fortunate — and Fischer listened to reason. The novel appeared in two volumes and gave pleasure not only to my Munich friends. Success came gradually — not with exaggerated speed, but steadily. And now the Buddenbrooks have become famous. . . .'

It sounded almost melancholy, just as though fame meant a kind of degradation. ('Fame is the sum total of all misunderstandings circulated about a person,' Rainer Maria Rilke says in one of his works.)

'And then? And then?' We wanted to hear still more; it was so fine and exciting to learn of our father's life; to realize that he too had been young once, had played silly pranks; that he too had had to struggle for his first success. 'And then?'

Now, however, he adopted the manner of the teller of tales. He took our mother's hand and caressed it a little, while slowly he said: 'And then one day I was invited to a beautiful home in Munich. I went there often — as often as possible. And there were special reasons why I did. For the daughter of the house was so pretty and so clever and quite unusual in every respect — like a little princess.' Possibly he would have told us more, — and we would have given anything just to be permitted to go on listening, — but our mother suddenly said, 'Now it's high time to go to bed, children!'

The life of our mother is not at all like that of a princess, we know that — although we too think she almost looks like a real princess, with her heavy dark crown of hair, her wise, expressive eyes, and her many embroidered frocks that we call 'the Bulgarian frocks' because they strike us as being vaguely

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Oriental. Princesses are genteel, but inactive, while our mother is activity personified. But, whether princess or not, we believe she's quite an exceptional person. Perhaps everybody thinks that of their mother; all the same, what she does is really exceptional. Six children in times like these! And she is not strong, either. After the war she was ill; she weighed less than a hundred pounds and had to be sent to a sanatorium. (A number of the graphic letters she wrote to our father from Davos he used in *The Magic Mountain.*) She is the best thing in life for all of us. And each of us is her 'favorite in his own way' — that's one of her comforting jokes. She finds time to look after all of us and to be our father's secretary, impresario, and assistant at the same time. She writes his letters, types his manuscript, negotiates with his publishers, and it is to her that he reads aloud in the evening what he has written during the day. She is his courier and chauffeur too. We really believe it right to say that she is exceptional.

Although times were so bad, and we knew that our parents had many troubles, both personal and general, we had our family celebrations, great and small, which were carried out with loving attention to every detail. Our father loved festivals; he used to look forward to Christmas almost as eagerly as we did. He would himself set up an old Christmas manger, arrange the pretty wax figures under the Christmas tree, give the dog, whom he had adorned with a bow of ribbon, his Christmas dinner, and wait with us in the dark study while the tree was being lit. He could be as thrilled by some little present — a refill pencil, a reading lamp — as we over our box of bricks or Punch and Judy.

In the summer of 1918, our Tölz house was exchanged for a slice of war loan, and life now went on, winter and summer, at our house in Munich. It was very hot. We four children, ranging from five to twelve, would lie in our bathing suits on the lawn in front of the house. Father would appear with the garden hose. His technique with the hose was particularly expert. It was not only that he could aim better than anyone else; he could also command the greatest possible variations in the play of the cooling jet of water. 'It's the flick of the wrist that does it,' he would cry. 'It's an art!'

Indoors, the pleasantest room was the hall. That is where we held all our celebrations, and where we used to sit in the evening to listen to the music. The hall was paneled in brown wood, with bookcases reaching to the ceiling. It narrowed down to a bay with three big windows looking on to the garden. From the other end a folding door led into our father's study, with the beautiful, gilded, five-branched candelabra he was so much attached to because they came from his grandparents' home in Lübeck. There were some good pictures in the house, and prints in which our father took great pride.

The big gramophone was in the hall. Our father loved to organize concerts; one evening there would be German songs, another Tschaikowsky or Wagner — very often it was Wagner. If a record squeaked or a woman's voice cracked on the top note, Father was as upset as a pianist who has come to grief over his showpiece.

As soon as we were old enough, we were allowed to be present when our father read his own work aloud in the evening. It was in this way that we got to know *The Magic Mountain*, *Felix Krull*, and the *Joseph* novels as they came into being. At first the audience on these occasions numbered three: Mother, Erika, and Klaus. Then the little ones, Golo and Monika, were allowed in, and finally the littlest ones came too.

For his part, our father has always enjoyed listening to others. 'Parlor tricks,' especially when they are amusing, give him the liveliest pleasure. He is in the highest degree 'amusable,' and this

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quality is a beautiful nuance in our father's portrait, like his childlike pleasure in pretty things, in 'feasts,' in attractively got-up meals and all the little delights of life. He is a magnificent, grateful, attentive, and easily pleased 'audience.' His friends would read their work aloud to him, and us. Even we children, when we had something to produce, found the most kindly and sensitive critic in our father.

II

In spite of the troubled times, life in our home for the ten years following the end of the World War was comparatively tranquil. Only after the first decisive election successes of the Nazis in September 1929 did politics have a disturbing influence on us. It was not long before our father realized and hated the monstrous thing he saw coming. His hope that it would suffice to give his fellow countrymen a living example (as he had chosen to give his children a living example rather than 'bring them up') proved illusory. He felt that it was his duty to grapple with the evil directly, risking his whole physical and moral self in doing so.

After the September elections, he went from Munich to Berlin, where in a great, urgent speech he besought his audience to be on their guard. Nazi youths, scattered all over the hall, began to riot. They were hissed down by those who had come to listen to the voice of reason. Our father, small and still, stood above the noise; he went on speaking — said what he had got to say into the uproar and in spite of it. 'He is no orator,' we thought, sitting somewhat anxiously down in the body of the hall; 'he is not meant to howl down yelling rowdies. Why didn't we prevent him? Why didn't we implore him to stay at home, at his writing table, where he belongs?' Yet we were proud of him all the same. And it is certain that Germany could have been saved from the worst even then, in the autumn of 1929, or still later, in the autumn and winter of 1933, if other men of mind, the prominent artists and intellectuals, had, like our father, brought their influence to bear on the situation, had made a stand to defend reason and morality against barbarism. They made no stand, and the enemy won practically without a fight.

On March 11, 1933, we put through a trunk call from Munich to Arosa, for our parents were having a few weeks' holiday there after a lecture tour. We told them that the weather at home was unpleasant, and that we would not advise them to come home the next day as they had planned. We could hardly make our father understand. 'It's rough weather up here too,' he said, to which we replied: 'We're having the house spring-cleaned. You'd better stay where you are.' It was a long, distressing conversation, but in the end our parents consented to wait and see how the weather and the spring-cleaning turned out.

When we ourselves arrived at Arosa the next day, we found our father calm and resolute. He had done what lay in his power to prevent what had now happened. As it had happened, and as, in Germany, his voice would be lost in the rattle of weapons and the clamor of those who had raised up the new leaders, — a clamor which drowned out every other sound, both the sweet voice of reason and the cries of suffering which issued from the concentration camps and prisons, — his place was no longer there, but outside, where his voice could be heard, and whence it might gradually penetrate into the misguided country.

That spring was an ordeal. In Germany they were beginning to resent the absence of the 'Aryan' Nobel Prize winner, whose former delinquencies they would certainly have been ready to overlook. His passport had expired; at the consulates he was given to understand that it would be renewed without difficulty if the holder would take the trouble to have it done at Munich, the issuing

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office. But that is just what he would not do. Then came reprisals in Munich. First our car was taken from the garage, then our house and money were confiscated. But the news coming from Germany was so bitter, so ugly, that all personal hardship faded into the background. The weeks immediately following the 'seizure of power' were the worst, because the unimaginable had to be grasped and the incredible gradually believed.

We had become homeless; we belonged nowhere. It was a matter of complete indifference whether our little hotel rooms were in Lugano or the South of France. Of course, we were now poor; and our mother must often have been more disturbed than she permitted us to see, because she didn't know how things could continue this way. Everything our father had achieved and earned — yes, even the honor bestowed upon him by the Swedish Academy, the Nobel Prize — had been taken from us. There must be a new beginning — in foreign countries and foreign languages.

We went down to the Côte d'Azur, spent a few weeks in Le Lavandou, a few more in Sanary. Father had stopped working; for the first time in our lives we found him, between nine and a quarter past twelve, out walking, or talking to our mother, with friends or alone, brooding over the disaster that had come. The world — our world — was out of joint. It had to be set right.

Erika was the only one who returned to Munich. Our father had left the manuscript of his *Joseph* novel at our home on the Isar, when he went to France and Switzerland for what he then thought was a few weeks' vacation. Now the house was confiscated and watched — but we would and could not leave the manuscript to the Nazis. Erika went to Munich. She donned dark glasses, so as to be unrecognizable, but as a matter of fact they only made her more conspicuous. It was all very uncomfortable. And two moments will always be indelibly engraved on her memory — one when she opened the door with her trusty old house key, without attracting the attention of the Nazi guards; the other when she crept up the stairs, where so many scenes of our childhood had taken place, picked up the voluminous manuscript, and like a thief ran into her own room with her treasure. At that time, however, there wasn't the dreadful order at the border that would cost her her life were she to appear there today. The manuscript and Erika reached Sanary safe and sound.

The house above the sea in which we came temporarily to rest was small. But there was a study with a few books; there was a room in which we could sit together in the evening. Some big new chapters of *Joseph in Egypt* were written there, and when in the autumn we returned to Switzerland, to settle provisionally by the Lake of Zurich, we were already experienced exiles, who knew that life goes on whatever happens, and are at home wherever a writing table happens to be.

III

One of the good things about exile is that it intensifies a man's contact with the world — indeed, that it creates a contact with the world which those who go for a tour abroad, and return home, hardly know. We had traveled about a good deal 'before Hitler'; we imagined we knew our way about in Europe, and even in the United States. In reality, we had always been 'on a visit'; we had never participated in the life of the countries we had stayed in. That has all changed now. And the friendship which unites our father to-day, say, with Switzerland, or Czechoslovakia, or America, is deeper and means more than any connections he could have established from home. In Germany he has been 'deprived of his nationality,' but he is a German writer, whether Hitler and his henchmen will admit it or not. He knows that where he is Germany is; but

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at the same time he is at home in the free world — in every place where there is sympathy for things of the mind, and where a man can work in peace and with self-respect.

Although he had been a frequent visitor to America, he made his first lecture tour 'from coast to coast' in the winter of 1937–1938, and it was that tour which confirmed what he had till then only suspected — that here was the country in which life was fullest, most promising, finest. The most important democracy in the world received the exiles kindly. On the great tour which took our father into every corner of the continent, he met with so much understanding, so much interest and receptivity, so much enthusiasm for art and the spiritual things which are above nationality, that, moved and grateful, he felt, 'I should like to stay here.' He therefore accepted an invitation to settle at Princeton, where he will give lectures at the university and continue work on his Goethe novel and the fourth part of *Joseph*.

The German university of Bonn has withdrawn the honorary doctorship it once conferred upon him; but it was unnecessary for him to relinquish the title of Doctor, since Harvard University honored him with the degree, and also Columbia and Yale. At Yale he had the pleasure of being present at a ceremony which took place at the opening of the Thomas Mann Archive. This fine and well-stocked collection of first editions, manuscripts, photographs, and appreciations of his work is a testimony of great and active love. While his books are being removed from the German libraries, while German school children are not allowed to learn his name, here in a foreign land, which has long ceased to be 'foreign' to him, a home has been made ready for him.

Does this image of our father in America correspond to the one which rises from the depths of our childhood into the clouded present? Do we recognize it as the face that bent over us tiny children as we played in the garden of the Tölz house? We recognize in it the clear eyes under the dark brows, which rise high in surprise or indignation, the urbane kindliness, and the gravity tinged with irony. The face has remained narrow, with the prominent nose we have all inherited, and the little, close-clipped moustache whose neatness and patrician conventionality are belied by the reflective and shimmering depth of the eyes. The voice which, as we sit together of an evening in Princeton, tells us the story of Lotte in Weimar is the same as issued from the corner of the Munich 'study.' We recognize the voice at once; we recognize the figure from which it issues as the one we once knew, though time has transformed it. For between and behind the slim silhouettes there rises, uniting, clarifying, and linking them, the work.

IV

It is difficult, perhaps almost impossible, to see and judge as a public figure one to whom we are closely attached by human ties. It seems hardly possible to separate the man from his work, particularly in a case like that of Thomas Mann, whose work is so intimately bound up with his personality. All his books, and even the great literary essays, are autobiographical in character, a trait which is clearly recognizable in *Buddenbrooks* and in *Tonio Kröger*, which can be discerned as it were under a mask in *Royal Highness*, *Death in Venice*, and *The Confessions of Felix Krull*, and which, for the keen-sighted, is even to be divined in *The Magic Mountain*. Not until *Joseph and His Brothers* does the autobiographical and confessional element seem to fade into the background, yet what a thrill of surprise it gives us to discover and trace it even here. For those characters from a far distant time and an alien scene take on strangely familiar traits. They have the same charms, feel the same weariness of dig-

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nity, the same torments of sick or hopeless love, the same degradations and guilt, delight and despair, in forbidden adventure, as the people in his stories of modern times. The motive of a love which burns the more unquenchably just because it is hopeless returns, like some great, sorrowful musical theme recurring throughout a composer's work, in the novel about the aged Goethe which is now being written — *Lotte in Weimar*.

All these torments and ecstasies are interwoven, all these figures bear faces that are akin, and in all these faces we recognize, with reverence and love, the poet who created them. It is the face of Jacob, the thoughtful face of the father watching his son, young Joseph, with anxious yearning. Then a mysterious and comical change passes over it, and it melts into the features of Felix Krull, that genius at 'making faces,' and when it settles again it takes on the lineaments of upper middle-class dignity, the likeness of Thomas Buddenbrook, the last patrician, who indulged in Schopenhauer like a drug fiend, then simply fell dead in the street because a dentist had hurt him — or because he would not put up with life any longer. But again there is a change; the face turns more solemn on the one hand, smoother and more callow on the other. It is the face of Prince Klaus Heinrich, the beloved and secretly melancholy Royal Highness, who had to keep at a severe ceremonial distance from 'ordinary people' and in the end found happiness all the same, an 'austere' happiness, when the sweet and capricious betrothed, the strange girl Imma, came. And we recognize even this Imma — familiar features we have loved since earliest childhood; for the fairy-tale betrothed, the capricious guardian angel of the Prince, has turned into the wife and mother — our mother.

Given such a wealth of memories and associations, of touching relationships, it is not easy to remain 'detached.' On the other hand, we certainly should not wish to turn our personal intimacy with the author's life into a fatal handicap by regarding his work merely as a complex of family allusions, and hence lose the power to appreciate it as one of the finest manifestations of the human spirit which our time has seen.

V

The range of problems and human affairs which has entered into these creations and formed their artistic and spiritual themes has grown gradually but steadily wider until it has attained the all-embracing magnitude we know today. It is characteristic that the great essays — the writings, that is, of a more general and social nature — have played a preponderating part in Thomas Mann's work only since the World War.

The problem that dominated Thomas Mann's work solely and uniquely, up to the war, was the problem of the creative spirit. The problem of decadence, which gave the great chronicle of the decline and fall of an upper middle-class family, the Buddenbrooks, its spiritual content, was only a part of the problem of the creative mind. For the artistic temperament already afflicts the last of the Buddenbrooks, not only the oversensitive, overaffectionate boy Hanno, but his father too, who was, to all appearances, still sound. They are estranged from the solid business life of their family; they have been touched by the dangerous breath of the spirit. But even Hanno still harbors a yearning for the 'ecstasies of the commonplace,' the soothing solidity of bourgeois life. This longing is also the fate of Tonio Kröger, who is estranged from life because he is estranged from the bourgeoisie.

'The creative spirit' appears in many guises and under many masks, for that spirit is, after all, an actor too, and likes to wear all kinds of strange costumes; but we can always recognize him as the man standing aloof from life, and isolated, the man who does not really 'belong.' And between the two spheres, between

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'mind' and 'life,' Eros hovers, a graceful, cunning go-between.

Eros can appear in many forms. Sometimes he even assumes the form of hate, and instead of vows of tenderness we hear curses. It is curses, not vows of love, which Savonarola the ascetic hurls, in *Fiorenza*, at the luxurious sensuality of the Florence of the Medicis. But all the same, Eros is at work here too; the hatred of the ascetic is only the extreme, despairing expression of his longing.

'Whoever has looked upon beauty is dedicated to death,' said a German poet whose knowledge of all things concerning death, beauty, and love was especially profound. It was August von Platen, to whom Thomas Mann has paid homage in a great study: *Platen, Tristan and Don Quixote*. For Eros can also appear in the likeness of the angel of death. His seduction is at times the seduction of annihilation — that very fascination which so ensnared poor Thomas Buddenbrook as he sat reading Schopenhauer in the summerhouse, and to which Hans Castorp, in *The Magic Mountain*, owed so many strange experiences, physical and spiritual. The most cunning and equivocal of all gods — thus Plato describes Eros — is revealed in that feeling of which Platen sang, and which Thomas Mann has described as 'the bias towards death.'

This formula, 'the bias towards death,' is one of the intellectual leitmotifs which run through a long critical and philosophical study, *Reflections of an Unpolitical Mind*, on which Thomas Mann worked during the four war years. This book marks a turning point in his inner life and in his work. For the first time the problem of the creative spirit recedes. The antithesis 'mind' and 'life,' which had predominated in all Thomas Mann's creative work from *Tonio Kröger* to *Death in Venice*, is replaced by other antitheses, other spiritual polarities.

Rather paradoxically, the author's interest in social and political matters is first manifested in the *Reflections*. It is true that this interest at first takes the form of a long and bitterly angry attack on that type of intellectual who concentrates his efforts and interests primarily on social and political matters — that is, the western, democratic type most clearly represented in Germany by Heinrich Mann. This 'literary prophet of civilization,' with his optimism and his belief in progress, is thrown into contrast with the conservative, nonpolitical German romantic; French rhetoric is contrasted with German musicality, the western idea of civilization with the German ideal of *Kultur* (ostentatiously spelled with a capital *K* instead of a small *c*). The *Reflections* are a pamphlet in the grand style, written with passion and grief against the spirit of the Entente Cordiale, the spirit of the democracies with which the Germany of Luther and Bismarck was at war.

The author of this strange and at times movingly beautiful book has long since outgrown all the opinions expressed in it. All the same, within the whole compass of his work, it is of decisive importance. The profound and painful preoccupation with the 'problem of Germany,' with the difficult task of *being a German*, was only the first expression and symptom of a great inward process. The creative spirit had quitted his tragic, ironic isolation to enter a community. Suddenly the man who till then had held aloof from life, half quizzically, half sadly, participated directly in life with his whole heart, struggling and suffering. It is true that he showed at first no great aptitude for life in the new community, as might be expected of a creative spirit and a Don Quixote. It may well have been a tragic moment for him when he became aware that he had fought with windmills in the *Reflections* and had given warning through five hundred pages of dangers which, for Germany, were never really dangers. For there is no serious reason to fear that Germany will ever fall victim to a 'facile belief' in progress, to a civilization func-

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tioning too smoothly and too perfectly. The reasons that make one fear *for* Germany, which are also the reasons that make one fear Germany, are of a very different order.

For that matter, the *Reflections* themselves, in their deepest sense, are fraught with the premonition that this somewhat hectic battle is being fought for a cause already lost. The patriotism of this strange war book is by no means the hearty, flag-flapping kind; it is a melancholy patriotism, a kind of suspicious enthusiasm, familiar not only with all the greatness of Germany, but also with all her evil potentialities. Not by mere chance is one of the leitmotifs of the book the recurring phrase, 'the bias towards death.'

It is that very bias which had to be overcome. As Nietzsche overcame in suffering his love for Schopenhauer, Wagner, and romanticism, thereby winning a brighter, austerer happiness, the author of the *Reflections* overcame the melancholy conservatism, the secretly rather skeptical enthusiasm for what is already doomed and marked by death. *The Magic Mountain* is the epic record of a process which leads from the interest in sickness, death, and decay to the interest in life, and finally to an all-embracing sympathy with life and the living. But through this new and brighter melody other notes run, the old notes rising from the depths. The experiences that were gathered 'down there,' in the depths, are not to be forgotten up in the light. It is the man who knows darkness who loves the light most.

VI

This new humanism, which is treated dialectically in *The Magic Mountain*, and is the grandiose finale of its intellectual symphony, could not but have political consequences. Its political implications make their first appearance in the *Speech on the German Republic* which Thomas Mann gave on a Goethe Memorial Day in Frankfort-on-Main, and in which he made his first explicit avowal of democratic principles. The nationalist circles in Germany, who had imagined that the author of the *Reflections* would now be one of them for all time, were beside themselves with anger and disappointment. They howled 'Treachery!' and did not stop howling when Thomas Mann showed that he was going to remain faithful to the convictions at which he had arrived after a long and conscientious process.

His moral and political development, however, by no means came to an end with the *Speech on the German Republic*. It went on, and the pace at which it progressed was hastened by the fatal turn things took in Germany. The struggle against the barbarism which first menaced, then overwhelmed Germany was in very truth no 'fight against windmills.' Barbarism — the degradation of human beings by the 'totalitarian state,' the atavistic relapse into the pre-civilized stage of life, the life of the jungle, subject to the 'law of might,' where the notions of justice, freedom, and compassion provoke either scorn or helpless stupefaction — that is what Fascism is. But the new humanism, the new, age-old goal of a culture no longer based on social injustice — that is the idea under whose ægis Thomas and Heinrich Mann came together, and for the sake of which they both became irreconcilable enemies of Fascism.

This new humanism is comprehensive. It is faithful to the great values, the inalienable heritage of the past; hence it is also conservative. But it points boldly to the future, it has socialistic hopes; hence it is revolutionary. It is of its nature synthetic rather than antithetic, since it reconciles opposites by uniting them within itself, instead of playing them off against each other. It has both dignity and fire. It has room for all that is human, and is the sworn, inexorable enemy of the dogmatic inhumanity represented by Fascism.

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The example which Thomas Mann follows with reverence in his new vision of man is above all the great figure of Goethe. The being of Goethe, the greatest of Germans and the greatest of Europeans, seems to him to show the most wonderful fusion of nature and culture, of national and supernational qualities. And yet in that huge mind of Goethe, who could endure 'injustice rather than disorder,' there is an element of rigidity, of aristocratic exclusiveness, of *fear* of changes that might occasion disorder — traits and tendencies that might well narrow the concept of a coming humanism and check its development. Thomas Mann knows that; he has always observed the great objects of his admiration — Nietzsche or Wagner, Frederick the Great or Tolstoy — with a curiosity tinged by criticism and skepticism. No one will venture to doubt that Goethe would have turned his back on the Third Reich with a still deeper disgust than on the patriotic clamor of the War of Liberation in 1813. Yet we have also reason to doubt whether he would have achieved more than the gesture of cold disdain, whether he would really have made up his mind to enter the struggle. It is a well-known fact that the great man of Weimar never quite fell out with those in power.

But as soon as the Nazi danger became acute, that is what Thomas Mann resolved to do — to enter the struggle, and to enter it publicly. He could no longer be satisfied with serving the new form of humanity with his creative power alone, by conjuring up, in *Joseph and His Brothers*, primeval human figures, by bringing them close to us and 'humanizing' early myths of humanity. His love of the future made him indignant at the horror of the present. As long as there was time he warned his fellow countrymen, in a host of articles and speeches; and when it was too late, when the disaster he had foreseen made it impossible for him to live in his native country, he fell into a brief silence of grief, and then found words again — eloquent words, glowing, angry, sorrowful, and yet not comfortless words, words that were confident for all their indignation and pain. They were heard not only by the outside world; they found an echo within the Reich itself. The famous letter *To the Rector of Bonn University*, that great answer to a petty action which consisted in withdrawing from the author of *Buddenbrooks* the honorary degree of Doctor once conferred upon him — that letter, which aroused attention in five continents, was greedily read in Germany. Read *with danger*, as may well be imagined. But thousands in the Third Reich really wanted to hear Thomas Mann's voice and ideas again, instead of the everlasting 'voice of their master,' long since become nauseous to them. And they risked prison and the concentration camp for the sake of that joy, that refreshing encouragement.

It cannot be assumed that those who dared to do so were moved merely by literary curiosity. They realized that they were not utterly degraded as long as that voice still spoke. The solace which that calm yet fiery pronouncement brought them came, on the one hand, from the memory of a better past; on the other hand, as a message of hope. The future of Germany, of Europe, of the world, cannot be so gloomy as long as a few proud and greatly gifted minds continue their active endeavors. That those few do not fail, but courageously carry on their difficult work, the work that so often creates new enemies for them — that is a guarantee.

A guarantee of what? Of the nearness of the Golden Age, of that lasting peace which would be a boon to all mankind? By no means. But a guarantee that the struggle is not quite hopeless, and that it has aims which make it worth while.

That is what those Germans thought who risked the concentration camp. That is what readers still living in five continents thought. And that is what we, his children, think.

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AN EDITOR BALANCES THE ACCOUNT

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

It is certainly curious,' Bernard Shaw wrote to me on the *Nation's* sixtieth birthday, 'that so outspoken a journal as the *Nation* should have survived sixty years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, clubbed, and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty. I have been through both myself and I *know*.' Shaw was right, and it is even more curious that the editor of the *Nation* from the years 1918 to 1933 not only survived but came through this period so little scathed.

It is the more remarkable because styles in publications in the United States change without notice, and the *Nation*, since Shaw wrote that letter, has passed its seventieth anniversary and is rapidly nearing its seventy-fifth birthday, with a new, but highly experienced, captain at the helm. When the *Nation* was founded, the *Independent*, the *Observer*, and the out-and-out religious weeklies exercised a tremendous influence in the country, and the once extremely powerful weekly editions of the New York dailies, notably that of the *Tribune*, were still alive when I entered journalism. Soon they disappeared, and doubtless the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, had it not been for the large means behind them, would have gone the way of the *Independent*, the *Observer*, the *Freeman*, the *New Freeman*, the *Outlook*, the *Review* (founded to combat our heresies and to offer a place of refuge for the seceding readers of the *Nation*), the *Literary Digest*, and numerous others.

As for the dailies themselves, they too have shown an alarming mortality. In New York City alone I have witnessed the disappearance of no less than nine dailies — some of which, like the *Herald*, the *World*, and Dana's *Sun*, seemed as permanent as the City Hall itself. Although the survivors to-day print vastly more news from all over the world than did those dailies of 1897, nevertheless there has been decadence in numerous respects. They have been caught, remorselessly, in the drift toward consolidation and monopoly. Every economic influence which affects Big Business affects them, and it is almost impossible to find more than a few which do not reflect the point of view of the great business men and the wealthy and privileged classes. To-day the founding of a new daily in a great city is practically impossible — a far cry from that golden age when any young Garrison or Greeley, however poor, who had something in his soul to say to his fellow citizens, could found his weekly and perhaps watch it grow into an influential daily. This commercialization of the press, together with the creation of chains of dailies usually controlled from New York, with little real interest in the cities in which they appear, have made the few remaining independent dailies and the outspoken

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weeklies more precious than ever. That any survive is a cause for gratitude.

The *Nation* and the *New Republic* have, however, been preserved not merely because ownership wealth or friendly aid met their deficits. They have survived also because they are interesting, constantly print facts not to be found in the dailies, and are vital and alive. They have held deep and earnest opinions; they are sincere and enthusiastic in their championship of their causes. The journals of conformity, for all their sedative and supine acquiescence in everything said and done by authority, for all their defense of the status quo, have died one after the other because of dullness and lack of fire and leadership. In their places have appeared far more successful and more widely circulated types of weeklies, such as the digests and the weekly recorders of news events, which will in time yield to still others.

Lord Morley once wrote, in the exquisite introduction to his *Recollections:* 'The oracle of to-day drops from his tripod on the morrow. In common lines of human thought and act, as in the business of the elements, winds shift, tides ebb and flow, the boat swings, only let the anchor hold.' To no other form of activity than to our press do these words apply better. I am old-fashioned enough still to believe, and with all my heart, that to survive, with or without large means, a journal must be anchored by ability, character, leadership, and genuine skill in the presentation of facts and opinions.

Long ago it was said: 'One who moulds the people's beliefs ought to have the wisdom of a sage and the inspiration of a prophet and the selflessness of a martyr.' Still more is asked of the editor of to-day. In addition to the economic pressure upon him, his lot is made extraordinarily difficult because never in the history of the press has such all-embracing knowledge, such rapidity of judgment, such surety of vision, been demanded of leader writers. From every corner of the world comes news, often of extreme significance in its bearing upon events fifteen thousand miles away. There is little or no time for careful consideration. When I joined the *Evening Post* we often found ourselves hard put to it in summer to discover subjects enough to fill the daily editorial page. To-day, politics having become economics and economics politics, and the world standing on its head, a journal needs a large staff of specialists and expert legal advice to be had for the telephonic asking.

Fortunate indeed were the Abolitionists and other early reformers, for their causes were simple and understandable of all men. Slavery presented a plain issue and yet that was threefold: it was an economic problem, a vital political problem, and, most important of all, a burning human problem. It has often seemed to me that one of the foremost reasons for the failure of nations to progress faster, and of the intelligent peace-loving minorities in all countries to make themselves potent, is that the multiplicity of reforms, of issues, and of news events the world over, bewilders the multitudes, just as it often dries up the sympathies and paralyzes the enthusiasms of the reading public. The human mind cannot react simultaneously to horrors in Ethiopia, slaughtering in Spain, and indescribable massacres in China. The wellsprings of human emotion are inevitably sucked dry.

II

Although the demands upon the editor are beyond any one man's powers to-day, the rewards of a free journalist remain of the greatest. We now know well what happens when the editors of a country all lose their freedom under government control. Of all the prostitutes in the world such editors are the most contemptible, because they deliberately and knowingly lend themselves to misleading

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and poisoning the identical people their newspapers were meant to enlighten and inform. Under freedom, the education of the unchained editor never stops. He acquires knowledge every day, whether he wishes to do so or not. The very studying with expert eye of the day's dispatches adds to his store of facts, gives him a deeper background, and — if he has within him the possibility of growth — a wider and wiser perspective. That is one of the chief attractions and one of the great rewards of the profession — the joy of intense intellectual absorption in stimulating and exciting tasks which put the editor behind the scenes of politics and in touch with the men who work the governmental machinery.

I have repeatedly asserted that one who has had the joy of saying in print just what he thinks and feels, of breaking a lance on behalf of any cause in which his heart is enlisted, never relinquishes this privilege happily but always with deep regret. That privilege has been the great boon which inherited means bestowed upon me. They gave me the opportunity to be my own master; they enabled me to write as I pleased without ever having to wait upon another to get his orders. The ability to roam the world in order to see for oneself the kinship of all peoples; the power to aid in some slight degree the suffering, the oppressed, the victims of prejudice, of injustice, and of cruelty everywhere; above all, the freedom to say one's soul is one's own: these are the sole justifications of wealth that I have been able to discover. In darkest days friends have asked me how I could still be optimistic — undaunted. I have replied: 'Being one of the most fortunate of men, I have no right to be other than one of the happiest.'

Still it has been far from easy to retain one's courage when bitterness, hatred, and mediæval cruelty have entered into men's hearts and brute force, at this writing, rules the world. Much of the great promise of my youth has been dispelled. All that hope and belief that we, in a country of unlimited riches and inexhaustible lands, were destined to be a tranquil, happy, uniquely prosperous people safe from all the quarrels and embroilments of the Old World have vanished. Our social problems have become those of the old countries — by our own folly and shortsightedness. We have wasted our natural resources, deliberately and needlessly invited class strife engendered by special privilege, by unequal economic conditions, by unfair governmental favoritism. We actually face real danger to the Republic that, until 1917, no one believed could again be put in jeopardy. We confront the pressing danger that economic stupidity, fostered by crass nationalism, the armament race, and war, will not only end the creation of the American Revolution, but will destroy all democracy, and civilization itself — a condition none the easier to bear because it has been due primarily to the lack of fidelity and vision, the obtuseness and selfishness, of those who have conducted governments.

How can one keep one's faith? How present a cheerful mien to those coming after? For one thing, the causes which the *Nation* has championed since 1865 can never be wholly defeated unless humanity is to destroy itself. The ideals which we have professed will never perish even if we face another dark age. They have been the goals which for centuries have beckoned men onward — the desire for justice, for equality, for complete freedom, for the happiness which comes from social security and peace — and they will never perish. No dictator, for all his boasted efficiency and masterfulness, has anything similar to offer. We have not lost those ideals, nor have we individually been defeated. I refuse to admit discouragement save for the immediate future. That is, I think, not just a matter of inborn temperament. It is merely due to the rightful consciousness that the angels have fought with us — and that we ask of no one what we are

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not willing to concede ourselves. We have much with which to reproach ourselves in the frequent failure of our leadership, our own weaknesses, but not as to our aims. Victory always — that is impossible. As Robert E. Lee said at Gettysburg to his retreating soldiers, after admitting his personal responsibility for the disaster of Pickett's charge: 'We cannot win all the time.' The independent, liberal, internationally-minded journalist is content if he can win part of the time.

That we of the *Nation* have done — we *have* won from time to time as everyone must who fights long against cowardice, hypocrisy, greed, and human stupidity. More than that, if we wished to offset the demnition total of our errors of judgment, it would be easy to show case after case, year in, year out, in which we have warned the masters and rulers of America what the inevitable results of given policies would be and then, when those results appeared, have been able to say: 'We told you so.' There is where we have drawn unending confidence and courage — the demonstration, in defeat, that our principles were right, our deductions correct. We have seen Time again and again catch up with some of the Lord's anointed in a way to amaze and to hearten us no end. In the face of Hitler and the triumph of militarism at home and abroad, we recall Mr. Wilson's statement to the American Federation of Labor on March 12, 1917: 'What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, but I know how to get it and they do not.' When in all history was there an idler boast? Never has the falsity of solemnly spoken words been more clearly demonstrated and in so short a time — and the utter fallibility of the man who voiced them.

It was he too who, amid the plaudits of a victorious people, declared on the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, to the assembled Congress in Washington: 'Armed imperialism such as the men conceived who were but yesterday the masters of Germany is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster. Who will now seek to revive it?' Yet at the very moment that he uttered these words there was an obscure lance corporal, still in his tattered field gray, who in the incredibly short space of time of less than twenty years was to give a complete reply to Mr. Wilson's rhetorical questions and to win the World War without the firing of a shot. Discouraged by the Munich disaster, the hideous, unforgivable cruelties to the Jews of Germany, the subjugation of a great people to the will of a conscienceless, murdering fanatic? Yes, indeed; it makes facing the day-by-day world almost a trial as by fire.

But a vital sustaining fact is that the world is witnessing the greatest, the most overwhelming, proof of the futility of force in the settlement of national and international problems, and that fact millions are admitting. Never did it occur to me in 1917 that within twenty years the bulk of our countrymen would agree with us who declared that we could not win the war and that our entry into it was the greatest blunder in American history. But there the fact is; poll after poll tells the tale. Never could there be under heaven a more complete demonstration that you cannot shoot virtue or democracy into human beings, or kill sufficient to make the survivors forswear militarism and mass destruction. It is not because we can say with undeniable truth in 1939, 'We told you in 1914–1918 what would be the exact outcome of the World War,' that our spirits remain steadfast, but because of the proof that the principles of human conduct, the ethics, derived from Christ himself, which we championed, for which some of us were martyred in prison, have been completely justified.

We see that the prophecy that they who take up the sword shall perish by it may yet come true of the nations which

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sought in 1914–1918 to establish peace on earth by unparalleled human destruction. We are of the opinion that the present armament race, if it does not result in war, will do almost as much injury to the economies of the nations taking part in it as war itself; that the devoting of such large portions of a nation's revenues to the making of munitions opens a direct way to the regimented, totalitarian state. We believe that if the democracies seek to maintain themselves by war they will inevitably emerge from it as Fascist states. But we think in all sincerity that sooner or later the madness of the present hour will pass and the nations realize that armaments offer no security whatever, but the reverse; that the road they are now following leads not to safety, nor glory, but to despair.

III

The list of our successful causes we are prone to forget because the unsuccessful press us on every side — yet it is there. We have seen kings and kaisers, who seemed beyond question enthroned, fall overnight. We have witnessed the disappearance of one prejudice after another, the breaking of social chain after chain, the removal of injustice after injustice. We have seen caste lose its hold even under the dictators. We have beheld the complete change in the status of women; a Hitler has tried in vain to restrict them to *Kinder* and *Küche*, though not to the church.

Women can and do conquer as much of the industrial world as they desire and they have penetrated deeply into the professions in all enlightened countries. They have captured advanced positions in their assaults upon the archaic laws which have held them in bondage — with some redoubts still to be taken. Woman now knows that her body *is*, or should be, her own; that she has rights as to her children, and, in some countries at least, owns her own property free from the control of her husband. The establishment of her right to vote, and to participate in government in as many countries as have yielded it, ensures the inevitable spread of her political power when the present period of darkness has passed. Even in Turkey the veil, which had seemed perpetual, was abolished, with the fez, by one stroke of the dictator's pen; Turkish women have literally overleaped centuries in twenty years, and now find themselves almost in the status of their sex in progressive countries of the *giaour*.

Best of all has been the marvelous alteration in the relations of men and women, their having been freed, even in Germany, from the incredibly degrading assumption that if a young man and woman found themselves together they could have but one thought and aim — a relic of the age-old theory that the woman existed solely for the gratification of the man. With this has come the growing recognition, especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries where it was particularly needed, that in this field, as in relation to the liquor traffic, individuals cannot be made moral by law. We see on every hand the new understanding that the private lives of individuals, where they do not affect public order or exploit victims of our capitalistic system, are their own affair; that morals and personal standards do change, and change for the better; that individuals are not to be gravely punished and ostracized for life if they transgress what hoary tradition, selfish privilege, and hypocritical religionists declare to be the immovable *mores* of the hour.

To me this revolution means not license and debauchery but the emancipation of society from unbearably degrading chains of falsity, sanctimonious hypocrisy, stupid prudery, and deliberate disregard of truth and the realities of life — sins far worse than that which was to have been curbed not only by monogamy but by divorceless marriage. In the generations to come, I believe, nothing will seem more incredible to

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historians of our time than that women should have been for centuries chained by law to human brutes whose very aspect was loathsome to them, whom they could not divorce, who would not divorce them, who made their lives a daily hell, indescribable in the refinements of its cruelty; nothing will seem more tragic, perhaps, than that those martyred women could not leave their husbands to fend for themselves because there were almost no decent economic opportunities for them to earn a livelihood.

If there ever has been an advance, it lies in the discovery that even youth may freely discuss the problems of sex not only without injury but on the whole immensely to its own benefit. In other words, frankness, honesty, openness, intelligent knowledge of any problem, are vastly preferable to concealment, evasion, misrepresentation, deceit, humbug, hypocrisy, the refusal to look facts in the face, the intolerant persistence in pretending that the most important factor in life is not what it is. Because of this belief — shared by all my associates — the *Nation* under me fought just as staunchly against every form of censorship of art, books, and plays as it did for the other forms of human liberty.

During its long life its editors have witnessed the spread of knowledge the world over. It has not made men free nor saved whole countries from enslavement by the new and direful propaganda of governments made possible by some of the latest and greatest inventions. The system of free public education in this country has never equaled in efficiency that of pre-World War Germany, despite the hundreds of millions of dollars lavished on bricks and mortar. It was Montaigne who declared that he was 'very fond of peasants — they are not educated enough to reason incorrectly.' I have recorded my belief that I would rather trust the innate good sense and the judgments of five hundred Americans of the farms and villages than a similar number of more or less class-conscious college graduates. This is no pose, but the absolute truth. It has been a result of my journalistic education that I have acquired faith in the plain people whom Lincoln trusted so completely, provided — and this is a large 'if' indeed — the facts can be laid before them; Lincoln himself might tremble in the face of a governmental control of all organs of opinion and all means of communication!

This faith does not permit me to believe that the votes of any very large number of Americans have been bought by the lavish expenditure of government moneys since 1932, nor to entertain any doubt that if the mass of the people were convinced that the New Deal has become something else than what they desire in concept and execution they would vote Franklin Roosevelt out of political life as emphatically as they did Herbert Hoover. The plain people have been deceived repeatedly by false leaders; but the public has risen to the three men who at one time or another have asserted that they sought to free the America of to-day. The slogans 'Square Deal,' 'New Freedom,' and 'New Deal' may have meant little or nothing in the Park Avenues and Wall Streets of our cities; they have meant much to those whom Woodrow Wilson had in mind when he said: 'The government, which was designed for the people, has got into the hands of bosses and their employers, the special interests. An invisible empire has been set above the forms of democracy.'

Not Woodrow Wilson nor Franklin Roosevelt has unchained the people, but however faulty, incompetent, deliberately recreant, or heavily handicapped the leaders, the fight for a better America has gone on somewhere in our country all the time. It has had different names and has flown different banners, but, whether in Wisconsin or Minnesota or New Hampshire or California, there is ever a striving for popular control of the public's affairs which neither treason,

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nor economic and social stupidity, nor the making of war, has been able to destroy. One need only cite as proof of this the extraordinary vote in the House of Representatives in the winter of 1938, when, despite tremendous Presidential pressure, that body came within twenty-one votes of the first step to take the war-making power out of the President's hands and to place it where it belongs, not in the hands of Congress, where it ostensibly inheres, but in those of the people who are asked to make the sacrifices and to give their sons.

IV

Forty-one years of responsible journalism have given me little respect for most of the men in high office in any country. Often I have said to myself, 'Would that mine enemy could become President or Prime Minister.' Nothing in my life has been more disheartening than the discovery of how the holding of high office eats into the characters and souls of human beings — again with rare exceptions. I speak here not of legislators, but of men in powerful executive positions controlling the destinies of great masses of their fellow human beings — the Wilsons, Roosevelts, Hoovers, Clemenceaus, MacDonalds, Lloyd Georges, not to speak of dictators, who seem to feel when they take office that they are, first, indispensable to their respective countries; second, no longer bound by the rules of ordinary morality, and so free to misrepresent and to lie, to grasp power, to break faith; and, third, blessed with absolute infallibility. So they change all their points of view by processes of self-delusion and rationalization until they convince themselves that they are as consistent as they are righteous, as true to themselves and to their beliefs as they are just.

Most menacing to humanity is the ability of such men to order others to their deaths — by millions — without any real sense of responsibility or human feeling. So Lansing and McAdoo were ready to plunge this country into the World War without really caring what the cost would be in lives, merely because they felt that if the Allies were to lose the war our base blood-money prosperity would collapse overnight. So Wilson was ready to make war upon Mexico and Haiti and Nicaragua to have his way with those countries, with whose governments and fates he was never charged. Of the Prime Ministers few have hesitated at undertaking any kind of political chicanery to achieve their ends, not only in war but in peace. Sometimes I feel that the Hitlers and Mussolinis are just Wilsons and Lloyd Georges who have risen to power merely because they were more ruthless than these Anglo-Saxons, more ardent and brutal in fighting for their beliefs, besides being vastly abler executives and more dominating leaders.

I have no doubts about one thing: the business of governing, as I have observed it, is no unfathomable mystery, no impossibly difficult task even in these times, if only the men in highest offices would forswear their selfish politics, forget their parties and their own ambitions, and really accept their offices as a public trust. There is nothing stranger than that your practical politicians cannot see that the straightest course becomes the most direct and certain road to popular favor. Nothing concerning them is more offensive than their skulking one moment behind what they call public opinion, when they do not wish to do something, and then refusing to pay the slightest attention to the public will when they wish to go ahead and have their own way. Especially has this been true in the making of war.

Of all the Presidents I have known and studied, Grover Cleveland seems to me the best, the bravest, the most honest, and the truest. He was a politician, and he leaned toward conservatism. He did not always have the vision we need today; he was mistaken in his labor policies and perhaps in handling bond issues; he

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made one gross error in foreign policy. Yet he was free from inordinate ambition; he was not constantly thinking about his own advancement; he stood foursquare to the winds; he was unpurchasable; he was stubborn in holding to a principle to the verge of a dangerous obstinacy. Looking back, however, those seem halcyon years — when there was a man in the White House who was a very great administrator, who stood on Monday where you had left him on Saturday, and believed in principles in 1894 in which he had believed in 1884.

To my mind the high-water mark of personal virtue and patriotic service in the White House in my lifetime was that scene when, in 1888, Mr. Cleveland called in his chief political advisors and lieutenants to talk to them about the coming presidential campaign. He did not ask them what he should do so far as his own fortunes were concerned; he did not ask them what political issues he should espouse. When they had assembled he told them that he had determined to stand for reëlection, and on the issue of a tariff for revenue only. Promptly every man in the room protested and told him that if he asked for reëlection on that issue he would be defeated. 'Well then, gentlemen,' said Grover Cleveland, 'I *shall* be defeated' — and he was. It is strange that it is necessary to portray this simple, and normal, and conscientious stand as the greatest act of moral courage by a President in fifty years — but that it is. Not one of his successors would, in my judgment, have been capable of a similar greatness — certainly not his first Democratic successor, Woodrow Wilson.

It is hardly any wonder that the American people rose so remarkably, almost unitedly, to Franklin Roosevelt immediately after his taking office, when the country was in the midst of a dire economic catastrophe. For then it appeared as if he had ideas, determination, a program which he was prepared to carry through with unfailing courage and most heartening cheerfulness, conveyed to all his countrymen in beautiful English by a captivating voice. The promise of those years has not been wholly lost. Side by side with disheartening blunders, with administrative inefficiency as striking as was the extraordinary executive ability of Grover Cleveland, we have gained more for labor and more social security under his administrations than under those of all the other Presidents put together.

I hold no great brief for Mr. Roosevelt despite my lifelong friendship with him; despite the fact that in 1910, when he had just won his first office, a seat in the Senate of New York State, I introduced him to a City Club audience as the young man who, in my judgment, had the greatest political future before him of anyone of his generation; despite my writing in 1928, in the *Nation*, that, if his health should be completely restored, he would be nominated some day for a still higher office than that of Governor. I have cited him here not, of course, for these reasons, but because he, too, affords clear proof of my thesis that the American people want nothing so much as leadership of the type that they thought Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were giving to them and that Franklin Roosevelt certainly offered in those days in which everybody sang his praises, even the 'economic royalists' who now revile him from sunrise to sunset.

To pass complete judgment upon him is not possible at this time; we cannot yet tell how events on the other side of the world will affect our destiny, nor can we yet measure the extent and dangers of his obvious weakening, his blunders, his unstable leadership, his lack of sound economic beliefs, his insistence on playing the political game. We do know that he has led this country into a most dangerous militarism, which, because of inadequate forethought and lack of planning or definition of what we are to defend, repeats the worst blunders and

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follies of the statesmen of Europe and other countries. Under him we have joined in that deadly race for preparedness and more preparedness which even Mr. Roosevelt stated, in Buenos Aires on December 1, 1936, spells bankruptcy and the lowering of the standard of life for vast multitudes, and the destruction of a country's economic system and war.

Here we have again proof of how little statesmen have learned; how they are bound by conventions; how they imitate one another in folly and wrongdoing; how they actually set their feet upon paths which they admit lead but to destruction. So, in the economic field, they pattern after one another. If one puts up a tariff the other raises it, too; if one seeks colonies, another demands them as his right, without the slightest consideration of what his having colonies before meant to his country, without inquiring whether a single dollar is to be gained by the subjugation of foreign peoples. Not one of the leaders is willing to try methods short of war although they know that it is no longer possible to win any victory when war comes — only to reap a harvest of wholesale murder, of immeasurable misery, of economic disaster.

Finally, in this hour of diabolical, unchristian, psychopathic, anti-Semitic barbarism, I must state the simple truth that if I had not had the support and encouragement of many Jews I could not have carried on in the measure that I did. Their idealism, their liberalism, their patriotism, their devotion to the cause of reform in the time-honored American way, heartened me in the hardest hours. I have been wholly unable to discover the slightest difference between their support and that of Gentiles, except that they responded more quickly, often more generously. I have never appealed to them for aid for the Negro, for the sick, the poor, the distressed, or for any philanthropy, and been rebuffed. And never once have the Jews who aided my causes and responded to my appeals for others sought to capitalize upon this, to ask favors, to presume that their responses entitled them to rewards at my hands.

My pen may have some skill, but I could not begin to measure the debt that this country owes to its Jews and to millions of its foreign-born citizens, first for a jealous guarding of American rights and liberties to which the native-born have too often been indifferent; secondly, for preserving at all times a great reservoir of idealism and liberalism; and, thirdly, for keeping alive a passionate desire for knowledge in every field, which has steadily quickened American life, notably in its colleges.

That this editor's mistakes have been numberless during his editorial career, his failures egregious, must be perfectly plain to the observer. Perhaps, however, it can be said of him in retrospect that he did know how to fight and cared enough about the struggle to put into it all that he had to give during his fighting years — as his life's contribution to the country which he has sought to serve and the democracy for which he will never cease to strive.

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I HAD A BABY

BY LENORE PELHAM FRIEDRICH

I

It was only when the fourth baby was imminent that I struck and determined to have it the way I wanted — not as the fancy obstetricians ruled, nor as most women of my acquaintance did. For the other three I had submitted to the routine proceedings. Each time it had been an unpleasant, upsetting, and baffling experience. Not the least upsetting part had been the finances. It seems strange now — probably in fifty years it will seem incredible — that young people, living on small professional incomes during the late 1920's, paid as much as seven hundred dollars for delivery and hospital care of the mother the first two weeks after the baby's birth. In our case the total cost was nearly a quarter of our yearly income; it was such a burden and a worry that our joy in the child and interest in the birth were under a cloud.

To women like myself, whose maturing years were spent in college dormitories and New York offices, a baby was strange and mysterious — either bad luck and something to be braved, or an interesting psychological experience which every woman should have. It did not seem the matter-of-fact occurrence which any more normal social community considers it to be. The college-educated career woman living in New York may have some advantages, although of their intrinsic worth I am not convinced, but she is certainly deprived of the setting which her earlier 'less fortunate' sisters enjoyed — a large vigorous family with aunts, grandmothers, baby sisters, nephews, and so forth, in the midst of which pregnancy and birth are everyday affairs.

We were scientific, even if it was expensive. The first thing, of course, was to find an obstetrician. Our mothers had had their babies delivered for $25 by country doctors, but of course that was before the days of enlightenment. We knew now about prenatal care, anæsthesia, and hospitals. The best was none too good, especially when one was in a flutter about something so unusual and dangerous as the birth of a baby. I was fortunate. The obstetrician to whom I was sent charged only $250 for the delivery. I was unaware then that everything else was extra: $5.00 for each prenatal visit, $2.00 for each analysis; that the hospital would cheerfully take $8.00 a day for a cubicle, and add and add and add.

Enough has been said about the fee racket, and it is on the decline, anyway. Doctors are not wholly to blame. We still are witnessing $50,000 debutante parties. Doctors, like everyone else, are probably justified in charging what they think they can get. But there is no reason why young people on professional incomes, with the fairly high standard of living and expensive tastes of their class, should pay such a large proportion of their income for something as easy to have and as normal as a baby. Their own timidity and lack of experience have brought them to it. Doctors see

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many cases which are difficult and dangerous, where 'something goes wrong.' Listening to them, we forget the millions of normal women who have babies in their own beds cheerfully and cheaply.

II

But the expense was not the only thing which caused my revolt. We all have our little luxuries, and if what I had got had been worth it I should have been glad to continue in the grand manner. But after each birth I felt baffled and bewildered ('frustrated' is, I think, the correct term). With the first ones, gas and ether were used. I experienced the sensation which has always seemed to me worse than any pain — of struggling for consciousness, going down into blackness, coming up only to know that something big and dreadful is happening, to feel fear, to hear oneself moaning, to sense strange people, with offensive professional voices; then to go way under, and to recover hours later, clean and dizzy, in a strange bed, and be told that one is all right and a boy has been born.

The first times I was so frightened by it all that I was convinced that any escape from the actual experience was a blessing. But as time intervened, and I grew in spirit, it became obvious to me that I had missed something. Not only was I curious as to what actually went on, but I felt that an important thing had happened to me and I knew nothing about it.

I began to wonder if it really was so dreadful. It seemed to me a lack of character to have allowed myself to be made into a sterilized package, babbling and unaware, while my son was being born. Had I been too much taken in by the escape psychology of our time? Wasn't the experience of reality more important than comfort? Were not clarity of sensation and continuity of consciousness of more value to one's self-respect and spiritual harmony than the mere negation of physical unpleasantness?

When I uttered such thoughts most people regarded them as amusing attempts to be different or as hollow heroics. But two things strengthened my conviction. I was often in Europe, and met there women of intelligence, character, and progressive outlook who assured me that, aside from any possible bad effects upon mother or child from modern anæsthesia (about which there is something to be said), the complete experience of childbirth is something which transcends the mere physical happenings. It was like a mighty thunderstorm, said one. It was only after a birth that you were a complete person, said another. I felt undeveloped, virginal. . . .

But I was still afraid. When the time for my third child was at hand I mentioned to the doctor that I should like to have it without anæsthesia, as I knew it would come easily and quickly. He laughed. 'Don't be so heroic,' he said. Then he related tales of difficult cases he had just been through. By then the new techniques were in full swing. I did not even experience a labor pain. My child was born at noon, and the next morning I was able to grasp the fact that it was over and that she was somewhere and doing well.

Then my husband and I began to do farming on the side. After 1933 it seemed essential to have roots and soil under one's feet, to find comfort in the care of animals, permanence and stability in productive nature. Here for the first time I saw births. Not only cows and sheep, stolid and complacent creatures, produced their young with calm, but our aristocratic and delicate Irish setter bore eleven puppies with great casualness. There was no writhing, no screeching. Then I knew. Human beings are hysterical about it, and I had been taken in.

So with the advent of the fourth baby I was determined. I was going to have it

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straight, and preferably at home. But this was impossible. The well-trained doctors in the country simply did not deliver babies. The ones who went about to the farm women seemed to me less competent than I wanted. In the city (home of a famous medical school and gorged with specialists) it was equally impossible. The obstetrician flatly refused. 'I don't like to see people suffer' was his reason for insisting on anæsthesia; also, at the hospital he had everything he needed 'in case . . .' again.

For several months I inquired and looked. One man of the sort I wanted was willing to handle the case at home if I purchased expensive equipment and provided him with nurses. Also I must promise to take an anæsthetic if difficulties arose. But I knew that if I got too uncomfortable and someone offered me a pill I would take it. Who would not? What I wanted was a strong, confident doctor, well trained, skillful, willing to do more than handle instruments, who would encourage me, bully me if necessary, so that I would stick it out and not get soft at the first whimper. But I didn't find him. He probably exists. I hope so.

III

So I turned to Europe. Europe is a disease with me, a nostalgia. The beauty of old towns, of cathedrals and castles, has always been a balm to my spirit. And it has also seemed to me that the things which make life pleasant are more accessible in Europe than here — service, travel, schools, music, the beauty of nature, leisure, and also medicine. It is not a matter of lower currencies, since this is true of Switzerland, where there is a great deal of wealth and prices are high. It is a question of values.

Just at this time my husband had to be abroad for two months for some research, mainly in France and Switzerland. It was fate. Surely in one of these countries I could have a baby as I wanted. I should have preferred Germany, as I have been impressed by the midwives there: women with sound medical training who come to the house sometime before the birth and stay for two weeks afterward. I have met some of these women and have heard a great deal about them. It has always seemed the ideal, normal way to have a child. But the Germany of the Nazis is not a country to which one who loves Germany can go with any peace of mind. France presents difficulties with regard to boys born on its soil. So Switzerland was left.

I felt sure that one could choose the spot for the scenery. There are, of course, fancy clinics, sanatoria, and what not, where movie stars may have everything as modern as they please — also as expensive. But we chose a beautiful little town on Lago Maggiore, unheard of in America save for the wistful rôle it played in 1925, when for a moment there was hope in Europe. It was all there, the paradise I had imagined: enchanting scenery, temperate climate, air fragrant — it was May — and yet with a touch of coolness from the mountains. The people were gentle, gracious, intelligent. Mornings they practised machine-gunning and drilled. Bridges were charged with dynamite, in case Mussolini should make an invasion. But otherwise the place was quiet and friendly: Europe as one dreams of it — the Europe which is so rapidly disappearing.

It was not an accident that in this little town there was a modern hospital architecturally and æsthetically pleasing, yet fully equipped, nor that there was a doctor who was all I had hoped for — well trained, skillful, and a human being who radiated strength and confidence. It was also not an accident that the total cost came to less than one hundred dollars. That is the way things are done there. When I expressed my desire to have no anæsthesia, I was told that it was never given in that hospital for a normal birth.

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The details of the last weeks of waiting are very precious to me, but hardly of interest to anyone else. Europe is blessed with small, tasteful hotels, where the service is faultless and the food inspired; to live in such a place, utterly free from any responsibility, has always seemed the ultimate joy to me, a busy housewife and mother.

I was not frightened about the birth. I knew I should get through, but I was afraid I should not be able to bear it with fortitude. One hears tales only of the sensational births. About the normal ones there is little to be said. To lie quietly and produce a child without a fuss is the rule and not the exception, but, like all rules, it is not very dramatic or interesting, except to the person who experiences it. So I spent the long night alone, with only a nun at my bedside. She was sleepy and dozed off if I was quiet, so I decided not to mention any feeling I might have. I had always suspected that it was not pain, and it isn't. How can people maintain this myth with the picture of modern warfare before them?

As the night lengthened I regretted that I was alone. I should have liked some conversation. I felt very alert. When I grew a bit discouraged the doctor came and scolded, cheered, and encouraged me. We talked about languages and politics, and he gallantly told me that *moderate* tears were very becoming, and that I did not look thirty-seven. We argued about the merits of being a man or a woman, and he told me tales of his forty years as a country doctor in that region, where he often had to toil on foot through the snow, hour after hour, up the mountainsides. To such a man a little 'suffering' does not seem very important, and with him you find yourself being brave.

Then came the birth — and, of all the exciting experiences I have ever read or imagined, it was the most exhilarating. They shouted and I shouted — not because it was painful or because I was frightened, for I wasn't, but because something elemental and stupendous was happening and I was in on it. And then she was there and I saw her, all rosy and perfect. I felt as if I could move mountains. It was early on Sunday morning; the sun was just rising, birds were singing, and bells ringing for Mass. Words cannot re-create this moment. It was one of ecstasy. In such a moment you are no longer yourself alone, but a force; the memory of it stays with you and makes you strong and released. The nuns all came in to shake hands and congratulate me, and they asked what I wanted to eat.

IV

In my American experiences the days in the hospital after the birth had been a further ordeal. The routine, the early morning waking, the constant running in and out of strange young women on errands such as counting blankets, are painful memories to nearly every sensitive maternity patient. Not so in Tessin. There was no glass wall around the babies. We could have our daughter with us when we wanted her. The babies were all very clean and nicely dressed, and they did not seem in the least disturbed by being treated as human beings instead of so many bacteria.

After two attempts, at which both my daughter and I did poorly, the nuns decided that nursing was too strenuous for us. Having experienced the persistence of American hospitals in this activity, usually ending in failure and nervous exhaustion, I was shocked, and felt irresponsible. But the nuns have wills of iron where they think they are right. So I slept. No one opened my door until I rang. I had long mornings to myself.

One side of my room was all glass, opening on a balcony. The lake was spread out before me, and the Alps beyond gave me a feeling of endless distance and quiet. There was not a sound

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except birds or the scratching of the gardener's hoe. Some days my temperature was taken, some days not. I had a clean bed and bath when I wanted it, and not because it was 8.30 A. M. Sometimes I gave no sign of life until one o'clock, but I could have what I wanted to eat when I wanted it. Some days the room was not scoured as thoroughly as others because I didn't want anyone to bother me. If my husband dropped in at mealtimes, a tray of excellent food was brought for him too. If he wanted to stay on in the evening after the outside gates were closed, he could have them opened or could climb over, whichever his mood dictated, and no one seemed to mind.

As far as I could judge, 'sterile precautions' were as strictly observed as anywhere. One could go about freely, and everywhere it was clean, quiet, and orderly. Signal lights were answered at once. The comfort of the patient seemed to be the main consideration, not the convenience of the doctor or the hospital schedule. The fact that one was nervous and weepy was regarded gently and objectively.

Perhaps the very wealthy have such congenial surroundings everywhere, the very poor nowhere. But the middle income groups have a hard time finding them in America. I have been a maternity patient in one of the best hospitals in the country, and I have visited dozens of them. It is always the same story. Regarding anæsthesia there seems to be a difference, but practically everywhere something is given 'at the last.' If you have endured the waiting and the labor, why should you miss the climax?

It is improbable that any change in the present system will come from the doctors, for whom it is far less strenuous, or from women, since sleeping is more comfortable than fighting. But there are indications here and there among psychologists, seeking cures for neuroses. The liberating effect of experiences which are strong, real, nearly cosmic, has not escaped their attention.

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IN MEMORIAM: CORNELIA LUNT

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

It was in connection with an enviable labor-saving device she had invented for her own convenience that I first heard of Miss Lunt. I think it was an actor chap of the same name — he was no kin to her as far as he knew — who first told me about it. It seemed she was a great lady out in Evanston. Because her lakeside house was big, or perhaps because her father, the late Orrington Lunt, had been one of the patron saints of Northwestern, she always felt impelled to throw Anchorfast open for a reception whenever that overgrown university on the fringe of Chicago had a Nobel Prize winner or some such notable to entertain. Cornelia Gray Lunt had a knack for hospitality in the grand manner, but, at the mere prospect of making herself heard in a roomful of twilit jabber, her spirit faltered. That was why she ordered a bell for her tea tray and, with a little firmness, established among her guests the custom of falling silent whenever she rang it. Into the startled and obedient hush she would then toss a word of welcome, an epigram, a bit of gossip, or whatever else may have just occurred to her. When she had said her say, she would graciously ring the bell again as a signal that general conversation might be resumed.

I laughed at the report of such highhandedness, and was thinking that only a pampered egoist like Miss Havisham or Queen Victoria could venture to be so peremptory, when I was decently abashed by the reflection that every time I went near a microphone I was doing something rather like that myself. Certainly it was my professional practice to ring a bell as a signal that everyone in the room should be quiet (without, of course, the comfort of knowing whether anyone obeyed) and then, when I had finished, to ring it again. Indeed, in my next broadcast I confessed the resemblance, and she heard me and chuckled out in Evanston and wrote me a friendly note.

Later in the fall she would be treating herself to a few weeks in New York to hear some music and see the new plays. Also, she said, there had just come on to New York to go on the stage a young neighbor of hers who, she was inclined to think, would some day amount to something in the theatre. Perhaps the two of us would dine with her one evening at the St. Regis. As the opportunity approached, she noted the period at which I was scheduled to broadcast at a station just around the corner from her hotel, fixed the dinner hour early enough for me to get away in time, and sent me a summons.

The waiters had finished setting the table when, with word that Miss Lunt would be with me presently, I was shown into her sitting room. On my heels arrived her other guest, who proved to be none other than a young man for whom, on the mere say-so of Thornton Wilder, I had just been instrumental in getting a job. It was a good place in the company already assembled for Katharine Cornell's tour of the country, and he told me he was even then rehearsing with her in three plays. At the moment this

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nineteen-year-old behemoth was going through the phase of trying to look like a curate, and in that manifestation he was still clutching a neatly furled umbrella as he collapsed into a seat, all thanks and blushes and galoshes. His heroic frame was oddly surmounted by a pink baby face from which, to complete the confusion, there issued a voice of effortless magnificence. Even so, I found myself wondering skeptically if Mr. Wilder and I had done well by Miss Cornell. The youngster's name, I might add, was Orson Welles.

On this occasion, to relieve him of the visible discomfort induced by my speculative scrutiny, I glanced around the sitting room. Although Miss Lunt had been in town only three or four days, the room was already in glorious disorder, and I realized she must be one of those helplessly acquisitive women who may arrive at a hotel with only a small handbag but cannot move out a fortnight later with less than three trunks. There were flowers everywhere and freshly broached boxes of candy. The latest magazines, American and English, were strewn all about, together with concert programs and theatre programs. From a half-opened Brentano package a cascade of new books tumbled across the table. Here and there on the desk and mantelpiece were framed photographs belonging to one who obviously converted her household gods into traveling companions.

I was mildly surprised to see that one of these was an inscribed portrait of Algernon Blackwood. Now why in heaven's name would this Evanston spinster be junketing around the country with a photograph of that cloud-capped English mystic? The son of a duchess and eventually a writer of some repute, Blackwood had roamed America in the nineties, but for the most part it had been for him a down-at-heel novitiate during which it seemed improbable that he had received an honorary degree from Northwestern. How and where and when had he become a household god of Cornelia Lunt's? A relative, perhaps. Did Master Welles happen to know? No, he had never heard her mention anyone named Blackwood. Mostly when she talked to him it was about people of the theatre. Charlotte Cushman, for example, or Edwin Booth.

'Miss Lunt,' he said, 'attended Booth's debut at the Boston Museum.'

As this sank in, it effectively put to rout all further speculation about the nebulous Blackwood.

'Booth's debut!' I exclaimed. 'Good God, how old is she?'

'Well,' he said with a curate's nice reluctance at being too precise about any woman's age, 'she's going on ninety-one.'

Just then Miss Lunt came in to greet us. She was slim and erect. Her hair was soft and white and she wore a ground-sweeping gown of soft white cashmere, and her rings were set with great cabochon emeralds. In manner she was not dictatorial at all, as her bell-ringing habits might have suggested, but, aided by a mezzo voice of notable charm, she was diffident and altogether winning. And although she sat there, an indisputable expert in the art of survival who had seen more of the world than most, she let Master Welles (when he could get a word in edgewise) explain to her what the world was like. Indeed, she was so zestfully contemporary with each new thing it was hard for me to realize she had known Emerson and had had her coming-out party the year Mr. Lincoln went to the White House.

Now from New York, after a brief bout of plays and concerts, she would be cravenly retreating to Evanston. No London for her at all that year. She hardly knew what had come over her. She who had had the same suite at the Hotel Connaught in Mayfair for fifty-seven London seasons was now conscious of a puzzling disposition to stay at home. It was so easy to see she felt that in this

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she was being rather spiritless. Wherefore I could not help recalling the last time I saw Bernhardt. It was a few months before that fabulous creature died, and I had called upon her in the Boulevard Pereire. At the time there was some talk of her making another visit to America. But not one of those long tours, mind you. They were far too exhausting, she said, and she was getting too old for them. While I was trying to remember the French for 'Nonsense!' Madame Bernhardt went on to explain. Of course she would not mind playing Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, and Kansas City. That was all. Well, perhaps Denver and San Francisco. But one of those long tours? Never again. Apparently she was going to cut out Amarillo, Texas. Miss Lunt, at ninety, was a little like that.

It was after the Infant Roscius had collected his healthful impedimenta and gone off to rehearse the Queen Mab speech under a pilot light that I went back to the improbable photograph and asked Miss Lunt where her path and Algernon Blackwood's had crossed. She described theirs as a quite recent friendship by which she set great store. She had known him only ten years, and it had all come about so oddly. It was a friend they had both had in common who brought them together — a dear, dear friend who, when she and Blackwood met, had been dead for many years. His name was Louis — Alfred H. Louis.

Mr. Louis was a man older than herself whom she had come to know out in Chicago when she was a girl still in her teens. He was an English Jew, and in her girlhood her life had been so circumscribed that he was the first Jew she had ever met. No one she had ever known talked as Mr. Louis talked and none wrote so beautifully. For on any day when he could not call upon her or take her for a walk he would write her. Such lovely letters they were, the like of which had not come her way before or since. It was these letters which prompted a lecture from her elder sister who turned duenna for the emergency and said she must discourage such attentions from a mere passer-by, a man so much older and a foreigner to boot. So, with a docile suggestibility for which she had never forgiven herself, the young Cornelia, so pretty in her crinoline, lightly told Mr. Louis she was going away for the summer and would rather he did not write. She went away and he did not write, and that was that. When she came back in the fall, he had taken to the road and left no word behind. She never saw or heard from him again.

In no time she was bitterly regretting her mistake. Even after many healing years it was not easy for her to talk of it. 'One is so ignorant at nineteen,' the old woman said, twisting a ring on a wasted finger. 'How could I have known then that nothing so wonderful as Mr. Louis would ever happen to me again?' Some years later she came upon a sonnet of his in *Harper's*, and, writing him a long, contrite, imploring letter, she enclosed it, with the address left blank, in a note to the editor. It came back to her. One never knew, the editor explained, where Mr. Louis was. He might send in a manuscript from Singapore or Stockholm. Any payment for it could wait until the next time he found himself in New York.

Fifty years slipped by before next she had word of him. That was in 1923 when she chanced upon a new book by Algernon Blackwood, a trial flight in autobiography called *Episodes before Thirty*. It was dedicated to Alfred Louis, and in it Blackwood told how in his vagrant youth he, like Edwin Arlington Robinson, had sat at the feet of this mad, haughty, inscrutable, tattered old exile whose chair of philosophy was a bench in Battery Park, and from whom they both had learned more than they would ever learn from anyone else in the world. Old Louis had left orders that

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they were to carve two stones for his grave — 'Sorry I spoke' at the head and 'Sorry *they* spoke' at the foot. 'His voice,' Blackwood said, 'his eyes, his smile, his very gestures, had in them all the misery and all the goodness in the world.' On reading this and more, Miss Lunt wrote Mr. Blackwood, telling of the letters from Alfred Louis which she had conned and cherished all these years and eventually arranging with him to edit and publish them after her death. I do not know if they seemed as wonderful to him, or what, if anything, he now plans to do with them.

My time was drawing short and I was beginning, as always, to be infected by the chronic panic of the radio station, where, if a broadcaster be not on hand a full quarter-hour ahead of schedule, the men in charge collapse under a neurotic conviction that he has been run over by a truck. Yet, as I got into my overcoat and started reluctantly toward the elevator, I was still groping for some word that would give definition to this ghost which by now seemed to be helping her speed me on my way. I had not then read *Captain Craig*, the prodigious Robinson poem that is recognized as a portrait of Alfred Louis, but from the Blackwood sketch I dimly recalled him as a sonorous old ne'er-do-well challenging the indifferent stars. What manner of man was he?

Well, said Miss Lunt, as she escorted me into the hallway, he was a gentleman. Yes, but — Well, he had been baptized (ineffectually) by Charles Kingsley, and he was an alumnus of Cambridge. Then at one time he was on the staff of the *New York Times*, and in London before that he had been on the *Spectator* and the *Fortnightly*. Still the dead-and-gone Louis remained adrift in my mind with no pigeonhole of his own. Of what status was he? Of what origin? Her answer, given just as the elevator boy snatched me from her, picked up that elevator boy and myself and Orson Welles and the waiting microphone and all the gadgets of 1933 and lumped us together as so many intrusive anachronisms.

'I have always understood,' she said, 'that he was an illegitimate son of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli.'

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THE GREAT AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

LET us think of the several million business enterprises of the country as parts of one vast productive establishment. Its plant and equipment have cost almost $200,000,000,000, and when operating at capacity it employs over 50,000,000 persons. It is capable of producing about $1600 worth of goods each year for every worker. This is not a large amount, but it is more than the industries of any other country are able to produce, and it is five times as much as our own industries could produce a century ago.

During the last ten years, as everyone knows, the industries of the United States have not been operating very satisfactorily. For nearly two years they produced at scarcely two-thirds capacity, and most of the time they have been operating at scarcely three-fourths. So unsatisfactory did the operation of our economy become that six years ago the people sent to Washington an administration dedicated to giving the country a 'New Deal.' No one knew very definitely what the New Deal would be. Even the New Dealers, though in substantial agreement concerning the nature of our ills, had not decided among themselves what to do about them. They did, however, have an unmistakable mandate from the country to 'do something,' and they proceeded to give us action in large quantities. Seldom, indeed, has a government in a democracy dared to experiment so boldly with the long-established customs of the people. So new and sweeping have been the efforts of the Administration to make the country prosperous that they may well be called the Great American Experiment. Certainly they will go down in history as among the most fascinating experiments in the annals of economics.

Unfortunately the results of the Great Experiment have not been commensurate with the boldness and the sweeping character of the policies. Even as early as 1935, Great Britain was able to raise her national income above 1929. Canada, Sweden, Japan, Chile, and Hungary have also succeeded in bettering their pre-depression records. The United States, however, along with France, Poland, and several other countries, has been unable to attain the national income of 1929. Plainly something is wrong — either the Great Experiment has been based upon a faulty diagnosis of our ills, or the policies for correcting these ills have not been well selected. What is the trouble?

II

The diagnosis upon which the Great Experiment is based is simple and can be stated in a single sentence: 'The trouble with our economy is that business activity in good times depends too largely upon expansion of plant and too little upon buying for current consumption.' The great collapse of prosperity in 1929 was due, it is said, to the fact that the plant of the country had grown

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faster than consumer incomes, with the result that business enterprises could not find enough attractive investment opportunities to continue the current volume of investment. As investment declined, consumer incomes declined also, because men lost their jobs in the capital-goods industries. Thus a downward spiral was started, the decline in investment producing a decline in consumer incomes, and the drop in consumer incomes causing investment to fall still lower.

The collapse of 1929, however, according to the New Deal view, was not simply an isolated event. It was symptomatic of an important change in the condition of the country. America is no longer new. The frontier has disappeared; our natural resources are pretty well developed; population, though still increasing, is growing at a declining rate and will soon be almost stationary. In a mature country, such as we have now become, say the New Dealers, the attractive investment opportunities are likely to be insufficient to absorb the savings of the community. If savings are not invested, they pile up in the form of idle deposits, and the demand for goods drops. Consequently, conditions in twentieth-century America require a new distribution of income: an increase in small incomes at the expense of large. This would simultaneously diminish the volume of saving and, by raising the demand for consumer goods, help to offset the decline in attractive investment opportunities. Thus the New Dealers are attempting nothing less than the creation of a new basis for prosperity. It is precisely because their purpose is so ambitious that the Great Experiment is so fascinating and so important.

The New Dealers have acted vigorously on the basis of their diagnosis. They have endeavored to discourage saving by substantial increases in taxes on incomes. In good years over 50 per cent of savings come from incomes of $10,000 a year or more, and nearly one fourth from profits. The yield of the personal income tax has been substantially increased—partly by advances in surtax rates, but in the main by changes in the exemptions. For example, the exemption of income from dividends has been removed and the deduction of capital losses has been greatly restricted. The Administration has also endeavored to discourage investment by changes in the tax on corporate incomes which roughly double its burden, and by a tax on undistributed profits to discourage corporations from reinvesting a substantial part of their income. For example, corporations in 1936 paid federal income taxes of almost exactly the same amount as in 1929, though corporate incomes were only half the level of 1929. Fortunately most of the tax on undistributed profits and some of the changes in the capital-gains tax were repealed in a Congressional revolt in the spring of 1938.

The government has tried to raise consumer purchasing power by public expenditures on a scale exceeded only in wartime, and by encouraging increases in the price of labor. In the four years ending June 30, 1937, the government spent 13.8 billion dollars more than it collected. As a result of the NRA codes, the wage policy of the PWA and the WPA, the Wagner Act, and the Public Contracts Board, the hourly earnings of factory workers in 1937 were 21 per cent above 1929, and of other types of labor from 10 to 15 per cent above 1929. The prices of finished goods, however, were 12 per cent below 1929, and so also was the cost of living.

III

It is not certain that the New Deal has succeeded in substantially reducing the disposition of the community to save. True, profits have been drastically cut — in 1936 they were only 56 per cent of 1925, when industrial production was

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virtually the same. Even in 1929, however, only one fourth of the country's savings represented the reinvestment of the profits of business enterprises. True, also, collections under the personal income tax have substantially increased. In 1936, when reported net incomes were nearly 23 per cent below 1929, income tax payments were 21 per cent above 1929. Some forms of saving (such as life insurance), however, seem to be increasing. About half of the saving by individuals comes from persons with incomes of less than $25,000 a year. Despite the great increases in the surtax paid by this group, the New Deal has probably not substantially reduced the proportion of incomes saved by persons in the middle brackets.

But whether or not the New Deal has succeeded in discouraging savings, it has been conspicuously successful in limiting the growth of investment — probably more so than it intended. Possibly the Administration was not aware of it, but its impediments on investment were imposed at a time when the physical plant of industry was wearing out and becoming obsolete far faster than it was being replaced. Indeed, in 1933, purchases of capital goods by industry were well over two billion dollars less than depreciation and obsolescence. It is not surprising that efforts to limit investment, imposed at a time when the disposition to invest was extraordinarily feeble, should be remarkably effective. Not until 1936 did business purchase more than enough capital goods to offset depreciation and obsolescence. At the peak of the recovery in 1937, the capital of industry increased somewhat more than two billions. This, however, was barely sufficient to provide each of the 500,000 new workers (net) who must be absorbed by industry each year with as much new equipment as the present employees, on the average, possess.

Far less successful than the efforts of the New Deal to limit investment have been its attempts to restore consumer purchasing power. Despite the huge expenditures of the government and despite an all-time high in the price of labor (or perhaps *because* of these), the payrolls of private business in 1937 were only 37.4 billion dollars against 45.8 billions in 1929. The cost of living was 12 per cent below 1929, but despite this the payrolls of business in 1937 would buy 8 per cent less than in 1929. To the payrolls of private industry, however, should be added the compensation of government employees, work-relief wages, the contributions of employers to social security, and other payments to labor, such as workmen's compensation benefits. These brought labor income of all kinds in 1937 up to 46.7 billion dollars, compared with 51.5 billions in 1929. At the lower price level in 1937, labor as a whole (including government employees and relief workers) had about 2.5 per cent more purchasing power than in 1929.

The recovery of consumer purchasing power to approximately the level of 1929 was made possible, it will be observed, only by large government payments. Furthermore, the restoration of consumer purchasing power to the level of 1929 failed to generate a substantial volume of new investment, with the result that industrial production remained well below 1929, and the recovery was halted with 7,000,000 unemployed. The effort to create a new basis for prosperity seems to have failed.

IV

Evidently something is seriously wrong with the Great Experiment. What is the trouble? Several things, but principally three.

In the first place, the efforts of the New Dealers to prevent the recovery from being based in large measure upon the expansion of investment limited the increase in consumer purchasing power. The success of the government in discouraging investment may be roughly

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measured by comparing the purchases of capital goods in 1937 and in 1928, two years when the volume of industrial production was virtually the same. Had industry purchased the same quantity of capital goods in 1937 as in 1928, about 800,000 more men would have been employed in 1937 in the manufacture of capital goods and in commercial and industrial construction. A considerable amount of housing is built by speculative builders who intend to sell and by others who intend to rent. Consequently, the efforts of the government to limit the increase in investment discouraged residential building.

All in all, it is conservative to estimate that the government's policy of discouraging investment meant the employment of 1,000,000 fewer men in the capital-goods and construction industries in 1937. This meant smaller demand for consumers' goods, and hence less employment in the consumer-goods industries. About one third of the unemployed in 1937 had some income from relief, but it is not extravagant to guess that 1,000,000 more jobs in the capital-goods and construction industries would have meant 500,000 more jobs in the consumer-goods industries. This would indicate that the government's policy of discouraging investment was responsible for not less than 1,500,000 unemployed in 1937, and a loss of payrolls (and hence consumer purchasing power) of over two billion dollars.

In the second place, the government has attempted to increase consumer purchasing power by methods which have tended to prevent larger consumer incomes from generating an expansion in investment. The efforts to raise consumer incomes by increasing the price of labor have, of course, raised production costs and thus made it more difficult for managements to discover attractive opportunities for profitable plant expansion. This effect is vividly illustrated by the state of profits. Even as late as 1936, when business was fairly active, only 203,000 out of the 478,000 active corporations of the country made any money, and their profits were 20 per cent below 1924, a year of mild depression when industrial production was 10 per cent below 1936.

The enormous expenditures of the government in excess of its receipts had the immediate effect of raising consumer demand, but they have not had the secondary effect of inducing enterprises to embark upon long-range plans. Boards of directors have felt that the situation created was too artificial, too temporary, and too uncertain to provide a sound basis for large new commitments. They have wanted to know when and how the budget would be balanced, and whether balancing it would mean a new collapse of business. The President has said that the budget can be balanced by the growth of national income. Business managers have wondered whether a drastic tax increase will not be necessary, and they ask who will pay the new taxes and what the taxes will do to business. They have doubted whether the government could raise from 3 to 4 billions of additional tax revenues without seriously hampering recovery.

Pending an answer to these questions, managers do what any sensible person would do — they restrict commitments, and, as the money spent by the government reaches business enterprises and their owners, it piles up in the form of idle deposits. The huge borrowings of the government have raised deposits to the level of 1929, but the turnover of these deposits has been less than 60 per cent of 1929, and in 1936 and 1937 it was even less than in 1933. Even in 1937 the checks drawn against deposits were 10 per cent below 1931, a year of severe deflation.

Finally, and most important, the Great Experiment has suffered from a fundamental inconsistency in its plan. The New Dealers wish to limit the increase in investment because they believe

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that a recovery based very largely upon plant expansion is unsound. At the same time they expect the increase in consumer purchasing to stimulate an expansion in investment. They realize that only in this way can full recovery be achieved. Larger incomes mean larger savings, and, unless the savings are promptly invested, idle deposits will pile up and the demand for goods will drop. But the very measures which the government employs to prevent recovery from becoming too largely an expansion of investment naturally tend to prevent the growth in consumer incomes from stimulating more investment. Small wonder that the recovery of consumer purchasing power in 1937 to virtually the levels of 1929 evoked such a meagre expansion of plant!

The very core of the difficulty is found in the failure of the New Dealers to distinguish between discouraging saving and discouraging investment. If it is true, as the New Dealers assert, that attractive investment opportunities in twentieth-century America are exceedingly scarce, then saving should be discouraged, but at the same time every encouragement should be given to investment. For example, scarcity of investment opportunities might warrant increases in the taxes that fall mainly upon savings (income taxes in the middle and higher brackets), but it would require reductions in taxes on profits, such as the corporate income tax and taxes on capital gains. The New Dealers indiscriminately increased both kinds of taxes.

V

What are we to do? Only one course is possible if we wish a real recovery and do not wish to transform our economy into one in which the government operates a large part of industry. That is to reverse the policy of the Great Experiment and seek to base recovery fundamentally upon an expansion of business spending. Ours is the kind of economy that flourishes only when men are disposed to take risks and when the spirit of enterprise is lusty and vigorous. Furthermore, it is the business man who almost invariably takes the initiative in our economy, particularly in the upturns. Consumers spend what they get, but what they get consists almost entirely of what business enterprises have previously decided to spend. That is why there cannot be much of an increase in consumer incomes until business managers increase their budgets.

Whether business concerns decide to spend less than their incomes or more than their incomes depends, of course, upon the outlook for profits. Putting people back to work and increasing consumer incomes, therefore, require that business men be helped to take a favorable view of profit prospects. Any recovery program which is not based upon this fact is bound to fail. This does not mean that the recovery must begin with an enlargement of plants. The rise in business spending typically starts with replenishment of inventories and larger expenditures on deferred maintenance. Eventually, however, it must take the form of expansion of plants, because, as incomes and savings increase, industry must put those savings to work.

But what of the objections of the New Dealers that a recovery based largely upon investment is bound to be temporary and unsound and to bring about its own collapse? It is true, in theory at least, that an expansion of investment may prove temporary because the attractive investment opportunities are soon used up. Actually, however, the additions that can be made to the plant of the country in any one year are not large. Certainly overexpansion of plant had little to do with the depression of 1929. The severity of that collapse was due in the main to (1) an enormous expansion of short-term debt which first inflated demand and later undermined it, and (2) international economic conditions which destroyed confidence in

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currencies and produced a world-wide run on banks.

In the ten years ending in 1929, the net additions to the privately owned plants of the country over and above replacements and obsolescence were only about 27 billion dollars, or roughly one sixth of the total plant value. In 1929, net additions were little more than 4 billions, and the plant of the country was somewhere in the neighborhood of 170 to 200 billions. Such changes as these do not explain the sudden and violent reversals in the outlook for profits that characterize our economy. As a matter of fact, the conditions which may bring about changes in the outlook for profits and thus produce contraction of spending are virtually innumerable — the overdoing of speculation in inventories; the collapse of consumer demand temporarily inflated by installment credit; the narrowing of profit margins by increases in operating costs; the closing of important avenues of investment by rises in the prices of capital goods or construction costs; political and international developments.

But are not investment expenditures peculiarly unstable because they are easily postponed? Consequently, is not a recovery in which investment plays a large part bound to be an unstable one?

The answer is yes. *All* recoveries are unstable, because the possibility that some event will darken the prospect for profits and precipitate a contraction of business is always present. But many other forms of expenditure, such as the outlay of companies for inventories, the expenditures of consumers for durable goods (automobiles, for example), and the large and increasing expenditures of consumers for services, are also easily postponable and, therefore, unstable. Consequently, it is not clear that a recovery based in large measure upon investment is less stable than one based almost entirely upon purchases of consumers' goods. In fact, the business collapse of 1937, one of the sharpest in our history, indicates that the very kind of recovery which the New Dealers are trying to create is highly unstable because it lacks a backlog of demand based on long-term plans to sustain employment and consumer purchasing power when a change occurs in the short-term outlook.

VI

Should the New Deal policy of discouraging savings be continued or perhaps extended and made more effective by substantial increases of the income tax in the middle brackets where large saving still occurs? Is it true that the American economy, now that the frontier has disappeared and the rate of population growth is declining, can no longer offer attractive investment outlets for the amount that the community is likely to save?

If the national income were to rise to 85 billions (in terms of present prices), all unemployment except seasonal unemployment would disappear. At this level of income the community would probably save about 12 billions a year. The federal and local governments have always borrowed a considerable part of the savings of the country for roads, schools, dams, sewers, and other public works. Let us assume that they continue to use about a billion of savings a year. This would leave 11 billions for private industry to put to work.

The net annual increase in the wage earners of the country is about 500,000. Each of these new entrants into industry needs the same amount of shelter and equipment as each of the present employees possesses. Otherwise the productivity of labor will drop. At present the amount of capital per worker is about $4000. Here is an outlet for 2 billions of savings a year, simply giving the new workers in industry the usual amount of tools and equipment.

A capital of $4000 per worker is obviously not very large and does not

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suggest that the country has too much plant. As a matter of fact, the country has far less plant than is needed to enable employees to earn the wages they would like to have and urgently need. During recent years the average earnings of employed workers have been slightly more than $1300 a year. Indeed, if figures on wages and profits are to be trusted, a large part of the working force of the United States does not produce as much as 50 cents per hour. The only way to raise the standard of living of labor is to increase its productivity so that employers can afford to pay it higher wages. This could be done partly by better management, but the workers also need more and better tools. In order to raise the productivity of labor sufficiently to make possible an average annual wage of $2000 (certainly not a large amount), industry would probably require twice as much capital per worker as it now possesses. If the capital available for each worker were increased only $100 each year, this would absorb approximately 5 billions of the savings of the community.

The number of families in the country increases by about 400,000 every year. This creates a large potential demand for additional housing. The movement of population, as a result of industrial and market shifts and the retirement of people to warmer climates, creates a much greater potential demand. For six years during the twenties, the United States spent more than 4 billions a year on housing. At that time the housing industry was getting nearly one out of every three dollars that consumers spent for durable goods. In 1937 it got only one out of every seven dollars. It is plain that if houses were more attractively priced the housing industry could easily absorb 4 billions of savings for many years to come. All in all, there seems to be an easily discoverable market for 11 billions or more of savings a year in addition to what the government might demand.

VII

The actual capacity of industry to absorb the savings of the community depends upon (1) reasonably favorable price relationships (excessive building costs, for example, might easily prevent any appreciable expenditures on housing); (2) the rate of technological discovery; and (3), most important of all, the temper of the business community — its willingness to make ventures and to take risks. The New Dealers are surely right in believing that attractive investment opportunities are more difficult to discover to-day than during the nineteenth century, when the vacant continents of North America, South America, Australia, Africa, and large parts of Asia were vigorously competing for the savings of Europe. The dominant fact about the present economic age is the world-wide revolt against the free market and the effort to substitute legislative and administrative decisions for the results produced by markets. The very process of substituting controlled economies for the old free economies of the nineteenth century discourages forward planning. Indeed, it is uncertain whether private investment can ever flourish in a world controlled largely by legislative and administrative decisions. If the private operation of industry is to be successfully combined with comprehensive public direction of industry, one of the policies of the government needs to be the definite and wholehearted encouragement of investment. Business can probably do much in the face of important administrative uncertainties provided it has faith that the government is fundamentally committed to encouraging enterprises to expand and to take risks.

Such a policy would involve (1) refusing to impose new costs on industry faster than technological change increases the ability of industry to bear them; (2) the encouragement of technological research; and (3) changes in

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the tax laws for the purpose of making risk-bearing more attractive.

In 1929, of course, industry could have borne a substantially larger burden, and technological progress since then has been considerable. Nevertheless, it has not been sufficient to offset the combined effect of a 10 to 21 per cent increase in the price of labor, a 16 per cent drop in the prices of finished goods, the doubling of the corporate income tax, and the new social-security taxes. Industry as a whole needs an opportunity to catch up before shouldering substantial new burdens.

The encouragement of technological change is largely a matter of making research facilities available to the 1,700,000 concerns too small to afford their own research organizations. America is still predominantly a land of small business, for about half the payrolls and 57 per cent of the employees subject to the old-age pension tax (which is nearly all of industry outside of railroads and agriculture) are in 1,700,000 concerns employing less than 400 men each. Perhaps the Federal Government and state universities can work out arrangements for giving these concerns research service on special problems at cost.

In some respects our tax laws seem designed to discourage rather than to encourage risk-taking. What other conclusion can one draw from the imposition of heavy taxes on income from industry and the exemption of income from municipal and state securities? The surtax on the higher brackets needs to be moderately reduced, income from dividends to be taxed at a lower rate than income from interest, and the corporate income tax modified to permit a reasonable loss-carryover provision. No such carryover is now permitted, but new enterprises are usually in the red for from two to five years.

Note that the encouragement of investment involves far more than economic issues. The spirit of enterprise is more than an economic force; it is the very basis for free democratic institutions.

Only so long as opportunity is abundant is social conflict mild, and only when social conflict is mild are men willing to settle their differences by voting, by negotiating, or by arbitrating rather than by fighting. The basis for opportunity is expansion. Upon the willingness and ability of democracies to encourage investment will depend their ability to keep opportunity abundant and, therefore, to preserve the free institutions which are the first casualties of severe social conflict.

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BROWN BOLSHEVISM

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

I

INSIDE Germany a revolution has been going on. It is a real revolution. Let no one dismiss it as a mere 'collectivist tendency,' or as 'rearmament regimentation.' For it displays various 'red' symptoms which alarm the capitalists just as much as they please the radical members of the brown shirts. Many of these members, significantly, are former Communists. Has Germany, by this process, reached the halfway house of socialism? Is Germany advancing towards the same goal as Soviet Russia, only by a different route? In short, how much real meaning has the word 'socialism' in 'National Socialism'?

As a newspaper correspondent in Germany last summer, I had an opportunity to examine at close hand one of these 'red' symptoms. Sitting with a German workman in a deserted café, I listened to the varied complaints of a man who handled a shovel day in and day out on the construction of the great auto roads outside Berlin. He bewailed his low pay (about 23 marks a week), the short life of his ersatz clothing, and his inability to afford a KDF[1] ticket. He even showed reluctance to rejoice over the fact that he had work to-day whereas he was jobless before Hitler entered into power. But he was triumphant on one point.

'One thing Hitler has done — he's made the foremen treat us better. Years ago they could call me a swine and get away with it. Now it's different. Let me tell you a story. Two months ago we had a tough foreman. He used us roughly. One day I was standing resting on the job when he yelled at me, "Trees don't work!" I said I was tired and wasn't a tree. Then he called me a swine for talking back and said he'd get me fired. I went to the Labor Front office and filed a complaint against him. A week later the Labor Front fired the foreman. Yes, the bosses speak softly and kindly to us. They *ask* us to do this or that, rather than *order* us.'

Any observer in Germany can multiply such stories a hundredfold. Moreover, the fact that the foreman was disciplined without recourse to one of the famous labor courts illustrates that the courts merely bring to the surface a few episodes of a constant 'social justice' process. The trend of figures on labor-court cases certainly commands attention. In 1936, employees won 189 out of 251 (75.2 per cent) cases tried.

Reading reports on these cases, one gets a pretty good picture of how the Nazi revolution is affecting labor relations. A banker in the town of Lüneburg in lower Saxony received a fine of $125 and costs from a labor court because he paid salaries below the official rates, refused to pay overtime to which his employees were entitled, and had 'shown himself hostile to his social duties in general.' A Berlin court fined the daughter of a factory owner because she had

[1] *Kraft durch Freude* ('Strength through Joy'), organization providing cheap vacation trips, concerts, theatrical entertainments, etc. — AUTHOR

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'maliciously wounded the sense of honor' of the 'followers' in her father's plant. (Note the word 'follower' used instead of 'worker.') The girl had addressed them as 'filthy workmen.' A wholesale news dealer in Berlin was deprived of control of his business; he had, it appears, persistently paid wages and salaries below the officially fixed rates, had grossly insulted his workmen and employees, and had forced minors to work fifty-nine hours a week without overtime pay. Out of my own experience I have found cases which fit in with this leveling process — such as that of a small factory owner who told me how he had to attend a *Schulungslager* (camp of social education) where his bunkmate was one of his 'followers.'

Recent developments in the army fill in this picture of 'democratization' of Germany. On January 22, Hitler officially destroyed as such the *Reichswehr* officer caste which had formerly held itself aloof from the Nazi revolution as a separate power in the state. He decreed that every German officer must become a member of the National Socialist Reich Warrior League, individually as an ordinary — not an honorary — member. 'This means,' says the correspondent of the *New York Times*, 'they are placed on an equal footing with the men, and furthermore are incorporated into an organization that is completely under Nazi control.' Trends have long forecast this. Last year a military attaché described to me a startling scene he had witnessed: a general's daughter at a regimental function had to dance (by request of the Nazi officials) with the privates. Foreign correspondents who attend army manœuvres remark the fraternization — in some cases forced, in others quite natural — between officers and men. Where are the Prussian officers of yesteryear? They are gone, together with the old Prussian 'swine-calling' spirit.

This is strong medicine for employers (not to mention the *Reichswehr*), and it must be said that it has been sweetened. Hitler, on taking power, abolished the Socialist and Communist parties which the employers dreaded and hated. He wiped out the trade-unions and made strikes illegal. The average German employer, harassed by fifteen years of socialist experiments, strikes, sabotage, and fear of a Communist revolution, naturally offered up thanks 'to our *Führer*.'

But the taste became bitter when the employer discovered that the Nazi Party and the Labor Front — which Hitler substituted for the unions and the radical parties — had much the same tendencies as the old organizations. To-day the German employer has no power over hiring and firing: the Labor Front takes care of that. He has to give seniority rights to Nazi Party members and often has to keep Nazis on the payroll whether they are useful to production or not. He must pay wages to employees who lose working time by participating in Nazi activities — such as the Nuremberg Congress or the hours listening to Hitler on the radio. During the Czechoslovakian crisis employers had to pay wages to workers who were rushed to finish the new Rhine fortifications. It is estimated that such practices have increased wage costs about 10 per cent. Yes, the sweetening of 'no strikes' has worn off by this time. Anyone traveling in Germany very soon discovers that the employer shows more discontent with the régime than the employed.

II

It is difficult to say whether these 'Bolshevik' (as he often calls them) tendencies disturb the employer more than the government's restrictions on his profit-making activities. For I am sure the capitalist in Germany takes cold comfort from the fact so often stressed by orthodox Marxians — intent on proving the nonexistence of socialism in National Socialism — that, after all, the profit system remains.

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True, the Nazis have not abolished the profit system. But they have so altered it that, while it may not be called socialist, it certainly isn't capitalistic. Taxes, for one thing, have reached Himalaya-like proportions. Taxes on corporation profits run up to 60 per cent, and indications are that they will rise further. While many firms show large profits, these are largely bookkeeping profits. For firms cannot declare dividends above 6 per cent (in some exceptions 8 per cent), and the rest must be invested in low-paying government bonds. About the only thing many capitalists can do with their profits is to reinvest them in plant. I know one manufacturer who was repainting his whole plant, not because it needed painting, but because he couldn't do anything else with his money.

Moreover, the way the employer is allowed to make this sterile sort of money is even more onerous. His raw materials are rationed and he has to pay a government-fixed price for them. To obtain raw materials he must fill out numerous forms and go through a lot of troublesome and costly red tape. If he does not produce munitions, he has to take what raw materials he can get after armament demands are met. (One radiator manufacturer told me that he had to cut his working force to 42 hours because of lack of iron, although demand for radiators justified working overtime to fill orders.)

When he sells his product, it is at a price fixed by the government, often a rather low price. In some commodities — for instance, shoes — the government has so drastically lowered prices that manufacturers' costs have exceeded the selling price. The manufacturer often has to help subsidize erection of government-owned plants which will compete with his own product — surely one of the bitterest pills of all. Finally, if he is an exporter, he can accept orders from abroad only with permission of the government. Thus, if the orders come from some country which hasn't been buying enough to make the barter system work, he will have to decline the orders.

All this is true. Yet the capitalist still has the title to the business of which he has so spectacularly lost control. Moreover, as is noted by hopeful capitalists, he is getting a clearer title as the years roll by. Capitalists in Germany have taken much satisfaction in 'reprivatization' — that is, the return of businesses and stock in businesses held by the government. During the last years of the Republic, the government acquired shares in many firms — in some cases controlling participations — in order to keep them afloat. But last year the government sold back to private interests the Dresdner Bank. Thus private ownership retrieved the last of the three biggest banks of the country which were bailed out by the government in the crisis of 1931. The similar surrender to private interests during the past few years of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke (United Steel Company), the Deschimag (largest ship building concern), the German-South American Line, and some smaller concerns has underlined this policy of reprivatization.

But what does this really amount to? Adolf Hitler would not be the astute politician he is unless he threw a few crumbs of comfort to the capitalists from time to time, just to reawaken their zeal and their hopes. After all, the government's control over these reprivatized concerns continues to be just as strong as over other firms. In the case of the banks, the government control over the entire banking system is so rigid that the reprivatization manœuvre — studied in connection with the general socialistic trends — appears as little more than a transferring of empty titles. What the *Führer* vouchsafes with one hand he takes away with the other.

Thus, while reprivatizing, he has created the government-controlled Göring Iron Trust to work low-grade ores —

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which hardly inspires enthusiasm among capitalists. Private business had balked at exploiting these ores because they would cost too much to extract. As an investment for its funds, this enterprise held no promise of paying off. But the rearmament program needed these ores, and accordingly the government proceeded to form the Iron Trust and to force the unwilling capitalists to take stock in it.

Again, Hitler wanted automobile manufacturers to produce a low-priced car for the masses. The manufacturers said it couldn't be done on a profitable basis. Hitler defied the manufacturers and put the government in the automobile business. The Labor Front supplies funds for this *Volkswagen* (People's Car) factory, although the government treasury coöperates. The Labor Front is already taking orders for cars. This enterprise, in short, has a semi-syndicalist character which must please the soul of Bakunin, the philosopher of Anarchism.

Other and even less pleasant developments loom. The propertied classes in Germany disapprove strongly of the expropriation of the Jews. They recognize that the anti-Semitic drive was aimed as much at property in general as at Jewish property. (They fear a drive against Catholic Church property for the same reasons.) What followed the latest pogroms has confirmed their worst fears. *Das Schwarze Korps*, organ of Hitler's elite guard, opened a drive against elements which it called 'white Jews': 'Aryans with the same lust for profits, the same cunning, the same unscrupulousness in choice of their means as black Jews. . . . We have not gone through years of struggle and endured pressure and war agitation to enable these evil vultures to sit down at the table which the Jews have just been forced to vacate.'

Another blow fell about the same time. Nazi leaders took steps to strengthen their party's hold on business. It was announced that the Nazi authorities would enjoy the veto power over the appointment of principal executives and directors of commercial and industrial enterprises. The *Pommersche Zeitung* said, 'The new measures constitute an important step toward the coördination of political and economic developments. They provide assurance that only those persons who will represent unreservedly the Nazi outlook will be called to leading positions in the German business world.' German business men are wondering, in view of this development, if a purge of prominent non-Nazi business executives isn't on the cards.

Business, in fact, has an even greater fear. It feels that it is sitting on a bomb. The bomb, it seems, was set under cover of the Czech crisis. A serious slump on the Berlin Bourse late in August led many foreign newspapers to suggest that 'capital' was going on strike. To those who know the real Germany nothing could have been further from the truth. The fact is that only the government could have actively promoted the slump. But why should the government desire a slump? The *Financial News* of London, expressing fears of German business men, showed why: 'It is quite conceivable, for instance, that the State may decide to take over all equities from their present owners and replace these stocks and shares by some form of government securities. If that is so, it would be to the State's advantage to buy out the public and the financial institutions at as low a price as possible.' Will Hitler's bomb one day blow business in Germany completely out of control of its stock and title?

III

A sad picture. Unable to hire and fire, price-fixing taken out of his hands, his output regulated by the government, his profits sternly regulated, the German capitalist looks less like a capitalist than like a government commissar administrating his business in the interest of the State. But is that so bad? Commissars

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in Russia live on the veritable fat of the land. After all, the German capitalist, it seems, must be able to nurse his wounds and console himself with a comparatively luxurious private life which generous salaries and a fair share of the profits should buy for him.

Alas, even this picture is false. The German capitalist can't live in the state in which he was formerly accustomed to live before the advent of the Nazis.

I cannot forget the dinner I had with a prominent Prussian industrialist. It included almost inedible bread (and no butter), tough meat, and a pathetic *pièce de résistance* proudly served — a dish of California canned tomatoes which the host had obtained through some friend in a foreign legation. I was so deeply affected that I had him to lunch at the second-class hotel where I was stopping, and he enjoyed himself hugely. (For to maintain the tourist trade — and an impressive appearance of well-being — hotels are permitted to serve tourists and their guests good and ample food.)

Nor can the German capitalist leave the country to enjoy a brief vacation and the fleshpots of non-totalitarian countries. Few Germans can obtain the foreign exchange necessary for such pleasure jaunts. A German business man described to me with sober relish a vacation trip he took each year. He goes to the border opposite Basle, Switzerland. From there he crosses every day to Basle, walks in the streets of a free bourgeois republic, and dines voraciously on the few marks which the State permits him to take across the border. The mother of an industrialist I know bewails the fact that she cannot go to the Riviera every winter as she was wont to do in years past. She is old and would very much like to recuperate in Cannes. But she cannot get foreign exchange. Another son, however, who is a functionary in the Nazi Party, tours widely in Europe, has a big car, and lives like a sybarite. Better to raise your son, evidently, as a member of the National Socialist Party than as an up-and-coming business man.

A German-American business man who lives in the Rhineland described to me the pitiful plight in which he and his colleagues find themselves.

'Why, they can't call their souls their own, much less their money. This club I belong to receives Göring every now and then. He comes down from Berlin and lays down the law to them — particularly after some of the big industrialists have been letting off steam. After Göring leaves, they — and I with them — get together and hold a post-mortem — and very much mortem it is.

'Listen to this. One of the biggest industrialists in the Ruhr [he mentioned a name as prominent in Germany as Charles Schwab in the United States] does not dare occupy his beautiful castle on the Rhine. Why? He's afraid the Labor Front would take note of his magnificence and ask him for some munificence, with "suggestions" that he contribute 50,000 marks to their fund. So he lives in the castle's lodge.

'He's got a half-dozen big cars there, — Hispanos, and so forth, — but he doesn't dare show himself in them. He rides in the company car — and so does his wife when she wants to go shopping. Nazi Party people might notice the big private cars, and further "suggestions" would roll in for bigger restrooms in his plant, more contributions to the Four-Year Plan, and so forth.'

IV

Let us be careful. Is Hitler really an anti-capitalistic fanatic, consecrated to the task of bringing about Communism by subtler methods than Lenin and Stalin? And is the Nazi Party truly an undercover branch of the Moscow International?

It would be a gross mistake to suppose this. The picture of 'brown Bolshevism' as deliberately planned and executed for

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a Communist end is too simple. Hitler, in fact, is more against 'capitalists' than against 'capitalism.' There are many devoted (and perhaps deluded) profiteers of industry in the ranks of the party. The truth is that the economic framework of this strange uncapitalistic state has arisen as a direct outgrowth of measures taken long before Hitler appeared on the scene.

German capitalism from its very start was a different thing from British, French, and American capitalism. The kings and nobles who ruled the various little German states which later came together to form the first Reich each subsidized and nourished the local capitalist industry and finance. German capitalism was created — *from the top*. British, French, and American capitalism grew *from the bottom:* no paternalism built it up in the West. In Germany, moreover, even after it was a going concern, Bismarck and his successors introduced all sorts of socialistic trends in their policies.

The World War thrust this process further along the way towards socialization. The organizer of German war economy and industrial mobilization was Walter Rathenau, son of a famous German industrialist. While believing in the maintenance of capitalism, he entertained very advanced ideas. Over twenty years ago, when such ideas were rare among business men, he said, 'A more equal distribution of possession and income is a commandment of ethics and economy. Only one in the State is allowed to be immeasurably rich: that is the State itself. Through its means it has to provide for the abolition of the distress of all. The present sources of wealth are monopolies, speculation, and inheritance. The monopolist, the speculator, and the millionaire heir have no longer a place in the new order of economy.' Rathenau regimented Germany's economy for war purposes as it had never been regimented before. He and his semi-socialistic ideas left their mark on the system.

After the war two new factors deepened and extended the work of Rathenau: (1) The famous currency inflation wiped out the savings of the middle classes and placed economic power in the hands of a relatively few industrial and financial families. These interests created combinations, monopolies, and cartels, thus preparing the way for the even more drastic regimentation of Hitler. (2) Germany was for the most part ruled by Socialist governments in the twenties. These governments introduced more public ownership and control, and the spread of their Socialist ideas laid the foundation for the 'equalitarian,' 'red' tendencies described above. As a matter of fact, even in 1931, two years before Hitler ascended to power, many German industrialists hesitated to appear in luxurious private cars or display other signs of wealth. They feared the effect of these on the morale of the then desperate and starving unemployed.

By the time Hitler took over, the following socialistic accomplishments stood on the books. About 20 per cent of all economic activity (except agriculture) was publicly owned. Labor employed on public ownership undertakings amounted to about 16 per cent of all employed. Public ownership covered the following: all railroads, telephones, telegraphs, and postal systems; between 65 and 80 per cent of all electric power; about 80 per cent of all gas; practically all water and sewage systems; the whole of the elaborate canal and waterways networks; about 50 per cent of all banking activity; and large operating units in coal, potash, mining, street railway enterprises, and other fields of industrial activity.

From such a base, then, Hitler started to operate. To socialize Germany further? Not officially, at least. He did, of course, from the first champion the rights of workers (but not of trade-unions). He did set up the Labor Front. But he firmly proclaimed the rights of private property and attacked Bolshevism. In his first two years of power, Hitler

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leaned more to the Right than to the Left.

Maybe he was sincere in trying to straddle two stools. But two forces were pushing him away from the Right: (1) the requirements of rearmament, and (2) the mass membership of the Nazi Party, filled with many former Communists and Socialists. Under the propulsion of the first, he set out — he had to — to regiment German economy in the interests of rearming; Germany, with a large foreign debt and a serious lack of raw materials, had to be regimented to obtain the materials and organization necessary to produce guns and airplanes. Under the pressure of the second, he began to show the 'red' symptoms I have mentioned. The radical Nazis were thrown more and more crumbs — crumbs taken from the loaf of the capitalists.

This vast process has proceeded, has been winding its way in and out of the complications of domestic and foreign politics, in a manner well calculated to deceive everyone. Calculated? Well, perhaps it's merely a biological process, with all sorts of factors conflicting, joining forces, parting and coming together again to produce what is the present system. But perhaps it is also, to a large extent, a calculated deception. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler frequently advocates throwing dust in the eyes of friends and enemies alike to attain his ends. If we look at the matter from this angle, a monster drama of deception unrolls. The capitalists were deceived by Hitlerian screaming against Bolshevism and for rights of property. The masses were deceived by oratory against capitalists. The capitalists got insurance against strikes by abdicating their control of business. The masses got such matters as protection against brutal foremen in return for accepting a low standard of living.

Meanwhile an interplay between the generals who wanted rearmament at all costs and the capitalists who disliked government control proceeded. Hitler would say to the generals, 'You can't have that factory — at least yet. Capital must be satisfied if the economic system which feeds rearmament is to work.' To the capitalists he would say, 'The army demands such and such a piece of regimentation. It's absolutely necessary.' And so on — a strenuous, uninterrupted performance of political legerdemain.

Internationally, the deception was no less clever. From behind the high capitalistic collar of Dr. Schacht (many consider him actually a Nazi within the capitalists rather than a capitalist ambassador within the Nazis) went forth soothing words to foreign debtors and customers. The words certainly did not sound like those of a Bolshevik. The Bolsheviks, at the start of their Russian Revolution, quite candidly expropriated foreign and domestic capital. That was frankly a part of their program. As a result, they have had international capital down on them ever since. The Nazis, however, proclaimed that they respected the rights of capital. But — they demanded sacrifices from capital so that the Nazi fight against Bolshevism in Germany might go on. The trick succeeded. Dr. Schacht played one foreign debtor off against another in a succession of scaling-down agreements, with the result that to-day most of Germany's foreign debt has been in reality expropriated. Yet foreign capitalists, although stiff and sore as a result of playing with Schacht, preferred him to Stalin. To-day Schacht stands demoted in the governmental hierarchy, his place taken by the socialistic Walther Funk, who was a friend of Rathenau and strongly influenced by Rathenau's socialistic ideas. It remains to be seen whether foreign capitalists will like Funk better than Stalin.

V

It remains to be seen, also, whether this leftward tendency can continue without bringing about a breakdown of the whole German system. Can the Nazis deceive economics itself? Some

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observers look for the approach of a situation in which German economy, too vigorously and rapidly pulled away from capitalism, will, biologically as it were, revolt against the socializing tide, and a backswing will loom as necessary. Various reports indicate that private initiative is being sapped. It is said that the quality and thereby the markets of German goods have suffered; that this cannot be entirely attributed to poor raw materials; that technical and managerial inefficiency has played a large part. Also debt is mounting dangerously (it is now unofficially reported at 25 billion dollars), foreign trade is dropping, and foreign exchange is more difficult to obtain. Will Germany have to follow the example of Russia? Soviet Russia, in order to make its economy function, has had to stop its course towards Communism, if not actually reverse this course. Will this occur in Germany?

Hitler in the past has been able to swing the pendulum back a little in difficult times. He has succeeded in keeping capital in line by playing one group of capitalists off against another. But the point may soon be reached when, in exchange for a rightward swing, he may be unable to find concessions strong enough to satisfy the Left. In that case he may find himself balanced on a dangerous knife edge. Will he then take a plunge into the arms of his 'red' comrades? One ominous fact provides a clue — it is notable that the pendulum in the past few years has swung in smaller arcs on the Right than on the Left.

But no class has been deluded as badly by all this as the theorists — especially the Marxists. To read Communist papers, one might suppose that Germany was one vast concentration camp with the capitalists mounting guard quite successfully over their property and interests. National Socialism, the Marxists claim, is merely a smoke screen for benefiting finance capital. The Marxists' deception springs from two factors: (1) as Communists in the vise of Stalinist dogma, they have been blinded by the propaganda of Moscow; (2) dogmatic or not, Moscow must combat Germany, since Germany threatens war on Russia — *ergo* workers throughout the world must be told that Germany is a tool of capitalism.

This is not the first time in history that such a deception has occurred. In the seventeenth century, the middle classes in Britain carried out a revolution against the feudal classes. Cromwell, King Charles's head, and King James featured the rise to power of the British commercial classes. A hundred years later the French in their great revolution did the same. But did the British middle classes help the French middle classes? Not at all. The British middle classes, scared by the excesses of the French Jacobins, scared too by the rising power of France which was to flower in Napoleon, the Hitler of that time, fought their brothers in the revolution against feudalism. To-day the Communists fight their real brothers, the Nazis.

But how long will this fight last? Won't the Nazis and Communists one day compose their quarrel and make an open alliance? Last fall I got a clue to what may come in a talk with a dissident Communist agitator in England — a 'Trotskyite.' I told him of the extraordinary things I had seen and heard in Czechoslovakia and Germany. In the Sudetenland, a few months before the crisis, I discovered that the Communists had gone over in large numbers to the Nazis — to Henlein's Sudeten party. In Germany I was told by a factory superintendent that the former Communists among the workmen made the best Nazis. The Trotskyite laughed cynically: 'That shows you, doesn't it, that there isn't much difference between the two? However, in spite of my opposition to Stalinism, I must admit that there's a method in their madness. If England went Fascist to-morrow, I myself would join the Fascist Party, bore from within, and work for the proletarian revolution.'

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THE FAWN

BY STRUTHERS BURT

I

All that summer he had the feeling, quiet, watchful, of something following him. Not something that made him turn his head, or ride past patches of willows on the alert, as he had sometimes had to do when he was young and had bad neighbors. Nothing like that. There was nothing definitely frightening about it; rather a wistfulness, a haunting — as if, a little way behind him, someone were following, eager to speak to him, often on the edge of speaking, prevented by some hesitation or doubt.

He did not even know if it was a man or a woman.

He had no desire to take down his old Colt — 'gun,' he called it — from the wall above his bed and tie it, in its well-oiled holster, against his leg, as he had done a score of times in his life, a little ashamed to be carrying it, but relieved. Nothing like that. Merely the sense of being followed.

And yet he knew it was the happiest summer he had known for years. To begin with, it was a summer of clover. The short white clover, the tall red clover. All around the ranch house and spreading everywhere it had been planted, or carried by irrigation water or manure. And he had always loved clover. The smell of it, the starry look of it; the bees tangled up in it, humming with busy drowsiness. He supposed that he loved clover because it reminded him of his boyhood in Ohio. It meant that man had dug in, too. That was the queer thing. You were only happy in wide, untouched countries where you could breathe, and yet at once you began to plant and trim and cultivate.

If you lay in the grass in the early afternoon, under that sound of the almost unnoticeable wind, under the sound of the flies, under every other sound, like a chord of the wind, you could hear the bees.

The clover was one thing, and the rain was another. After years of drought, the sky was wet again, and almost every day the rain marched up the valley, silver-gray. Even the badlands, thirty miles south, red, ochre, mud-colored, were for a little while green, wherever that was possible.

Above all, for the first time in a long while, his entire family was with him. His daughter, back from Chicago and on a vacation before looking for another job; his son, in his last year at college; and, of course, his wife. His wife had been with him a good many years now.

His daughter was small and bright-haired; his son, tall and dark. They sat their horses as if they had been born there. Well, they should. They had ridden since they were three. He remembered the time he had first put his daughter on a horse. He could still feel the warmth of her tiny body, pressed in between him and the saddle horn.

He was glad he had made enough money, done well enough with his cattle and horses, to give his children a good start. To send them to good universities; one further east, one further west. It

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wasn't a good thing to send children to their own state universities, if you could help it; that only narrowed them. They ought to get out and see something new; meet young people with other ideas and backgrounds. Then, when they came home, they were in a position to appreciate what they had and their own country.

His daughter — and that was another source of contentment — wanted to come home now. She had had enough of big cities; three years of them. She was the rancher, really. Crazy about horses and cattle. After a while he'd take her into partnership, and any young fellow she might marry.

It was lovely to see her ride a horse; so small, so bright-haired, so light in the saddle and on the bit. When she was eight he had shown her how to throw a rope and move quietly in and out among cattle.

His son was a fine fellow, too. Very satisfactory. But he wanted to be a geologist; a scientist. Well, that was all right. Every man to his own taste. Prejudice and ignorance were the only enemies. Some of these old stockmen, for example. Grand fellows! Lifelong friends of his! But too many of them thought the only thing that counted was the shape of a horse or a cow. You couldn't fool them on a horse or a cow, and yet they overstocked their ranges — if they got the chance — and bought at the top of the market, and then wondered why they didn't do well.

His daughter would know better than that.

II

Yes, it was a good summer.

June smelled and looked the way its name sounded. Confident, but a little bit shy. Everything turning green and spreading out like green water. And July was like its name, too. Things growing, in the short growing season of high altitudes, so that you could actually note their growth from day to day. Grass, and hay, and aspens, and willows along the ditches and streams. Out on their summer range his cattle were red and white-faced and sleek, and switched their tails luxuriously. And near the ranch, colts frolicked in the dusk.

He had never seen better wild flowers, either; coming in succession, one crop on top of another, so that the meadows and the forest openings were always a carpet of gold, or dark blue, or white, or crimson, or powder blue. That was a sign the country wasn't being overfed. Yellow goatsbeard and dark blue larkspur. . . . You had to watch the latter! It poisoned cattle. And purple aster, and white and purple columbine, and arnica flowers, and wild geranium, and buckwheat, and Queen Anne's lace, and yarrow. And in the dark forests tall, magnificent, dangerous wild carrot. And red coral flower. And lupine like blue skies, and penstemon, and harebells, and wild roses and hollyhock and cornflowers. And red monkey flower. And grass-of-Parnassus. And the pink windflower and the purple virgin's-bower. And the soft yellow pasqueflower, with its fuzzy stem and leaves. And, near swamps, the slender blue iris. Those, and later on fringed gentian, and open places solid with pink fireweed or ablaze with Indian paintbrush.

He was glad he knew the names of these. It made you feel more at home with them. His wife knew their names; and then, when he was a young fellow and had first come West, and was summer-herding for a big outfit east of the mountains, he had camped two seasons with an old cowpuncher who was something of a botanist. An astronomer, too. He'd lie out at night and talk about the stars as if they were stock.

You could never tell what a cowpuncher would turn out to be, or wouldn't.

August was as rich as a full-uddered cow, after the June moon and the July moon had gone. During the July moon, at its fullness, he had had a curious moment. It had been breathless and amaz-

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ing. Like love, only more lasting. His daughter played the piano, and she often played at night in the big room of the ranch house. He had had to go down to the corrals, and coming back he had heard the faint sound of the music, and had stood and let the moonlight pour over him. Far to the west, mountains as pointed and pale as spray jutted toward the sky, and the dark forests slumbered, and the silver of an irrigation ditch twisted away from his feet. And the white clover, all about him, looked like the Milky Way. He had had the curious feeling of standing among the stars.

He was glad he was a ranchman! He was glad these things touched him so much he couldn't talk about them.

He even took to riding with his family late in the afternoons, just because they were all there and it was nice to be with them. He who had done so much work on horseback, and ridden so many miles and hours looking for stock or going somewhere, that just to ride for pleasure or exercise seemed to him mildly absurd! But he rode now and enjoyed it. His wife liked to ride after her work was over. And he liked to watch her ride. She was still as slim and graceful as a girl. Sat up on a horse and looked about her. And her short gray hair wasn't dull; it was bright like his daughter's. She was a damned pretty woman, his wife, and he was glad that he had married her. He loved the way — riding behind her — she would turn her small head, alert for game. She always looked for game. It was an excitement that had never failed her in the twenty-six years of their marriage. Sometimes they saw game: a moose, black as an outflung shadow; elk like pools of sunlight in the forest; deer, bounding away.

The only thing he didn't like to think about was what might happen later on. It wasn't nice to think that after you had lived with a woman so long, couldn't get along without her, maybe some day you would never see each other again; not even in some new strange shape.

He began to look for a fawn he had known the year before. A small, long-legged thing that had hung around the ranch during the snow and had been fed. He would know that fawn because he had taken it out of a drift fence, and he had seen that it had hurt its leg and was lame.

Everything becomes a habit. These rides became a habit. He missed them when he was too busy to take them. He got over being ashamed of them. He no longer hinted to his foreman, or 'the boys' working for him, that he was looking for stock or inspecting fields. He just went on them and enjoyed them. The hot bright afternoon of five o'clock. The dusk coming down from the hills and walking the forest. The evening coolness, leaf and herb scented, touching his hands and cheeks. The sunlight on the mountain meadows. The sudden great views of distance. One of the things about a big country was that every foot of it was different; presented new problems in horsemanship and finding your way. He began to take again a youthful pleasure in guiding his family, as if his wife were a girl, and his son and daughter children.

And he liked especially coming back in the evening to the ranch, down there in the little valley of its own. Somehow you appreciated your ranch after these small rides even more than when, after riding all day after stock — All day! Sometimes for days on end! Sometimes, in the fall, your chaps and coat and moustache covered with ice — you came back to its lights. Then it had been a question of warmth and food and bed; now, untired, you could look about you.

He liked sitting on the porch before supper, smoking a pipe, looking at the mountains across the valley, his dog beside him. His dog was growing old. He didn't like that. Dogs didn't live long enough. This was the nicest dog he had ever had. Smart! Wonderful eyes and a firm, cold nose. He wished he

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could talk to him. They had seen quite a lot between them. Some laughable things, too.

III

Yes, it was a fine summer — everyone together like this. His wife, and himself, and old Jim Murdoch, his foreman, and the children, and the dog. If it only wasn't for that vague feeling he had of being followed; especially when riding, especially at dusk.

For a while he thought perhaps he was getting something. People had premonitions, he knew. And so he was careful to be calm and smiling in the presence of his wife. But he felt too well to be getting anything. At fifty-six, of course, you weren't quite what you were at thirty. You couldn't stand the gaff quite as much, but otherwise he was as good as he'd ever been. Better. He hadn't taken on any weight. That presence, however, soft, following, bothered him.

It was the fawn—the lame one—that told him. The fawn as silent as the presence. He had been looking for the fawn all July and August, and then, toward the first of September, he saw it. They were riding down a little valley — his wife, his son, his daughter, and himself — and he was behind them, erect in his saddle, swaying to the trot of his horse, and suddenly his wife stopped and pointed, and he saw the fawn. About a hundred feet ahead, back a little in the trees. Dusk had come out from the trees, and the narrow valley smelled of willows and grass touched with frost. There was no sound except the creaking of the latigos as the horses breathed. It was the fawn all right. He recognized it even before it turned and bounded, gimp-legged, away. And yet, of course, it wasn't the fawn, but a young buck. A young buck, alert, suspicious. Funny, despite all his experience, that he had been half expecting to see a fawn. The fawn was a young buck. . . . Naturally! A whole year had passed.

When he looked again, where the young buck had stood was emptiness.

He narrowed his eyes suddenly. The presence had caught up to him; had touched his shoulder; was by his side, trying to tell him something, wistful, haunting.

A breath of wind passed over him as if it had come out of the forest; down the valley above the damp coarse grass beside the stream. It tightened the skin above his cheekbones, stirred the hair at the back of his neck. He straightened up in his saddle, and his eyes widened and he stared at the dusk.

Queer he hadn't thought of it before!

It seemed to him that he was staring for countless miles: through the dark mountains and the forests that rimmed the valley, over the edge of a horizon beyond which there was no ending, but where light, unfiltered and dazzling, appeared again. He could see nothing but light.

He leaned forward and patted the neck of his horse; the warm, soft, silky, iron-gray neck. That was blood that made the warmth in the coolness — the beautiful, unconscious function of living.

He looked at his wife's back. He loved to watch his wife ride. She was slim and graceful as a girl. Only a little while ago, to his way of thinking, she had been a girl. Life slipped through your hands like a well-oiled riata. . . . He ought to hurry back to that dog. Dogs, when they got older, missed people more and more.

Well . . . he had been a lucky man! He was still a lucky man.

He straightened up once more in his saddle and shook out his reins. 'Get along!' he said to his horse.

It would be nice to lope a little in the coolness. Besides, he ought to get back to that dog.

It was a relief to have found out what it was — the presence. Now it would no longer bother him. It was Time, of course. Time, untiring, inescapable. Always following you.

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THE GAVEL FALLS

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

We had to leave the warm tide-water mud,
The warm-flanked wives, the estuary fish,
For an uphill dream and a trap in the beaver mist:

'Father said Cornwallis was very pale . . .'

We braided manes and tails of fallen horses
Into a harness tug a man could wear,
Monongahela, Niobrara, Paint Rock:

'You'll write me when you get to Sutter's River?'

We had to shout last wills and testaments
Over the wing-bone whistles of the Sioux,
We had to chant a cholera hymn to the willows,
We had to learn that beetles taste like acid
When no direction takes you anywhere:

'Cat's cradle, cat's cradle,
Skin of a broken boat . . .'

'All night we heard him singing rock-a-by tunes . . .'

And a love song in Virginia was a tomb
That sank into the grasses of Missouri:

'Four score and seven years ago our fathers . . .'

And a love song in Missouri was a tomb
That sank behind the mountains of the West:

'There was an American flag in the cedar tree,
You could see it from the Osage orange hedge
Where Grandmother shot the herons to feed the hogs,
And after the war Grandfather paced all night
Between the seven coffins in the orchard.'

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They brought Minerva's body home from Kansas,
Hiram came home from Missionary Ridge . . .
'Begone!' the old man shudders to the hound;
The slow hound turns away from Enoch's coffin.
Abraham sleeps. Lucinda coughs no more.

And the gavel falls!

The gavel falls on the sego lilies of Utah,
The gavel falls on Union Street in New Bedford
And the whalers' wharves at the end of Union Street
Can hear the gavel tapping gourds in Taos,
Tapping a taxicab fender in Atlanta,
Tapping the fossil pollens of Dakota,
Tapping the yellow smelter stack in Butte,
Sequoias, tugboats . . .
'Look! This came in the mail!'

The gavel is a change and a discipline:
'They're going to hold the hearings at the schoolhouse,
The County Agent says we've got to be there!'
The gavel ends a dream and begins a dream:
'The hearings, sir, are in the Venetian Room
On the fortieth floor,'
and the schoolboy is a boaster:
'Dad had to go to Washington! He flew!'

The gavel is a hunger for long peace,
The gavel is the faith and the prophecy
And a guttling drum and a bugler's booted cadence
And a mob all sweating salt to a fair messiah . . .

And the fruit flies roar with laughter at the gavel,
And the fruit flies sing absurd genetic songs
About the slow, slow human generations,
And the fruit flies scatter dice among the captains:
'Caligula was a gentle child,' they sing,
And they chatter incommunicable nonsense:
'A bull snake may be thicker than the wrist
Of an economist, but writes no poems.'

So falls the oak leaf on the buffalo robe,
The far pung jingles into the maple bush,
The Pole Star slowly gives its place to Vega
And there's a farmer up at Custer, Montana:
The ants keep bringing beads to the top of the ant hill,
They always have, and he doesn't know who it was.

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MEN—NOT CATTLE

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I

ONE hundred and fifty years after the adoption of the Bill of Rights, meeting in Madison Square Garden under banners intended to insult a considerable body of American citizens, the German-American Bund prematurely celebrated Washington's Birthday. Speakers attacked an important racial group in the United States and applauded the tyrannical ruler of a foreign state. The meeting was modeled after meetings held in Germany; it was accompanied by the Nazi variety of anti-intellectualistic propaganda; and unanimity of mood was assured by uniformed guards who, at least in one instance, violently assaulted a heckler. When Sinclair Lewis wrote *It Can't Happen Here*, he could not know how soon it would happen here.

Had the views of an enormous crowd outside Madison Square Garden prevailed, there would have been no meeting of the German-American Bund. That meeting was held under police protection. It was held because the acting mayor of New York City felt that under the Bill of Rights a deservedly unpopular minority organization was entitled to hold a meeting if it wanted to. Although strongly of the opinion that the Bund is 'completely anti-American and anti-democratic,' which it clearly is, the American Jewish Committee gallantly took the same position. The German-American Bund is clearly both anti-American and anti-democratic, since, if its views were to prevail, it would take away from the minority group it attacks the protection of the Bill of Rights. Yet it claims the protection of the Bill of Rights for its own meeting.

This paradox arises from an omission in the Bill of Rights. One of the most remarkable facts about both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights arises, not from what is said, but from what is omitted, in these documents — if one can properly speak of the Bill of Rights as a document.

The Bill of Rights and the First Article of the Constitution, by limiting the powers of government, negatively define and positively affirm the unalienable rights of the American people. So long as these prohibitions are observed, so long shall we enjoy a republican form of government. When these prohibitions are evaded or ignored, our republican form of government will fall. That they shall not be ignored or evaded means, in the words of Mr. Justice Frankfurter, that we must protect the rights, not merely of the people who agree with us, but also of the people whom we dislike because they do not agree with us.

Now the omission to which I refer springs from the characteristic thought of the late eighteenth-century world. I suppose there has seldom been in the annals of Europe a period more full of hope for the human race than the seventies and eighties of that century. Mankind was visibly on the mend. Philosophers had at length worked out a rational system of human progress, and governments were trying to put into effect the

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theories of the philosophers. In that century the American Revolution by its success, and the French Revolution in its beginnings, seemed to put the seal of practical experiment upon the theory that mankind is one, that its future lies in rational enlightenment, and that an era of peaceful cosmopolitanism was at hand.

We are farther from this ideal than ever, but I do not think the fault lies with the eighteenth century. To me it seems clear that the theory of the eighteenth-century men is a more practical rule of life than the rule of life advocated by self-styled 'realists' who talk about superior and inferior races. I have noticed that these gentlemen never fail to include themselves in the superior group.

The omission to which I refer has to do with these 'realists.' The word which I do not find in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights is the one word 'race.' You will search these documents in vain for any recognition of racial distinctions among mankind. There are two references to the Indian tribes, but they are mentioned as political entities with whom treaties may be concluded. There is a reference to persons 'held to service or labor,' another to 'persons not free,' and a third to the 'migration or importation of certain persons,' but it is nowhere said that these persons are white, black, red, yellow, or brown. The word 'race' does not appear until 1870, when the Fifteenth Amendment was ratified. In that amendment we read that the right to vote shall not be denied on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The failure of the Constitution and of fourteen amendments to distinguish among races does not arise from any lack of experience with racial conflicts. The founding fathers knew racial conflict, and they did not want any more of it. To them the important fact about mankind was not race, but the sharing by all men of certain common characteristics, and upon these common characteristics they proposed to build a rational frame of government. It was the most solid and sensible view they could have taken. We have experienced a good deal of racial conflict in this country, but, so far as I can discover, that animosity has invariably — not now and then, but invariably — been either futile or costly, or both.

II

We began by despising the Indians. Inasmuch as the earliest white men regarded Indians as potential slaves, and since, despite the uniform hospitality with which white men were received, they consistently violated that hospitality by kidnapping Indians, the white men should not have been astonished when the Indians, shocked at this outrageous behavior, struck back in the only kind of warfare Indians knew. But our forefathers were both astonished and grieved, and, as the decades rolled by, developed the dogma that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Pursuing this truth, they reduced the Indian population from about a million in 1600 to about 250,000 in 1900, but in so doing they lost at least a million whites. It was quite possible to get along peaceably with the Indians, as the French found out, but the Anglo-Saxons never admitted that this was true.

We have forgotten our first racial animosity, but I wish to revive the memory of it by a single example. In 1636, Captain John Mason with a force of men surrounded, surprised, and set fire to a fortified Indian village in Connecticut containing between six and seven hundred sleeping men, women, and children. In less than an hour six or seven hundred men, women, and children were roasted to death or killed by bullets. Returning home, Captain Mason gave thanks for this signal victory. He said: 'God is over us! He laughs his enemies to scorn, making them as a fiery oven.' About the same time a saintly New England min-

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ister wrote: 'It was supposed that no less than six hundred [Pequot] souls were brought down to hell that day.'

The history of our relations with the Indians is a history of treachery, massacre, treaty breaking, murder, and extermination. It has cost us millions of dollars to destroy the Indian tribes, and millions of dollars to build them up again. It has cost hundreds of thousands of lives. We continued in this policy because, as General Pope wrote in 1864: 'It is only what the Indian does to the white man that is published to the country, never what the white man does to the Indian.' And what is the present situation of the Indians — those people whom Captain Underhill called the 'devil's instruments' and Daniel Gookin characterized as 'children of wrath'? Why, in 1924 Congress passed a law making their descendants citizens of the United States, and not long ago we elected a vice president whose chief claim to remembrance is that he had Indian blood in his veins!

Let us consider the Spaniards. When in the sixteenth century Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins had nothing else to do, they borrowed a few ships and went to the West Indies to kill Spaniards. A contemporary historian reports with pleasure that a lucky shot from one of Hawkins's cannon exploded the powder magazine on a Spanish vessel, 'where the most part of 300 Spanyards were spoyled, and blowen over board.' 'Spoyled' seems a mild word, but this is sixteenth-century English. However, Sir John was only doing the correct thing, because it was axiomatic when this country was being settled that the only good Spaniard is a dead Spaniard. The nature of Spaniards is to be treacherous and vile.

That was a long time ago. Let us drop down a few centuries and enter the United States Senate on March 24, 1898, where Senator Thurston is delivering his celebrated speech on Cuban affairs. Here is part of the peroration: 'I have the legal right to pass along the street and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor with my loved ones gathered about me, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say this is no affair of mine.' Who is the ruffian stamping the helpless dog into the earth? Who is the fiend committing these outrages? Nobody else than the vile and treacherous Spaniards.

Spain, the eloquent Senator remarked, 'has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined.' We believed that in 1898, and, with a little help from Mr. Hearst, we went to war, discovered embalmed beef and malarial fever, took the Philippines, which we do not want, and won Puerto Rico, which we do not know what to do with. That was forty years ago. To-day most people, I suspect, believe that the Spaniards are a brave and suffering people betrayed by Mussolini, Hitler, General Franco, and Mr. Chamberlain, as these 'realists' scramble for the natural resources of Spain under cover of a hypocritical concern for religion and peace.

What have we thought about the French? Collecting American opinions about the French has been a major pastime of mine. Here are a few samples. In 1714, according to Cotton Mather, the French were 'treacherous infidels.' In 1725 the same reverend gentleman said they were characterized by intemperance and impurity, and were without Christianity. William Livingstone wrote in 1757 that the French 'delight in blood and in barbarity exceed, if possible, the very savages themselves.' In 1798 Jedidiah Morse said that the French, by their artifices and intrigues, had poisoned the amiable disposition of the American people.

In 1820 the *Port Folio Magazine*, then

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the leading periodical in the country, remarked that the French were given to immorality and infidelity, as their literature showed. In 1827 William Jay reported that Paris was a city dedicated to sensual gratification, that one fourth of the babies born there were immediately deserted by their parents, and summed up other interesting details by exclaiming: 'What a frightful picture of vice and wretchedness do these facts exhibit!' I could go on, but I shall not, merely remarking that in 1917–1918 we spent billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives to protect this immoral and profligate nation from the Huns.

Let us consider the Chinese. I quote from the editor of the *Commercial Record* his 'observation (written in 1888) of the detrimental effect' of the Chinese: 'The influx of the Chinese began before 1838, with a single Mongolian. . . . It has steadily increased, until now there are probably several hundred thousand in the United States. At first, while few in numbers, they were docile, meek and subservient. They would give the entire sidewalk to every man of other nationalities whom they met. They entered into menial services and did the best they could. . . . But as their numbers increased they began to display their natural dispositions, and they passed from petty pilferings to robberies; from light dissipations to sensualities; from praiseworthy neatness to uncleanliness; from little assaults to murder; from willing workers to arbitrary usurpers of many industries. . . . Their immorality is of the most iniquitous character. They are regardless of female virtue, and take especial delight in inducing young girls into their premises for the most flagrant purposes. . . . Regardless of human life, they would to-day, if they knew themselves to be powerful enough to escape the vengeance which should follow the deed, murder every white man and boy in the city, and only spare the women and girls for a fate worse than death.'

Reprinting this jewel in a book of memoirs published a few years ago, the writer adds in a footnote that more rational views now prevail. To-day most of us are enthusiastically enlisted on the side of the Chinese as they struggle to preserve their independence; and the Nobel Prize has just been awarded an American woman for demonstrating that the Chinese are very like the rest of the world.

What about the Irish? In 1806 we rioted in New York City against the Irish, killed a watchman, and tried to burn all the Irish homes. In 1834 five or six hundred 'Americans' burned down a convent in Charlestown occupied by some harmless and innocent nuns, and rioted in the streets. In 1835 there was a riot in New York City between the 'native Americans' and the Irish. In 1842 a mob roamed the streets of New York, stoning the Irish and smashing the windows in the house of the Catholic bishop. In 1844 a frenzied Philadelphia mob burned the churches frequented by the Irish, destroyed Irish possessions, and hunted down Irishmen in the light of their burning dwellings.

A political resolution from that period runs: 'Resolved, that we as Americans will never consent to allow the government established by our Revolutionary forefathers to pass into the hands of foreigners.' Inasmuch as testimony before the British House of Commons in 1779 indicated that half of Washington's army was composed of Irishmen, this seems a little ungrateful, but the human race is not marked by consistency. I can only remark that a month or so ago a descendant of the Murphys and the Brennans was made attorney general of the United States without much opposition. God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.

We no longer riot against the Irish, but, as complaint is made of an Irish bloc in politics, it is important to understand how such a bloc develops. When, in the forties, Irishmen found themselves

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assaulted by rioters, they retaliated in a thoroughly American fashion. Tammany Hall was then violently anti-Catholic and anti-Irish; the Irish captured Tammany Hall. The party in power did not propose to protect them; they went to the polls, voted their enemies out and their friends in. This seems to me a thoroughly legitimate revenge, but I tend to agree that it is not a healthy thing for groups of voters to be bound together by racial discrimination, and I suggest that the best way to stop the formation of such blocs is not to give occasion for them in the beginning.

III

Somehow we never learn. Although this republic has survived the prophets who said it was about to be ruined by the Indians or the French or the Spaniards or the Chinese or the Irish or the Germans or the Italians or the Armenians or the Portuguese, it appears we are once more threatened. The Jews have got us by the throat, and, after the fashion of the Know-Nothing Party and the Ku Klux Klan and other thoroughly despicable organizations, some eight hundred clubs and societies, I am told, have arisen to save us from the Jews. To be sure, there are less than four and one-half million Jews in the country as compared with 125 million 'Gentiles,' but there is some mysterious quality in the Jew which hypnotizes any number of Christians and turns them into slaves.

And what are the principal charges against the Jews? They are many, and they contradict each other. The Jew is extremely clannish, but on the other hand he is extremely individualistic. He clings to his religion, but, again, he is an atheist. He is seeking a monopoly of the money power in the United States, but then he is the principal supporter of the Communist Party. He clings so closely to his family that if you do him a favor you will have all his sisters and his cousins and his aunts on your neck; but on the other hand he advocates birth control, lacks the finer sensibilities, and jeers at heaven, home, and mother.

He is so brilliant and clever that he outsmarts the rest of us, but he is so stubborn and stupid that we cannot hope to assimilate him. His sensuality is corrupting the movies, but he is a fanatic living on bread-and-water and Karl Marx in the morning in order that he may seduce the American voter from a soapbox in the afternoon. It is considered a crime that he wants an education and a crime that he is uneducated.

He has a hooknose, but, again, he hasn't. He is an Oriental, but he is also a Russian internationalist. He is a mystic and you can't understand him, but he is also a scientist, and you never can tell about scientists. He is monopolizing the professions, he is monopolizing the arts, and he wants to ruin the United States, to which he is flocking in great numbers after ruining Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and, for aught I know, Greenland and Nova Zembla.

How preposterous and futile the whole thing is! You cannot, said Burke, indict a whole nation, and neither can you indict a race. To prove this point, I shall now demonstrate that every charge brought against the Jew can with equal truth and equal falsity be brought against the American Anglo-Saxon.

The Anglo-Saxon is extremely clannish, as any Hindu, Mexican, Chinese, or Filipino will tell you, but on the other hand he is extremely individualistic — witness the Liberty League. He clings to his religion — I call in evidence the Ku Klux Klan drive for Protestant supremacy; but he is also irreligious — ask the nearest minister about church attendance. He maintains a monopoly of the money power in the United States through J. P. Morgan and Company, but he is also doing the work of the Communist Party — read any book about Jack Reed, or consult *The Red Network* about the Civil Liberties associations. He clings so closely to his family that

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whole business dynasties spring up in Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, Denver, and San Francisco, but he advocates birth control and lacks all finer sensibilities, as *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Elmer Gantry* eloquently testify.

He is so brilliant and clever that he maintains an enormous working majority in our schools and colleges, but he is so sullen and stupid that social workers throw up their hands in despair when they have to deal with him in rural slums or mill villages. His sensuality is demonstrated by the way he stuffs himself at Thanksgiving and Christmas, but his fanaticism is amply evidenced at football games, prize fights, witchcraft trials in Massachusetts, Cromwell's massacres in Ireland, and the Filipino water cure. Consult also the Holy Rollers and the people whose only contribution to political intelligence is that they hate Roosevelt. He wants an education — witness Harvard College; he doesn't want an education — witness the illiteracy statistics for whites in Mississippi.

He has a hooknose — look at some of your acquaintances; but sometimes he hasn't — look again. He is an Oriental — the Aryan race originated in Asia; but he is also an internationalist — witness the close working relation between this country and the British Commonwealth of Nations. He is a mystic — read Emerson and Whitman; but he is also a scientist — American invention has contributed more to technological unemployment than has anything else on earth. I may add that he has the highest divorce rate in the world — clear proof of his immoral principles. And if you don't believe that the Anglo-Saxon monopolizes the professions, the arts, and business in the United States, ask some Jewish friend how easy it is for Jews to enter medical schools, law schools, or other schools of this sort, or to secure employment for the talents which God has given them.

My evidence and my reasoning about the Anglo-Saxons seem highly absurd. They are, however, no more absurd than the evidence and reasoning used to defame the Jews. People do not wish to be convinced. They prefer to believe that the United States has been swamped, or is about to be swamped, by human refuse cast out of Europe. Here again the parallel is exact. The best history of Virginia in the eighteenth century was probably a book by Hugh Jones, published in 1724. I quote from it: 'The Servants and inferior Sort of People, who have either been sent over to Virginia, or have transported themselves thither, have been, and are, the poorest, idlest, and worst of Mankind, the Refuse of' — what do you suppose? Poland? Armenia? Russia? the Eastern Mediterranean? Not at all — 'the Refuse of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Outcast of the People.' These outcasts or their descendants fought under Washington and Lee.

You can find almost identical views expressed about the Scotch-Irish in North Carolina, the Germans in Pennsylvania, and the Dutch in New York. To-day North Carolina is one of the most enlightened of our Southern states, the Germans are among the stablest elements in our population, and the aristocracy of Gotham proudly traces its descent to the despised Dutchman of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. We have profited by the persecution of the Huguenots in France, by the persecution of the liberals in Germany, by the persecution of the Irish in Ireland, by the persecution of the Poles in Russia, by the persecution of the Armenians in Turkey; and if the Nazi régime is stupid enough to persecute the Jews, I see no reason why, in the spirit of the Bill of Rights, we should not profit by its blindness.

We can, on the other hand, also persecute the Jews. I offer three plans for doing so. We can shoot them down or burn them to death as we did the Indians. We can reduce them to second-class citizens, as we have done in part with the Negroes, thus throwing upon our commonwealths the cost of maintaining two systems of schools, two systems of trans-

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portation, two systems of jails, two systems of state hospitals, and the like, with appalling results for both races in the way of ignorance, illiteracy, and poverty. Or we can riot in the streets, as we have done with the Irish, and create for three or four generations a solid Jewish bloc.

But I sincerely trust we shall do none of these things. The way of good sense, the American way, the way of the Bill of Rights, is not the way of Germany or Italy. Anticipating the findings of anthropology and psychology, the extraordinary men who wrote the Constitution denied that racial characteristics are fixed and unalienable qualities which override human rights. If racial antagonisms are abroad in the world, let us keep them outside our gates; for, given our mixed population, if we embark upon another adventure in racial antagonism the result can only be violence, cruelty, and despair.

There would have been no republic, no Constitution, and no Bill of Rights if it had not been for the contributions of many races and many nations. This republic was not the sole creation of the Anglo-Saxons. It was the creation of Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Poles, Dutchmen, Indians, Negroes — I shall not trouble you with the complete list. It was made possible by English gentlemen like Washington, German volunteers like Von Steuben, French enthusiasts like Lafayette, Polish soldiers of fortune like Pulaski, Irish fighters like General Sullivan, Scotch nobles like the Earl of Stirling, and Jewish idealists like Haym Salomon.

Washington risked his life and his fortunes to create a nation, and a grateful country properly honors him. When I hear some of the ugly things said about the Jews, my mind goes back to an eighteenth-century Polish immigrant Jew, a gentleman so modest and self-effacing that he seldom appears in the history books, but a man without whose burning idealism there might have been no American republic. For almost four years this gentleman supported what American army there was through his financial skill, managed the payments of our French allies, paid the salaries of government employees out of his own pocket, and at one time supported the entire Virginia delegation to Congress. Neither he nor his descendants have ever been repaid, though Congress has ten times had a bill before it for this purpose. He died in 1785, bankrupt because he believed in democracy. This man was Haym Salomon, of whom the sober *Dictionary of American Biography* remarks: 'These liberal advances in specie and equally liberal investments in Revolutionary paper furnish a singularly outstanding example of unselfish devotion to the American cause, particularly when it is remembered that the family was left practically penniless at his death.'

I wonder who lives best in the spirit of the Bill of Rights — Haym Salomon, who, when he pledged his entire fortune to the United States, did not inquire into either the race or the religious faith of the officers who were going to spend the money, or the 'realists' who assure us that the Jews or the Italians or the Irish or the Poles are incapable of becoming American citizens and of sharing the American theory of fair play? Possibly the founding fathers were mistaken. But if they were, the Bill of Rights is the most honorable error in the political history of mankind. For my part, I can see only one choice for those who believe in this republic, and it is that we shall renew our faith in the good sense of those who created it. The only way to avoid racial antagonisms is not to yield to them. The way of sanity, the way of practical sense, is to assume that we share, even the poorest and meanest of us, in the attributes of a common humanity, and out of those common attributes to create the Great Republic of our vision, wherein men shall be men and not cattle to be branded either for breeding purposes or for destruction.

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STAY-AT-HOME CHRISTIANS

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

An able journalist, for several years the representative in America of a great foreign newspaper, remarked the other day that the attitude taken toward religion by the average man in these United States is puzzling to a European observer. In his part of the world, he said, men for the most part are either worshipers of God or else anticlerical and probably antireligious; but in this country a great number of people insist on being counted as Christians though they pay little or no attention to public adoration and have next to no knowledge either of Christian doctrine or of the principles of Christian morals. These stay-at-home Christians are determined to protect the Church from every enemy, but are unaware that they themselves constitute the greatest source of hindrance to the Church's effectiveness.

At first this observer had been impressed by learning that nearly half our population is enrolled in some Christian communion; even more, he had noted with some astonishment that of the ones not so enrolled only a negligible fraction are anticlerical; but then he had also found that almost nobody in America goes to church any more. Is this strange inconsistency, he inquired, the result of some curious illogicality in the American mind, or is the dormant allegiance of a well-disposed laity due to defective spiritual leadership at the altar and in the pulpit? I have, to tell the truth, been wondering a good deal about just how he should have been answered.

There can be little doubt that he was right about his facts. Most Americans are indeed of friendly disposition toward religion, toward the churches, toward the clergy; yet few of them are on any given Sunday to be found worshiping, at least in public. Easter may be thought to be an exception; but inquiry seems to reveal that even on that great day of Christian obligation not many more than three quarters of the nominal membership enter the church door, or only about one third of the whole adult population. It still seems to be generally considered proper to bring one's children to the Church for baptism; most people still wish marriages performed by some sort of clergyman; and the parson is still in great demand for burying the dead, though the funerals are now more frequently held in private houses or 'funeral parlors' than in church buildings. I is, moreover, not difficult for religious bodies to get children in their early teens to submit to a little, usually casual, instruction and to have them 'join the church' or 'get confirmed,' though such procedure seems often to be regarded more as a graduation from Sunday school or Catechism than as the beginning of a conscious coöperation in a corporate devotional life. Of regular church attendance, however, there is very little left.

I have before me the figures of membership and attendance in six churches in an old New England city, figures which can be matched from any part of the land.

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1. A Roman Catholic workingman's church. Enrolled communicants, 13,000. Usual Easter communions, 9500. Average Sunday attendance, October–June, 7300 — 56 per cent.

2. An Episcopal workingman's church. Enrolled communicants, 463. Usual Easter communions, 400. Average Sunday attendance, October–June, 165 — 35 per cent.

3. A Methodist workingman's church. Enrolled members, 950. Usual Easter attendance, 800. Average Sunday attendance, October–June, 375 — 39 per cent.

4. A Roman Catholic 'white-collar' church. Enrolled communicants, 2100. Usual Easter communions, 1650. Average Sunday attendance, October–June, 720 — 34 per cent.

5. An Episcopal church in a wealthy neighborhood. Enrolled communicants, 731. Usual Easter communions, 410. Average Sunday attendance, October–June, 208 — 28 per cent.

6. A Congregational church, the most fashionable place of worship in the city. Enrolled members, 1375. Usual Easter congregation, 1500. Average Sunday attendance, October–July, 520 — 37½ per cent.

These six congregations, it will be noted, are equally divided between Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Protestants, and they draw from various levels of wealth. Yet they agree surprisingly in revealing a small percentage of attendance. Further, a check of over three hundred congregations, casually chosen from all parts of the country and from nine different communions, verifies the conclusion reached by the study of these six New England churches — namely, that less than 40 per cent of the enrolled Christians bother to go to church, though on Easter perhaps as many as 76 per cent of the alleged members do respond to the ringing of the bells. Why this small amount of witness to a faith at least nominally professed?

The usual answer of the clergy seems to be that the fault lies not with the churches but with the people, who are alleged to be so content with things as they are, so this-worldly, so conceited, as to feel little need of God; but surely such an answer shows small knowledge of that bewildered disillusionment and that uncertainty which of late have rapidly become dominant notes in American thinking.

II

There are to-day large numbers of men and women, in all classes of society, who have grave doubts about the sufficiency of man; who are no longer confident about the ability of a secularized education to produce sufficiently virile character in growing boys and girls; who more than suspect that, unaided, humanity is incompetent to arrive at any goal but bedlam; who are dubious about the possibility of a continuance of democracy unless it shall find supernatural sanctions sufficient to justify a rigid self-discipline; who laugh when they think of what once was supposed to be the inevitability of automatic progress into a sure-to-come millennium of enlightenment and liberalism.

There are also many people who, while still properly admiring the achievements of modern science, nevertheless are of the opinion that science alone is no safe guide to man in his moral and spiritual life. Merely to learn more and more about facts and processes is not more fully to understand the totality of things, or even the totality of one's self; nor does such knowledge alone ensure the development of a safe and happy society. The more we discover how to manipulate nature, the more we put into the hands of evil men the implements of a possible destruction, quite as truly as we give to good men the means toward a larger possible good. Many intelligent people, not alarmists, are inclined to believe that the evil, at least in imminent potentiality, at present outweighs the good. At the very least, they tremble as they contemplate what use men do make of scientific discoveries, and perceive quite clearly that man needs, quite as much as tools, a control in the use of tools — a moral control that science does not give, that only religion of some sort can give. The mere multiplication of devices,

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which is all that science can mean to most people, ensures to man neither fullness of happiness nor continued safety. A morally incompetent people seems all too likely to wreck the whole elaborate machinery. More and more there are those who realize that what is needed is some good boys and girls for a change; and science seems incompetent to produce them.

A large and ever-growing section of our citizenry in America is disillusioned, seeking once more for a God quite beyond the limitations of those lesser deities too popular these late years. They need, and know they need, adequate spiritual guidance and strength if they are to live courageously in the midst of a world which gives small peace and promises still less in the future. These searching ones have desire to listen to a certain still small voice, and that a voice speaking not from within man's own ego but from Heaven. They long to fall upon their knees and worship a comprehending Absolute. They are hungry to adore; and yet, somehow, the more alert they become to spiritual necessity, the more they feel inclined to stay away from organized religion and public devotions.

Hopefully these people look, as the more intelligent of human beings have not looked for many a long year, to the Church and its ministers; but what they observe somewhat bewilders them. Can it be that the official proponents of God fail to understand the inner need that moves, the hunger that impels, the ordinary man? It often seems to these wondering ones, from what they see of churchmen and what they hear them say, that the Church is content to live and work on a plane more conventional than spiritual; and they esteem its counsel to those really disturbed in soul both vague and uninspiring. Too rarely do the parsons strike that note of sureness which the man in the street longs to hear, the note which he is persuaded belongs rightfully to the household of faith, the note which says, 'Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest.'

Why do the pulpits resound with lectures on almost every conceivable subject except those deeply spiritual ones which alone can strengthen man for life? Why must one listen to well-worn minor platitudes, as though the preachers were twittering birds, almost alone in unawareness of the swift-coming hurricane? Why are Sunday morning 'exercises' so hearty, genial, trivial, so designed for the cosy comfort of the impercipient, while the searchers are longing to find God, if there be a God and if He may indeed be found, the Mystery self-revealed and near? And when one does discover, here and there, those whose peace and joy in God are evident, why will they not impart the secret of their faith? How is it that they insist on speaking of secondary and derivative things? Why must they be digging up controversies well forgotten, be using an apologetic that defends only from enemies long dust? How is it that they speak in such archaic language, in words and terms unused for decades in the forum and the shop, words and terms alien or forgotten?

Religion, at least the kind of religion that can save anyone from the wayward wilderness around him, is something more than a series of propositions about which to debate; something more than a conservation of respectabilities; something more than an Establishment; something more than the fellowship of a conventicle; something more than an emotion or the survival of a past emotion. The only religion for which thinking people have respect or yearning — in fact, what they suspect is the only religion that is not a sham and a subterfuge — is the religion which comes into being as man cries out in deepest need and finds an answer that makes life

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something beyond tragedy. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' That is an old saying which seems to ring true. The fault most commonly found with the Church is not that it is too religious, but that it is not nearly religious enough. Its programme and appeal are too hesitant, its wisdom too greatly of this world, its God too much reduced to man's poor level, too domesticated. The religion which the man of the moment meets with in the churches is apt to seem to him not so much alive as are his own faint gropings.

The world — well the ordinary person knows it — is not enlightened, but in darkness, and for the most part aware of that darkness. Men understand no more the meaning of things, the nature of being. Therefore they are possessed by fears — fears that give birth to license and ribaldry and brute desire, to injustice and oppression. The really modern man gropes in a darkness peopled by terrifying shapes past his understanding. He is wandering in a wilderness of facts and processes, and his soul faints within him. Is there no light from out beyond him, that he may walk without stumbling, falling? Religion, he thinks, ought to bring men and women to God in such a way that God may lift the scales from their eyes and strengthen feeble knees, and give desire to go on. 'In the Name of Jesus the Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' Can religion still say things like that? If so, why in the name of man's need does it not do it?

III

There seems no doubt that most people to-day are leading a meaningless existence, and that this lack of realized objective is the parent of a general discontent and world-weariness. We go on and on and on, from day to day, until after a while we go off and come to nothing. So most people seem to think. If they retain a vague belief, as some still do, that when we die we shall somehow still persist, even that persistence is mainly, as they see it, just going on and on somewhere else. Just going on and on without a goal to reach is a terrible bore, whether before death or after it. It seems a thing intolerable and unreasonable that, in a universe where everything else has meaning, only human beings should have an existence which gets nowhere; and yet most of our contemporaries act as if that were true.

Men do, however, rebel instinctively, in this as in any other era, against the thought that their lives are like water poured out fruitlessly upon the ground; and they try to find *something* for which to live. But the things which they commonly pick out as life objectives are too often inadequate. Because they are inadequate, when men win through to them they are not satisfied; and when men do not get at them they are unduly disappointed. Either way, they become cynical and irritable. Thus they aim at pleasure, which grows stale when they are still quite young. Or they aim at wealth, which buys little of happiness when they have amassed it. Or they aim at applause and popularity, only to discover that the mob which gives these things is both sycophantic and fickle. Or they aim at wielding power, and find that power is bought at price of hatred and abuse. Or they aim at curious learning, and lo, the more they know expertly, the more a greater mystery confronts them. Or they aim higher, at human love; but hearts beloved are apt to grow cold, and, even if they do not, the beloved die.

None of these aimings is at an evil thing; fun and possessions and power and learning and human love are all *good* things. Only they are not what men were meant to aim at; and so, in the nature of things, they cannot satisfy. Nothing will do to aim at except that for which man, as man, was made. Without such an objective, life is not worth the living; human beings are frustrated, bored.

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The younger generation is likely to feel all this, perhaps, more vigorously and vitally than do its elders. The older generation, which lived its earlier days in a world of unquestioned progress, fascinated by an expanding physical opportunity, was more easily fooled about life than its children are. It is not because youth is in physical distress that it is restless, but because it doubts the worth-whileness of pursuing, at a cost of increasing ruthlessness, goals of personal plenty, ambition, and activity. If life, it says, is only gilt and gingerbread, entertaining to be entertained, mating and procreating, getting and spending, each for himself or herself or for his or her children, is it worth bothering about? Many of them consciously think not; more think the same subconsciously.

It is because they doubt the worth of such pursuits as have fascinated their fathers and mothers that many young people feel the appeal of the totalitarian ideologies. These new systems declare bluntly, indeed they proclaim, that the usual ends of life as it has lately been lived — individual pleasure, personal possessions, and private power — are ridiculous. They bid their followers labor for larger things. They demand and offer lives made meaningful because laid down for the earthly welfare of a folk. They envisage a community wherein all shall have enough and nobody be plagued by an excess of wealth or a surfeit of pleasure, accompanied, as these always are, by the envy and hate of those who have not. The totalitarian gospels have their great appeal, despite the 'hard-boiled' and materialistic language which their advocates frequently employ, because of a Messianic aim at mutual service. Small wonder that they sound attractive to a youth who looks on their promised land from a tired wilderness of scramble and grab, a world of sound and fury which seems to him to signify nothing!

It is not because of their idealisms that Communism and Fascism are to be opposed, but because their aims are also not enough, also merely of a world which crumbles, and because in consequence of this they fail to take into account the disruptive, antisocial force of man's inherent greed, the imperiousness of his appetites for wealth and for power when these are not brought under the control of a divine Absolute. The socialized state without a supernatural sanction soon ceases to be a paradise and becomes itself a field for all the power-seeking and cupidity that marred its predecessors. It is not enough of an improvement to attempt to pursue the usual inadequate goals collectively, rather than individually. Worldliness is not cured by socializing it, but by escaping from it. Man must come to know that he does not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Surely it is the primary function of religion to show man what his true and life-integrating aim must be, to reveal that spiritual Absolute toward which he must aim if he would avoid personal frustration and social calamity. It would seem that everything about religion — its creed, its code, its cult — must hang somehow on that. The ordinary man keeps asking himself why, since that is the case, the churches cannot, or at least do not, reveal what that adequate and predestined goal for life is, and how to approach it.

IV

Apparently Christianity made its powerful appeal in the earlier days chiefly because its advocates were sure that they did indeed know what life was all about. It is impressive, that climax to which Peter the Apostle worked up at the end of the discourse he delivered on the Pentecost after Christ's earthly life had ended. The Holy Ghost had come upon the Apostles. Whatever exactly these strange words may mean, at least this was true of those first Christians,

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that they suddenly realized the import of Jesus in this world, the impact of Jesus upon this world. Jesus had come to reveal in Himself what God intended a human being to be, and also to found an endless spiritual organism wherein those who sought to live in that fashion should have opportunity for comradeship with one another and with a changeless and undefeatable God.

The realization of all this made the brethren hilariously happy, and they went about telling everyone what fun they found the world. They were so gay that many who looked on them thought they were fuddled. Then Peter arose and talked to the crowd. 'We are not drunk,' said he. It was only nine o'clock in the morning; even habitual drunkards are sober at that hour. It was not wine that made them hilarious. Rather that old prophecy was fulfilled which Joel spoke when he said, 'In the last days I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.' Then Peter recounted to his hearers how Jesus had come to earth; how people had hated and killed Him for His goodness; how He had risen from that death in vindication of His teaching and had told His followers to go and do what He had showed them — to do it with courage and joy, because that which He had revealed and imparted had God behind it and could never be overthrown. And with many other words did Peter testify and exhort, saying, 'Save yourselves from this untoward generation.'

Now 'untoward' is an unusual sort of word, and mighty significant. 'Untoward' is an English translation of the Greek σκολιός, and it means 'going this way and that way without direction,' or 'dodging around minus an objective.' A derived meaning became 'peevish' or 'bad-tempered,' because people who do not know where they are going, or why, get irritable. The English translation, taken literally, was a stroke of genius on the part of those who put the Bible into our tongue. 'Untoward' — not going toward anything, running around in circles. 'Save yourselves,' bade Peter, 'save yourselves from the meaningless whirlpool that is the common lot in your day.'

If men adored the kind of God revealed by Christ and depended upon that God, He would show them how to live, would lead them into a life that would be rich and stimulating, would teach them by way of hard and stern self-discipline for love's sake — not all at once but day by day, little by little, in terms of problems as they came. He could make them independent of greed and regardless of applause. He could give them purpose — His purpose. He could deliver them from pettiness. He could make them instruments to help Him overthrow the kingdoms of this world and build a world worth having. He could save them from that horrible approach to futility which without Him seemed to stare them in the face. He could free them from going round in circles. He could rescue them from their untoward generation.

The religion of which this was the central message, during the decades that followed that Petrine allocution, spread like wild fire in the dried grass of a parchedly sophisticated world. In next to no time it had knocked into next to nothing the totalitarianism of an empire beside which Hitler's and Mussolini's régimes look like a pair of democratic Sunday schools. It built up the sort of spiritual culture that produced an Augustine, a Francis of Assisi, a Bernard, a Theresa, and set the myriads of the saints to living and dying happily for God and for their fellow men. That looks like the real thing in the way of a message. Why, our puzzled citizen wonders, is it possible for him to go to church after church without hearing that message shouted with joy in every sermon and breathed triumphantly in every prayer?

As one reads the facts about early

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Christianity, he discovers that saving one's self did not, to Peter and his kind, mean an escaping from a futile and cracking civilization just for the sake of one's own selfish enjoyment. To be saved in such a way seemed to them to be damned. Men must not seek, they knew, to escape from their generation merely in order that they may be serene while the generation as such is abandoned and goes drearily on to Hell. Part of the price of redemption is that those who are being redeemed shall come back to that generation which goes round in circles, to that culture still 'untoward,' and seek to save it as a whole from its stultifying self-absorption. The rescued are to live in this world according to a God-imparted, other-worldly wisdom. To do that, of course, is to court this world's misunderstanding and hate — to run the risk of repudiation, starvation, death. But while the many may cry *Crucify*, the disillusioned and the seeking ones will look on him who has broken free from the common bondage, who gayly pursues the wisdom and the love of God, and will find in him a strength and a peace such as no worldling can possibly impart.

We are bid to save ourselves from this untoward generation, not for selfish happiness but that we may find courage for the struggle to save that generation from untowardness, to rescue the brethren from futility, to build a nobler, saner life than most men now can glimpse. It costs something to defy the world in order that one may help to save the world: that seems to most plain-thinking people an axiom. Why, the stay-at-home Christian wonders, cannot the parsons see the necessity of that inevitable first defiance, upon which all else depends? He is waiting for the Church to put that first thing first.

V

But, it may well be asked, what good does this stay-at-home Christian expect to bring about by continuing thus to wait for a larger leadership from the Church before he will coöperate by way of a vital self-investment in the Church? Why does he not enlist a few kindred spirits, attend his church, make his presence felt, and encourage his pastor to be brave in placing God first, in giving new beauty and reverence to worship, in proclaiming the this-worldly compulsions of an other-worldly answer to life's problem? If we content ourselves with once-a-year attendance upon God, with fewer and fewer acts of faith, if we permit our unexpressed devotion to be pushed into the basement of the subconscious mind, how can Christianity possibly continue to be a source of strength to us? How can we pass it on as a vital power from God to those children of ours whose lives are going to be, if possible, more difficult to live successfully even than our own?

We had best not stop at home if, as we say, the Church is somnolent and the parsons spiritually dormant. Why not get inside and become instruments through which God can put new life into seemingly dead bones? If the Church is to remain composed for the larger part of men and women only once a year articulately religious and at all times interested but vaguely in the spiritual life, its missionary effectiveness will soon cease, its funds dry up and disappear, youth be unattracted and age become cynically discouraged. One cannot impart new life to the Church by demanding that somebody else give it some sort of hypodermic injection for a synthetic stimulation. The stay-at-home, once-a-year Christian is the first who must be revived. It is he who takes the heart out of the whole spiritual enterprise. He says he wants a Church that matters. How can it possibly matter if, to the extent of 62 per cent, it is composed of chaps like him? We shall have as good a Church as we insist on having; but no demand is heard if it be voiced by those who stay apart and grumble in complacent self-excuse.

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THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

THE art of biography, we say — but at once go on to ask, Is biography an art? The question is foolish perhaps, and ungenerous certainly, considering the keen pleasure that biographers have given us. But the question asks itself so often that there must be something behind it. There it is, whenever a new biography is opened, casting its shadow on the page; and there would seem to be something deadly in that shadow, for after all, of the multitude of lives that are written, how few survive!

But the reason for this high death rate, the biographer might argue, is that biography, compared with the arts of poetry and fiction, is a young art. Interest in our selves and in other people's selves is a late development of the human mind. Not until the eighteenth century in England did that curiosity express itself in writing the lives of private people. Only in the nineteenth century was biography fully grown and hugely prolific. If it is true that there have been only three great biographers, — Johnson, Boswell, and Lockhart, — the reason, he argues, is that the time was short; and his plea, that the art of biography has had but little time to establish itself and develop itself, is certainly borne out by the textbooks. Tempting as it is to explore the reason, — why, that is, the self that writes a book of prose came into being so many centuries after the self that writes a poem, why Chaucer preceded Henry James, — it is better to leave that insoluble question unasked, and so pass to his next reason for the lack of masterpieces. It is that the art of biography is the most restricted of all the arts. He has his proof ready to hand. Here it is in the preface in which Smith, who has written the life of Jones, takes this opportunity of thanking old friends who have lent letters, and 'last but not least' Mrs. Jones, the widow, for that help 'without which,' as he puts it, 'this biography could not have been written.' Now the novelist, he points out, simply says in his foreword, 'Every character in this book is fictitious.' The novelist is free; the biographer is tied.

There, perhaps, we come within hailing distance of that very difficult, again perhaps insoluble, question: What do we mean by calling a book a work of art? At any rate, here is a distinction between biography and fiction — a proof that they differ in the very stuff of which they are made. One is made with the help of friends, of facts; the other is created without any restrictions save those that the artist, for reasons that seem good to him, chooses to obey. That is a distinction; and there is good reason to think that in the past biographers have found it not only a distinction but a very cruel distinction.

The widow and the friends were hard taskmasters. Suppose, for example, that the man of genius was immoral, ill-tempered, and threw the boots at the maid's head. The widow would say, 'Still I loved him — he was the father of

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my children; and the public, who love his books, must on no account be disillusioned. Cover up; omit.' The biographer obeyed. And thus the majority of Victorian biographies are like the wax figures now preserved in Westminster Abbey that were carried in funeral processions through the street — effigies that have only a smooth superficial likeness to the body in the coffin.

Then, towards the end of the nineteenth century, there was a change. Again for reasons not easy to discover, widows became broader-minded, the public keener-sighted; the effigy no longer carried conviction or satisfied curiosity. The biographer certainly won a measure of freedom. At least he could hint that there were scars and furrows on the dead man's face. Froude's Carlyle is by no means a wax mask painted rosy red. And following Froude there was Sir Edmund Gosse, who dared to say that his own father was a fallible human being. And following Edmund Gosse in the early years of the present century came Lytton Strachey.

II

The figure of Lytton Strachey is so important a figure in the history of biography that it compels a pause. For his three famous books, *Eminent Victorians*, *Queen Victoria*, and *Elizabeth and Essex*, are of a stature to show both what biography can do and what biography cannot do. Thus they suggest many possible answers to the question whether biography is an art, and if not why it fails.

Lytton Strachey came to birth as an author at a lucky moment. In 1918, when he made his first attempt, biography, with its new liberties, was a form that offered great attractions. To a writer like himself, who had wished to write poetry or plays but was doubtful of his creative power, biography seemed to offer a promising alternative. For at last it was possible to tell the truth about the dead; and the Victorian age was rich in remarkable figures many of whom had been grossly deformed by the effigies that had been plastered over them. To recreate them, to show them as they really were, was a task that called for gifts analogous to the poet's or the novelist's, yet did not ask that inventive power in which he found himself lacking.

It was well worth trying. And the anger and the interest that his short studies of Eminent Victorians aroused showed that he was able to make Manning, Florence Nightingale, Gordon, and the rest live as they had not lived since they were actually in the flesh. Once more they were the centre of a buzz of discussion. Did Gordon really drink, or was that an invention? Had Florence Nightingale received the Order of Merit in her bedroom or in her sitting room? He stirred the public, even though a European war was raging, to an astonishing interest in such minute matters. Anger and laughter mixed; and editions multiplied.

But these were short studies with something of the overemphasis and the foreshortening of caricatures. In the lives of the two great Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria, he attempted a far more ambitious task. Biography had never had a fairer chance of showing what it could do. For it was now being put to the test by a writer who was capable of making use of all the liberties that biography had won: he was fearless; he had proved his brilliance; and he had learned his job. The result throws great light upon the nature of biography. For who can doubt after reading the two books again, one after the other, that the *Victoria* is a triumphant success, and that the *Elizabeth* by comparison is a failure? But it seems too, as we compare them, that it was not Lytton Strachey who failed; it was the art of biography. In the *Victoria* he treated biography as a craft; he submitted to its limitations. In the *Elizabeth* he treated biography as an art; he flouted its limitations.

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But we must go on to ask how we have come to this conclusion and what reasons support it. In the first place it is clear that the two Queens present very different problems to their biographer. About Queen Victoria everything was known. Everything she did, almost everything she thought, was a matter of common knowledge. No one has ever been more closely verified and exactly authenticated than Queen Victoria. The biographer could not invent her, because at every moment some document was at hand to check his invention. And, in writing of Victoria, Lytton Strachey submitted to the conditions. He used to the full the biographer's power of selection and relation, but he kept strictly within the world of fact. Every statement was verified; every fact was authenticated. And the result is a life which, very possibly, will do for the old Queen what Boswell did for the old dictionary maker. In time to come Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria will be Queen Victoria, just as Boswell's Johnson is now Dr. Johnson. The other versions will fade and disappear. It was a prodigious feat, and no doubt, having accomplished it, the author was anxious to press further. There was Queen Victoria, solid, real, palpable. But undoubtedly she was limited. Could not biography produce something of the intensity of poetry, something of the excitement of drama, and yet keep also the peculiar virtue that belongs to fact — its suggestive reality, its own proper creativeness?

Queen Elizabeth seemed to lend herself perfectly to the experiment. Very little was known about her. The society in which she lived was so remote that the habits, the motives, and even the actions of the people of that age were full of strangeness and obscurity. 'By what art are we to worm our way into those strange spirits? those even stranger bodies? The more clearly we perceive it, the more remote that singular universe becomes,' Lytton Strachey remarked on one of the first pages. Yet there was evidently a 'tragic history' lying dormant, half revealed, half concealed, in the story of the Queen and Essex. Everything seemed to lend itself to the making of a book that combined the advantages of both worlds, that gave the artist freedom to invent, but helped his invention with the support of facts — a book that was not only a biography but also a work of art.

Nevertheless, the combination proved unworkable; fact and fiction refused to mix. Elizabeth never became real in the sense that Queen Victoria had been real, yet she never became fictitious in the sense that Cleopatra or Falstaff is fictitious. The reason would seem to be that very little was known — he was urged to invent; yet something was known — his invention was checked. The Queen thus moves in an ambiguous world, between fact and fiction, neither embodied nor disembodied. There is a sense of vacancy and effort, of a tragedy that has no crisis, of characters that meet but do not clash.

If this diagnosis is true we are forced to say that the trouble lies with biography itself. It imposes conditions, and those conditions are that it must be based upon fact. And by fact in biography we mean facts that can be verified by other people besides the artist. If he invents facts as an artist invents them — facts that no one else can verify — and tries to combine them with facts of the other sort, they destroy each other.

Lytton Strachey himself seems in the *Queen Victoria* to have realized the necessity of this condition, and to have yielded to it instinctively. 'The first forty-two years of the Queen's life,' he wrote, 'are illuminated by a great and varied quantity of authentic information. With Albert's death a veil descends.' And when with Albert's death the veil descended and authentic information failed, he knew that the biographer must follow suit. 'We must be con-

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tent with a brief and summary relation,' he wrote; and the last years are briefly disposed of. But the whole of Elizabeth's life was lived behind a far thicker veil than the last years of Victoria. And yet, ignoring his own admission, he went on to write, not a brief and summary relation, but a whole book about those strange spirits and even stranger bodies of whom authentic information was lacking. On his own showing, the attempt was doomed to failure.

III

It seems, then, that when the biographer complained that he was tied by friends, letters, and documents he was laying his finger upon a necessary element in biography; and that it is also a necessary limitation. For the invented character lives in a free world where the facts are verified by one person only — the artist himself. Their authenticity lies in the truth of his own vision. The world created by that vision is rarer, intenser, and more wholly of a piece than the world that is largely made of authentic information supplied by other people. And because of this difference the two kinds of fact will not mix; if they touch they destroy each other. No one, the conclusion seems to be, can make the best of both worlds; you must choose, and you must abide by your choice.

But though the failure of *Elizabeth and Essex* leads to this conclusion, that failure, because it was the result of a daring experiment carried out with magnificent skill, leads the way to further discoveries. Had he lived, Lytton Strachey would no doubt himself have explored the vein that he had opened. As it is, he has shown us the way in which others may advance. The biographer is bound by facts — that is so; but, if it is so, he has the right to all the facts that are available. If Jones threw boots at the maid's head, had a mistress at Islington, or was found drunk in a ditch after a night's debauch, he must be free to say so — so far at least as the law of libel and human sentiment allow.

But these facts are not like the facts of science — once they are discovered, always the same. They are subject to changes of opinion; opinions change as the times change. What was thought a sin is now known, by the light of facts won for us by the psychologists, to be perhaps a misfortune; perhaps a curiosity; perhaps neither one nor the other, but a trifling foible of no great importance one way or the other. The accent on sex has changed within living memory. This leads to the destruction of a great deal of dead matter still obscuring the true features of the human face. Many of the old chapter headings — life at college, marriage, career — are shown to be very arbitrary and artificial distinctions. The real current of the hero's existence took, very likely, a different course.

Thus the biographer must go ahead of the rest of us, like the miner's canary, testing the atmosphere, detecting falsity, unreality, and the presence of obsolete conventions. His sense of truth must be alive and on tiptoe. Then again, since we live in an age when a thousand cameras are pointed, by newspapers, letters, and diaries, at every character from every angle, he must be prepared to admit contradictory versions of the same face. Biography will enlarge its scope by hanging up looking glasses at odd corners. And yet from all this diversity it will bring out, not a riot of confusion, but a richer unity. And again, since so much is known that used to be unknown, the question now inevitably asks itself, whether the lives of great men only should be recorded. Is not anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life, worthy of biography — the failures as well as the successes, the humble as well as the illustrious? And what is greatness? And what smallness? He must revise our standards of merit and set up new heroes for our admiration.

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IV

Biography thus is only at the beginning of its career; it has a long and active life before it, we may be sure — a life full of difficulty, danger, and hard work. Nevertheless, we can also be sure that it is a different life from the life of poetry and fiction — a life lived at a lower degree of tension. And for that reason its creations are not destined for the immortality which the artist now and then achieves for his creations.

There would seem to be certain proof of that already. Even Dr. Johnson as created by Boswell will not live as long as Falstaff as created by Shakespeare. Micawber and Miss Bates we may be certain will survive Lockhart's Sir Walter Scott and Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria. For they are made of more enduring matter. The artist's imagination at its most intense fires out what is perishable in fact; he builds with what is durable; but the biographer must accept the perishable, build with it, imbed it in the very fabric of his work. Much will perish; little will live. And thus we come to the conclusion that he is a craftsman, not an artist; and his work is not a work of art, but something betwixt and between.

Yet on that lower level the work of the biographer is invaluable; we cannot thank him sufficiently for what he does for us. For we are incapable of living wholly in the intense world of the imagination. The imagination is a faculty that soon tires and needs rest and refreshment. But for a tired imagination the proper food is not inferior poetry or minor fiction, — indeed they blunt and debauch it, — but sober fact, that 'authentic information' from which, as Lytton Strachey has shown us, good biography is made. When and where did the real man live; how did he look; did he wear laced boots or elastic-sided; who were his aunts, and his friends; how did he blow his nose; whom did he love, and how; and when he came to die did he die in his bed like a Christian, or . . .

By telling us the true facts, by sifting the little from the big, and shaping the whole so that we perceive the outline, the biographer does more to stimulate the imagination than any poet or novelist save the very greatest. For few poets and novelists are capable of that high degree of tension which gives us reality. But almost any biographer, if he respects facts, can give us much more than another fact to add to our collection. He can give us the creative fact; the fertile fact; the fact that suggests and engenders. Of this, too, there is certain proof. For how often, when a biography is read and tossed aside, some scene remains bright, some figure lives on in the depths of the mind, and causes us, when we read a poem or a novel, to feel a start of recognition, as if we remembered something that we had known before.

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THE WEDDING JOURNEY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

XV

UNDER the folds of her cloak, Mrs. Ransom hugged her knees. Her throat made a clear, youthful line to the tilted chin. Bella thought she had never seen anyone more beautiful — not even Clorinda. Clorinda always gave one a sense of coolness; but Mrs. Ransom had warmth and sympathy under her unruffled poise. She shifted herself to lean lightly against Bella's shoulder, and as she did so a faint sweet perfume came from her.

'That's a lovely scent,' Bella said. 'Do you mind telling me what it is?'

Mrs. Ransom lowered her face. The mischievous light had left her eyes; they seemed somnolent and much darker.

'Not at all. It's Palm of Roses. My husband is very partial to it.'

Bella made a mental note of the name. Her parents had always discouraged the use of perfume.

'I'm glad you like it,' Mrs. Ransom went on. 'If you'd like to try it, I'll give you a bottle. I've some extra.'

'Thank you, I'd love it,' Bella said. 'I've never been allowed to have any.'

Mrs. Ransom smiled.

'You're just married, are n't you, my dear?'

Bella nodded.

'George and I thought so. It made us both feel as if we were on a second honeymoon ourselves. We've decided to go off somewhere after his business is finished in Syracuse.'

Bella asked, 'Have you been married long?'

'It does n't seem so to-night. But as a matter of fact we were married more than twenty years ago. I was hardly seventeen.'

'Were you?' Bella looked at her.

Mrs. Ransom was silent.

Bella asked, 'Were you ever frightened then? I don't mean really scared —' Her voice broke off.

'When? Oh, then? No, not really, I suppose. I was terribly excited. We went to Trenton Falls in a stage.'

'We're going to Niagara Falls.'

'That's nice. Are n't you a lucky girl! We spent two weeks at Trenton Falls. I had the most marvelous time. Are you frightened, my dear?'

'I don't know.'

'You must n't be. Your husband seems a fine young man.'

'He is,' Bella said stoutly. 'I'm terribly in love with him. I'm not frightened that way. It's myself.'

'I understand. Only I was n't frightened. I did n't care. It seems to me I forgot I was a lady when the wedding ring went over my finger. And I've never quite managed to feel like one since. Do you know, I've always thought of my girlhood as being like a cut flower in a vase, kept in a shady corner of the best parlor and watered every day to keep me fresh.'

'Oh no — not that!' Bella's voice was troubled. 'It's only that I'm not sure of myself, and Roger.'

'You won't be sure of anything till you've had a baby.'

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'Have you had any?'

'Five.'

'I want a big family, too.' Bella was very serious. 'And I'm not going to treat the girls like dolls, either.'

'You don't have to, if you live in the country the way we do. Hideous, noisy little guttersnipes, my relatives thought mine were. Perhaps they were right. But they're turning out quite nice now that they're growing up.'

'We're going to live in Pittsburgh.'

'Are you?'

'Yes. Roger works there in his father's business. He has n't much of a salary, but his father is giving us our house, and Roger's managed to save enough for our honeymoon.'

'You've never been west?'

'No.'

'It's an adventure.'

'Yes. I'm terribly excited. I hope his family will like me.'

'Of course they'll like you.'

Far down the line they heard a boat horn. Then they saw the light on their left through the trees. The boat came to them round a wide bend. The driver looked down at them silently from beside his team. In the cabin they heard a man's voice and a woman crying.

'When I said I was afraid,' Bella said in a small voice, 'I meant I did n't know whether I was really in love with Roger.'

'Don't worry,' said Mrs. Ransom.

'But what could I do if I was n't?'

'Don't worry.'

'Roger seems different since yesterday.'

Mrs. Ransom said gently, 'He does n't seem so wonderful or wise?'

Bella nodded.

'My dear, does n't that make him all the more worth loving?'

Bella felt tears close under her lids. She could not speak.

'He's almost as young and maybe he's just as worried as you are.' Mrs. Ransom's hand moved over hers.

'Oh, but it's not really the same,' said Bella.

'Why not? He's been brought up with much the same ideas you have. And now he finds he's got a live woman on his hands. And as long as he's on this boat he does n't know.'

The boat went on in stillness. In the south, lightning forked through a cloud. There was no thunder.

Behind them voices broke out in the saloon. They heard a short rueful laugh.

'It sounds as if the game were breaking up.'

'I'm glad,' said Bella.

'Still worried about your husband's playing for money?'

'A little.'

'My dear, all men gamble. If they did n't you would n't be here now.'

Bella laughed.

'We're worse than they, are n't we?'

'A hundred times. And willing to cheat any amount to win.'

'You've won, have n't you?'

'It took me a good many years before I was sure of it.'

Bella did not quite understand Mrs. Ransom's tone, but she felt indescribably comforted. She lay back and closed her eyes. She heard a dim mutter of thunder, but it was far away.

XVI

It was much later when she woke. She found Mrs. Ransom's arm about her and her hand lightly upon her mouth.

'Hush.'

Mrs. Ransom whispered close to her ear.

'Don't move.'

Bella opened her eyes. They had just passed a relay stable, and the boat was moving slowly once more into darkness. Somewhere behind her she heard water running.

'We've passed Limestone Creek.'

Bella nodded. She did not know where that was, but she understood the need of quiet, for she heard footsteps on

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the saloon deck behind her head. Two men were talking. One of the voices belonged to Mr. Jason.

'How much did we make?'

'About a hundred and fifty dollars, adding yours to mine.'

'It was easy as dealing faro to a pair of frogs.'

Mr. Atterbury laughed.

'L. D. Jones backed out, though,' he added more soberly.

'I guess he got suspicious.'

'He can't prove anything, and he's scared.'

'What'll we do?'

'If it was n't for Jones, I'd say hang on till Buffalo.'

'Jones makes it bad. I guess we'd better jump boat.'

'I'm afraid so.'

Bella felt herself frozen. She heard, but even yet she hardly understood.

Mr. Jason made a snickering sound.

'Don't want to, hey? I saw you confab with that Willcox girl. She don't like me much, though.'

'All right, Jason.'

'Oh, all right. But she's a neat piece of goods. Why don't you try to take her along?'

'Shut up.'

'All right, all right. You've got his money anyway. Though I don't see why you passed him the last hand that way.'

'We decided to stop at a hundred and fifty. That's out of Ransom's pocket. You don't lose anything.'

'It's a damn waste.' Jason's voice was sour. But Bella heard no more. The men were moving back softly towards the steersman. There was a moment's colloquy. Then the boat swung gently in towards the bank. It barely touched, letting the grass scrape along the side.

Mrs. Ransom's hand squeezed Bella's tight as they swung back into midstream. They had both heard the men light on the towpath.

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Ransom.

Bella looked up at her.

'A hundred and fifty dollars!'

'That's good-bye to our trip,' Mrs. Ransom said.

Bella wanted to cry. Poor Roger. Suddenly she remembered Jason's grumbling.

'Roger will have to pay that last hand back to Mr. Ransom.'

'Why should he?'

'He did n't win it honestly.'

'Nonsense, my dear. We've had our honeymoon. If your husband had n't won it, you'd have to go straight on to Pittsburgh.'

'That does n't matter.'

'But he was perfectly honest. Besides, I'm used to it now. My husband has one weakness. That's why we've made our home in the country. We both know it and avoid it as well as we can. It was only business that brought us on this trip. You must n't be upset,' said Mrs. Ransom. 'George will be very nice to me after his "bad luck."'

'No,' said Bella, 'I can't allow it.'

'Yes, you can. I'll tell you what. I want to make you a present of your honeymoon. There! In memory of my own.'

Bella stared hard at her. Mrs. Ransom was looking out again at the darkness above the bow lantern. She told the truth — Bella felt sure of that. She felt very humble.

'Thank you.'

Mrs. Ransom leaned towards Bella, her eyes tender, and kissed her.

'Don't worry, my dear.'

Bella said she would n't.

The lightning forked brighter.

'We'd better go in.'

Suddenly a puff of wind snatched a ripple from the canal. They stole into the window and handed Viney the blankets to fold. Lightning played beyond the window slats. Thunder rolled across the woods.

When Bella finally went to sleep, however, it had passed over, and there was only the sound of rain falling upon the deck.

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XVII

Bella had made up her mind that Roger must return the money he had won from Mr. Ransom on the last hand. But when the bugle woke her on the following morning, to bright sunlight and a fresh cool wind, the ladies' cabin was empty.

'Viney,' she called.

The washroom door opened, and Viney came through with a broad smile.

'Morning, Mis' Willcox.'

'Good morning, Viney. When did Mrs. Ransom get up?'

'Oh, she's done dressed and et her breakfas' and lef' the boat.'

'Left the boat?'

'Yes, mis'. Her and Mr. Ransom done got off at Sy'cuse. She said fo' me not to wake you, mis'.'

'Thank you, Viney. I'll get up now.'

'Yes, mis'.'

As Bella dressed leisurely, she saw that there was nothing she could do. She knew only their name. She had no idea where they lived. But she thought she would always remember Mrs. Ransom as the loveliest person she had ever met.

The saloon seemed strangely empty. Only one place was laid at table — the others had finished and gone on deck. Bella could hear their feet walking back and forth above her head.

She smiled mechanically at the steward as he brought her peach and took her order for eggs and tea and toast. He was a young man with a long Hibernian lip, a sober mouth, and dancing gray eyes.

'It's a fine morning, this morning, ma'am.'

'Is n't it?' said Bella.

He disappeared into his kitchen, to return finally with Bella's eggs, golden and white; he set down her tea with a flourish and some slop, begged her pardon, and mopped untidily with a wet rag.

'Was n't the thunder terrible, though?' he asked.

'It was quite a storm,' Bella said, looking up at his long face.

He nodded. 'My knees rattled like beads, ma'am. And the gentlemen calling for whiskey most of the night, too, and me giving my soul for a drink of the same, but the captain was up, ma'am, watching the play.' He slapped at a fly with his rag and leaned heavily on the table. 'The gentry had some heavy play — indeed yes. Oh, you should have seen it, ma'am. And Mr. Willcox as steady as a hog on ice. "Give me two cards," he says. And he looks at 'em, and puts up ten dollars like the President of the United States.'

'What time shall we get to Buffalo?' Bella asked.

'Some time to-morrow morning, ma'am. The captain's half killing the horses. Three fines since sunrise for speeding, with the wash on the banks like the ocean waves. "Give it to the commission," he says, howlding out ten dollars. "Have n't they anny ambition," he says, "damn their souls?" Begging your pardon, ma'am.'

'Three hours ahead of time? That's wonderful, is n't it?'

'Yes, ma'am. "Lather the lazy beast," says the captain. "If he falls down dead I'll put the collar round me own neck," he says. He says if we can pick up two hours between here and Buffalo we'll have the record, ma'am. I've got ten shilling on it with the steersman.'

Bella smiled at his excited face.

'I hope you'll win, then.'

The steward grinned and thanked her and retreated with abrupt bashfulness to his kitchen.

Through the open door to the steersman's deck, Bella saw Roger's legs. The cry, 'Bridge! Low bridge!' came and echoed.

Bella's heart flopped when she saw his face. His eyes would not meet hers. They wore circles, and were tired and bewildered. As they were alone together, she lifted her mouth for a kiss, but his lips missed hers and barely brushed her cheek. He sat down across the table from her and asked how she had slept.

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'Not very well till after the storm.'

He stared moodily out of the window.

'It must have been hot in there, especially for you with a headache. I wish I had n't got into that card game.'

She said, 'It was better for me to get to bed, Roger.'

He put his hands on the table and stared at them.

'What did you think of Mr. Atterbury?' he asked suddenly.

'Mr. Atterbury? Why, I liked him very much.'

She spoke brightly, trying to catch his eye and give him a smile. He looked so upset, she wanted to comfort him. If he wanted to play cards, she did n't care, as long as he loved her. But she did not know how to go about it without hurting his feelings.

Roger nodded.

'I liked him very much myself. Mr. Ransom said he thought he was a very gentlemanly sort.'

He seemed to derive a meagre comfort from that. Then he looked up at Bella, meeting her smile.

'Bella —'

'Yes, Roger.'

She put her teacup down carefully.

But he was silent, moodily examining his hands again.

She tried to divert his thoughts. 'It won't be long,' she said softly, reaching out to cover his restless hands with her own. 'The steward says we shall get into Buffalo to-morrow morning. We'll take a stage for Niagara the first thing and go right down to the hotel.'

But he did n't respond. He said, 'Bella — oh, Lord!' and swallowed. He looked so miserable that she thought she had better tell him that she knew.

'I understand, Roger dear. I was awake last night. Mrs. Ransom and I went out on the front deck and we were out there when Mr. Atterbury went off the boat with Mr. Jason. We heard them talking. So don't bother to tell me. I don't mind, as long as we're together. What if he did win most of our money? He said you'd won the last hand and that will leave us enough.'

Roger looked at her for a long time.

'You don't understand,' he said. 'When we found Atterbury had jumped the boat, all of us understood that he must be a professional gambler and that the game had been crooked. And we looked at the cards this morning and found that on the last hand he had better cards than mine. He used them only to run up Mr. Ransom's betting. Then he dropped out. I don't know why. The cards were marked.'

For a moment Bella felt a prick of friendliness for Mr. Atterbury.

'Perhaps he was n't all bad,' she said.

'No. Perhaps not. But, Bella, when I found that out I could n't keep Ransom's money. You see, he'd told me he and his wife were planning to take a sort of second honeymoon together. They could n't very well after last night. He did n't want to take it back, but I made him.'

He let out his breath.

'I don't mind losing money to a gambler. But I could n't take what should have been Ransom's. Do you mind very much?'

He looked at her squarely, but she could see the question in his mind. Then she saw his eyes change and she could read some of the change, too. She had taken away her hand and was sitting very straight in her chair. She felt unexplainably happy and proud.

'Mind? Roger, do you want to know something?'

'Yes.' A hint of the old teasing look came round his eyes.

'I'm the happiest woman on earth this morning. Do you know why?'

'No,' he said soberly.

'Because I'm your wife.'

She looked so gallant and so eager and so small. He thought she had the same look in her eyes that she had when she watched the hawk, and he had made fun of her. And Bella, watching him, felt that a barrier between them had just

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been broken down. He knew it too, she thought; it seemed to her that in its breaking down they had just become aware of its existence.

He said suddenly, 'Don't just sit there looking beautiful. Come here.'

But when she came round the table to join him he swung her up off her feet, and kissed her, practically in mid-air.

XVIII

They went on deck together. The steersman greeted them cheerfully. The team were trotting with pricked ears. The wind was fresh and clear to breathe. Mr. and Mrs. Neilson had chairs in the lee of the saloon on the steersman's deck. Mr. L. D. Jones was sitting on the saloon deck, his legs stretched out in front of him, his back to the wind, puffing his segar. For a wonder it was burning, and the smoke came out as thick as the smoke from the galley pipe.

The captain waved to them from the bow deck and shouted, 'Morning!'

'Let's go down to him,' Roger said.

They edged forward along the outside catwalk, Roger steadying his wife, though she needed no help, while her skirts whipped back to entangle his knees. The captain was smoking a deep cob pipe. He pointed the stem at the team.

'Brand-new,' he said. 'They're pulling me faster than any I've ever been hitched to.'

'They look fine and fat, don't they?' said Bella.

'They do,' said the captain. 'Poor devils, they don't know any better.'

Bella and Roger sat down and let the wind blow over them, while the captain walked up and down, three steps each way. Now and then he pulled out his watch.

'Young man,' he said suddenly, 'I'm going to get you to Buffalo the fastest any honeymoon pair got there in the history of the United States.'

Roger and Bella laughed and he laughed back, boomingly, one hand steadying his beard.

'Who's that coming?' Bella pointed to an old man walking the towpath, with a bag full of straw on one shoulder and a long stick in the opposite hand.

'Bank watch,' said the captain, and shouted, 'Hello, Hank!'

'Hey!' cried the old man. 'You're traveling.' He touched the towline with his stick, letting it slide along till the angle carried it out of reach. 'You're busting the limit.'

'Wide open and ready to fry!' yelled the captain. 'Watch the wash. They've had the hurry-up boats tailing us from Schenectady.'

'What is a hurry-up boat?' Bella asked.

The captain bowed courteously to her. It was obvious that he enjoyed being asked questions by a pretty girl.

'It's the gang that mends the big leaks. The bank watch can stuff ratholes with the straw he carries. But a big leak needs a gang with shovels. And when they're wanted, they're wanted in a hurry, Mrs. Willcox.'

The team slowed a little on the drag of a sharp bend, and the steersman had to go neat to avoid a line boat coming towards them. It was close, and the captain addressed some general remarks towards the line-boat steersman. Then he turned back to his passengers with a wave of his hand.

'You going straight to Niagara?'

'I don't know,' Roger said. 'I've not got much money left.'

The captain looked sober.

'I did n't know that cuss, though I did n't fancy his looks. I'll know him next time. We've no law against cards, but I won't have sharpers on my boat. Did he skin you clean?'

'Very nearly,' Roger admitted wryly. 'I've got only ten dollars left for our week there, and no hotel would put us up for that.'

'It's a damn shame.' The captain pursed his lips. 'I'll tell you, though. If

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you would n't mind boarding on a farm, I'm pretty sure I know of one. My sister married a farmer,' he said rather diffidently. 'They live pretty close to the falls, about two miles down the Lewiston road. They've got a nice house and my sister's clean and there's only one child. They had bad luck with their crops last season and they'd be glad of boarders.'

Bella and Roger exchanged glances.

'I could catch the mail out of Rochester,' said the captain, 'and send them a letter to say you're coming. They'd get it to-morrow, because the driver drops their post for them.'

He turned tactfully to curse the driver boy for letting the horses loaf. Under cover of his exhortations, Roger said, 'What do you think?'

'Let's,' said Bella.

When they told the captain, he beamed on them.

'I'll go right down and commence the letter now. I ought to have it ready when we reach Rochester,' he said.

They stayed out all day, watching the small new towns slide by, seeing the boats coming east with their smell of wheat and new flour, or livestock; overtaking west-bound boats, with ploughs on board, machinery, ironware, and merchandise, or immigrants with round staring eyes. All along the canal the harvest was going forward. They saw men cradling oats and barley, fields of buckwheat beginning to turn; they saw the stage overtake them, pursued by its own dust. They saw the treetops at Irondequoit far under them as they crossed on the embankment; and they saw the sun setting as they came into Rochester.

The captain dispatched Viney on a frantic race to the Eagle Tavern with his completed letter, and as the packet hauled out of town they left supper and went on deck once more, to see the town wane behind them, with its numberless bridges, clacking mills, and thundering falls. The long arms of sunset shrank. Darkness came as they wound through the small farms, the towpath hemmed with fences. Then they floated into the woods again, skirting the Tonawanda swamp, where sycamores lifted ghostly arms to the starlight and thousands of blackbirds started up at their passage.

XIX

It was only after they had turned into the road to Lewiston that Bella realized she was a prisoner in Fate's hands. The arrival at Buffalo had found her prepared and excited. They had docked soon after breakfast.

The captain was interviewed on deck by a writing representative of the *Advertiser*, who came down into the saloon and asked for Mrs. and Mr. Willcox's impression of the trip. 'They spoke enthusiastically of the service,' he wrote down, 'and Mrs. Willcox observed that the speed was exhilarating.' While the captain continued to receive congratulations under the proud chaperonage of the company agent, she and Roger walked down the basin to the lake shore and out along the mole.

The lake was vivid blue that morning; there were small somnolent clouds high up, and cat's-paw ripples on the water; gulls wheeled, monotonously calling, perpetually unhurried, awkward birds made graceful by the sky. Way to the west, sky and lake merged in a drift of haze. And, looking at a schooner slowly growing out of the perspective, Bella was aware of the largeness of the earth, and for the first time in her life she lost all sense of her own smallness of stature. As she stood hand in hand with her husband, she could feel the forces in her taking form and gaining strength.

'It must be like the sea, Roger.'

She had never seen the sea. She was destined never to see it; but she did not know that.

His only reply was the pressure of his hand. Thinking how handsome he looked, she would have liked to ask what

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he was thinking of; but intuition closed her lips.

They lingered till the schooner had docked and watched as the dock hands invested her, and the gulls that had followed her in wheeled intricately over the dock, dropping discordant cries.

Then the captain came to them and said he had found a carriage and driver who would take them to his brother-in-law's farm for a matter of a dollar and a half. The man wanted to start at once.

They hurriedly returned to the *Western Lion* to get their bags. The carriage, a dearborn with an extra seat and no top, was waiting for them, the driver sitting with his legs crossed. He only nodded when they said good morning.

Viney and the steward had brought up their bags and a lunch the captain had ordered for them. The whole packet crew wished them luck. But the driver cut short their farewells, whipping up his horses and putting them to a tremendous burst. Once they were out of sight of the canal, however, he slowed down to a jog trot and kept to it.

Bella did not mind how slowly they went. Her nerves were exquisitely keyed. She noticed every flower, every wayside nest. And she found Roger glad to share them with her.

The driver granted them half an hour's stop for lunch, and they took it away from the road to a piece of meadow under the supervision of a couple of dull-eyed ewes. They lay on their backs in the sun, so that Bella felt the grass through her dress, even the crossing of blades, and she smelled the small scents that one finds only close to earth, and she wondered whether her Christian upbringing had abandoned her, but she did not care.

The driver climbed back into the wagon when he judged that the proper time had arrived for continuing the journey, and Roger came to life again and helped her pack the remains of their luncheon. Their hands became shy at the work of gathering papers and they did not look at each other. When they were in the wagon once more, Bella became conscious of a strange breathlessness upon the earth. She felt it in herself. As if they also felt it, cows and horses at pasture lifted their heads to watch her pass, and when she was by and looked back at them she found them still inscrutably staring after the wagon.

It was only when the driver turned them into the road for Lewiston that she realized at last there was no turning back. She had come too far. All that she had been accustomed to lay four days behind her, three and a half by the record run of a packet boat. She had put herself into life's hands, and now she must go on with it.

She longed to take Roger's and beg him to be good to her, never to hurt her, never to deceive her. But when her hand touched his and he looked at her, her face tilted with its old cock of the chin, and she smiled.

'Darling.'

Roger sounded choky. His hand hurt hers, and for an instant she wanted to cry to the driver to turn back. But in the same impulse her hand resigned itself to the hurt and returned it. She was alive. She was alive in every nerve, and her heart raced.

She saw the Franklins' house ahead of them, a low white house set behind trees, with a red barn at an angle. A middle-aged woman was staring toward them from the gate. Her eyes were curious, but kindly. She smiled as they turned into the yard, and came over to stand by the wheel.

'I'm real pleased to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Willcox. We'll try to make you comfortable, me and my husband.'

She took their bags in her strong hands and led them into the house. She showed them the parlor with windows freshly opened, but still with a faint musty taste in the air.

'This-here's to be your setting room for your own. Me and Jim won't come into it while you're here.'

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She paused, and Bella collected her wits.

'It's a lovely room, is n't it, Roger?'

'Yes, it is.'

Roger looked embarrassed. His eyes swung wildly about the walls as if seeking an object on which to comment, and Bella was amused at the proud smile Mrs. Franklin bestowed on him. Coughing discreetly, the woman led them upstairs to a bedroom three quarters filled by an old double bed that was piled deep in feather ticks.

'Oh, it *is* lovely,' Bella said.

The ceiling followed the slope of the roof, and the window was a broad dormer that looked directly into the branches of a maple tree.

'I'm glad you like it, Mrs. Willcox,' said Mrs. Franklin, adding practically, 'The bed is a real good one, too. Real comfortable. Them are goose-feather ticks.'

She edged her way to the door.

'Now I've showed you over. I always think it's easiest for persons to learn their way about first off. My husband can show Mr. Willcox anything else. Supper is any time to suit you after milking. I'll bring it to you in the parlor.' She smiled and slipped away.

They sat by the open window for a long time, witnessing the order of the evening unfolding itself in the pattern of the farm. First came Mr. Franklin home behind his team, walking beside the load of barley, pitchfork on shoulder, while a small boy shrilly drove. The small boy slid down the load at the barn door and whistled to a shepherd dog; his father drove the team into the mow and left the wagon there, and the team strode with loose strides and jingling traces for the stable. In a little while he came to the kitchen for a glass of buttermilk. He was a middle-aged man, with thick curved shoulders and a smooth-shaven, reddened face. Then the boy brought in the cows, the dog officious at their heels, and Mrs. Franklin carried the pails across the yard to help with the milking. It was so still in the yard that Bella imagined she could hear the spurt of milk against the pail. The sun was sinking through the tree branches, and a robin hopped along a bough and began to call. A veery in the woods beyond the pasture bars made answer.

'Let's unpack, Roger, so the room will seem our own.'

They hung their clothes side by side from wooden pegs under a curtained shelf, lingering in the work to look at them and then at each other. When they had finished, Roger kissed her almost shyly.

'It seems as if we'd lived here, does n't it?'

His voice expressed his masculine amazement at a settled room.

Bella only nodded and led the way downstairs. There they were introduced to Mr. Franklin, who made them welcome simply and then supplied Roger with the final geographical details of the household. Bella asked for the little boy, but his mother said that he had gone off on an errand. While they were having their supper in the parlor, they heard him come in and sneak upstairs. Coming down again, he gave them an awed welcome over the rail.

They waited till they heard the farmer and his wife retiring in the room behind the parlor. Then they went up together. At the door of their room they understood the little boy's errand. A large bunch of white clover and daisies stood on the washstand, filling the room with scent. The candle quavered in Bella's hand.

'Was n't it sweet of them, Roger?'

For answer he stooped and blew out the candle.

Bella's breath caught. She set the candlestick down in the dark. She let her hands fall, then turned slowly and faced him.

XX

They liked the farm. They liked the Franklins. The little boy could not over-

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come his puzzlement at the thought of two strangers staying in his parents' house. But even he, after two days, came to accept them guardedly.

They took their lunch next morning and wandered off across the fields. They found a narrow path in the woods and went down it till they came to the edge of a stream, and followed this up to a broad still pool whose sides seemed mortared by the roots of trees. It was far back from anywhere and it was not deep, but it was deep enough for Roger to cool himself in. As Bella lay back on the bank, idly watching him wallow in the deeper portions, she wondered at the delight she found in what she had been taught to hold indecent. But the sight of Roger, or of her own slimness, or the quiet of the woods gave her heart whatever answer she needed.

They were silent often, but when they spoke, what they said mattered deeply to them both. And in the late afternoon they returned, Roger fishing the likely holes with worms selected for him by the little boy.

Mrs. Franklin fed them suppers of simple homely food in the parlor, and afterwards they sat out a conventional half hour in the kitchen and talked to the woman and her husband. Then hand in hand they went up the narrow stairs to their room, undressing in the dark.

It was on the sixth morning of their stay that Bella said, 'We ought to go over to Niagara Falls, I suppose.'

'I suppose so,' Roger said.

They looked at each other gloomily, then suddenly burst out laughing.

'Why in heaven's name ought we to do anything?'

Bella looked at him demurely.

'I ought to write Mamma. I believe five days is the proper lapse for a lady in my case, and here it is going on ten.'

'Is it?'

Bella said, 'We could walk over and take our lunch.'

'I suppose we could. But there was a trout in that third pool.'

'There's to-morrow.'

'But to-day looks right.'

'I don't really want to go,' said Bella.

But they consulted Mr. Franklin, who did not see why they should walk. He said it would be much simpler if he drove them over that very morning, and if they did not care about looking at the falls too long he could get them back by noon. He would be glad to spare the time for them.

So they were driven over, and viewed the falls, and came back in time to take their lunch to the pool. But Bella left Roger on his belly seeking his trout and returned dutifully to write her letter.

She wrote it at the washstand beside the window, with the clover close to her nose. She found it hard to write, partly because she always found writing a task, partly because she knew that what mattered for her to say would not find favor in her mother's reading, and partly because of something in the room that troubled her.

She looked up several times from her paper to see what it might be, but she could not put her finger on it. And finally she folded the letter and opened it again to read what she had written.

Dear Mamma —

I am writing here to tell you that I am very happy, and that I do believe that Roger is the most delightful man I ever met. We are both very well, and send our wishes that you may be also. The weather was most delightful all the way, except for one short storm, but it was not very severe. And since we have been here it has been lovely all the time. We were both very much awed by the falls. They are much grander than the human mind can possibly conceive until it has encountered them. While we examined them, I could not prevent a wish that Lord Byron might have viewed them that their magnificence might be preserved in verse.

Your devoted daughter,

Bella W.

P. S. Please tell Papa that we made the packet voyage in less than four days. They told us it was the fastest ever made.

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She approved thoroughly of the sentence about Lord Byron, knowing that it would gratify her mother, but she giggled as she read it.

Casting an eye over the note, she dipped her pen to add: —

Please give Clorinda and Papa my best love.

She stopped, feeling the beat of her heart. Her best love — that was for her family. Her eyes turned to the bed, where she had tossed down Roger's coat. She understood now as she stared at the empty sleeves. She was in love, with Roger — plain love.

Her breast rose and her eyes filled as she stared round the little room. Her mind was pervaded by a tragic sense that she would remember it as long as she lived, so that, if she were magically transplanted in her sleep, even though she might be an old woman she would rise up without the candle and move unerringly. And she knew that her first action would be to feel for the empty coat and take it up, as she did now.

She stood with it at the window, watching her young husband marching home across the pasture, hot, disheveled, triumphantly bearing his trout on a forked stick.

OL' MAN MULE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

De big-haided hoss got right good sense,
But Ol' Man Mule, he smart at bofe en's.

He look mighty mousy, but he ain' no fool.
You got to walk mincey roun' Ol' Man Mule.

When he lif' up he top lip an' make he eyes roll
Tell dey look lak cotton in de cotton boll,

An' hist up he hin' parts, an' give one yeah a flick,—
Den what gwine to happen gwine to happen mighty quick.

He aim like lightnin', an' he kick like sin,
An' when he hit, he hit, suh, whar I jes' *been!*

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A NEW HOPE FOR EDUCATION

BY LUTHER GULICK

I

HARD times breed hard thinking, not only by business men about their private enterprises, but also by responsible government administrators and governing boards about their public activities. Taxpayers look to their taxes with keener scrutiny, and citizens weigh the services of government with a sharper eye — certainly if they fail to do so at first they will be forced to do so in the long run. In this depression it can therefore surprise no one to see a new rigorous scrutiny of the whole American educational enterprise. At any rate it is here.

In this scrutiny there is a new hope for education because the basis of interest to-day is far deeper than cost. It concerns itself with the fundamental purposes of education and with the effort to find practical methods by which the generally accepted objectives can be realized. Any educational system which is aimed at the wrong target, or which, though well aimed, does not hit the mark, is a waste of money, however economical its costs per pupil may appear. It is much more than a waste of money; it is a waste of time, and life, and human potentiality, all of which are priceless.

In times like these, those who walk the streets looking for work wonder whether the schooling they had was of the right sort. Employers seeking qualified workers question the schools. Parents watching their children's growth criticize education. Those who watch the ebb and flow of public opinion, the vagaries of the voter, the successful prestidigitation of many politicians, and the inelasticity and narrowness of many business and labor leaders, are justified in asking, 'What of the schools?' And behind all of these questions are the queries that come to trouble us when we see throughout our society the moral inadequacies of our generation. Is it not well that we should reëxamine, rethink, and, if necessary, replan our system of education? Or are we satisfied with it as it now stands?

In the effort to answer these questions, more significant organized effort has been devoted in the past two or three years than ever before in the history of our people. First there was the Report of the President's Advisory Committee on Education. This national committee, made up of twenty-three educators and laymen, devoted special attention to Negro education, rural education, vocational education, educational administration, and the permanent and emergency educational activities of the Federal Government. The committee concluded that the situation demands a gradual expansion to as much as $257,000,000 per year of federal support for state and local education in backward areas, and presented a plan under which there would be a minimum of federal educational direction attending such grants, except with reference to indispensable audits and administrative matters. This committee conducted a nation-wide survey with the aid of recognized authorities, and, in addition to its report, is

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publishing nineteen separate volumes, each dealing with a specific phase of education.

The American Youth Commission, though nation-wide in its scope, is privately financed as a project of the American Council on Education. Its eighteen members are predominantly distinguished and public-spirited laymen. This commission is still in the midst of its five-year study of the problems, educational and other, of the age group from sixteen to twenty-four. It has already issued *How Fare American Youth?* (a general summary of current educational and community problems) and *Youth Tell Their Story* (a study of youth in Maryland). The commission, in addition to many studies now under way, is conducting experiments in Baltimore, Providence, Dallas, and St. Louis, the purpose of which is to discover how best to relate the schools to the employment placement agencies and jobs.

The Educational Policies Commission, set up by the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators, is another nation-wide project. Its work is still in progress, but already it has issued the following authoritative statements: 'The Unique Function of Education in American Democracy,' drafted by Charles A. Beard; 'The Structure and Administration of Education in American Democracy,' drafted by George D. Strayer; and 'The Purposes of Education in American Democracy,' drafted by William G. Carr. These are documents of importance.

Different in purpose but not in value is the Pennsylvania study of high-school and college students over a four-year period by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, which was published during the year. This study shows that the wrong people go to college in surprising numbers, that some colleges give less education than some high schools, and that a large proportion of those who are going into teaching are at age twenty-two less 'educated' than the abler 25 per cent of normal high-school students at the age of eighteen.

Other local studies have been made. In addition to those of the United States Office of Education, which has been keenly interested in rural education, in adult education, and in the development of forums, there have been valuable school surveys conducted by State Planning Commissions, as in Washington and Nebraska, and city school system surveys in Hartford, in New Orleans, and in Philadelphia. A survey of unusual importance is now under way in St. Louis, and special studies are being carried forward by the school system itself in New York City.

II

And now comes the Regents' Inquiry into the Character and Cost of Public Education in the State of New York. That is the long title for the big job in research and educational planning which my colleagues and I have just finished. It is aimed at New York, but it hits the whole country. This New York Inquiry is unusual in more ways than one: it was made officially under the sponsorship of the Board of Regents; it is the best-financed study of the sort, with a grant of half a million dollars from the General Education Board; and, though its staff included a number of educational experts, its approach is that of the layman and general administrator looking for clean-cut answers to the major educational questions, and for practical methods of carrying these answers into daily practice. Our New York study is a consumers' study.

We examined the schools of the state not primarily by looking at the modernity of the buildings, or the academic degrees of the teachers, or the 'up-to-dateness' of teaching techniques, or the 'correctness' of the educational system. So far as possible, the school system was studied by examining the character of its product. We tried to find out what

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the boys and girls are like, what they know, and what the schools have done to equip them for work, for citizenship, and for growing, happy, individual life. Though the instruments for such a study are far from adequate, significant differences were discovered, and the examination of these differences disclosed important lessons in school program and administration. But the major approach of the Inquiry was from the product to the process.

The staff experts of the New York Inquiry were drawn primarily from men who have not participated extensively in the development of the educational system of New York. It is what in the business world would be called 'an outside audit' calculated to give the Regents, the schoolmen, and the citizens of the state an independent appraisal of policies and management. Though the basis of selection excluded some of the best-known educators of America, the staff did include seven college presidents, four deans of graduate schools, two state commissioners of education, and a score of other specialists.

The schools of the State of New York are on the whole good schools in comparison with those of other states. In fact, some extraordinarily good schools were found. The weak spots were discovered in small rural schools and in certain subnormal city schools. The best educational results were discovered in wealthy suburban areas and in the well-directed large city schools. But fine buildings and high salaries were not necessarily found to produce good education. Even in education the price tag is no hallmark of quality. The problem is apparently more subtle than support. This is an important discovery for New York, which places so much emphasis on finance and now spends more per child in school and pays higher average teachers' salaries than any other comparable state.

From its examination of the total school system, the Regents' Inquiry has come to the conclusion that the 'common school' has redefined its age limits. As recently as 1915, the common school — that is, the minimum of schooling we expect every youth to have — started at around age six and ended at thirteen. In New York State, these age limits have now changed to reach from five up to seventeen or eighteen. And there are forces which indicate that the upper limit will soon stretch another year or two, to nineteen or twenty. It need hardly be pointed out that this upward stretch of the common school to include ages seventeen and eighteen, and to enroll not a selected few only who are going on to college, but all the children of all the people, places an entirely new task upon the schools. This is not a task which can be discharged on the pattern of the old program. It will require new thinking and planning.

Judged by these standards, much of the school curriculum was found to be behind the times and poorly suited to the needs of the boys and girls in school. In spite of all the discussion of the past decade, the high schools are on the whole pushing all the youngsters into college preparatory work, though only one in five in a modern secondary school will go on into advanced or professional education. The program of vocational education both in the cities and in the rural areas was found to be unsuited to meet current employment needs and opportunities. Where such education is offered, far too much emphasis, apparently, is being placed on high specialized training for a specific skill or trade, and not enough on broad training to serve as a foundation for a general line of work. And very little is being done to acquaint those who are going into the industrial system with the nature of that system and its demands and opportunities.

Preparation for citizenship in the American democracy seldom goes beyond a modicum of history and a superficial knowledge of the federal constitution and government. Knowledge of

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local government and civic problems is picked up by some boys and girls from the newspapers, but on the whole it is *terra incognita*, too close to home to be a worthy subject for bright young ladies from the normal schools.

Is it any wonder that the rising generation seems to have no real understanding of American democracy, or the rights and responsibilities of free speech, or the duties and powers of citizenship? And yet there are schools in which the curriculum, the student activities, and the influence of the teachers are such that those who come from these schools are well started on the way to becoming useful, effective, and responsible citizens.

In spite of the fact that New York is one of the advanced states in its programs of local health and physical training, we are far from satisfied with what we found in the schools. The failure to enroll more of the pupils in intramural athletics, and particularly in sports which will be of interest when school days are over, is roundly criticized. The greatest weakness in the health field is the tendency to regard health instruction as a 'subject' entirely apart from daily individual and school life, and to ignore the mental and emotional aspects of health.

This cutting up of education into courses, each of which is independent and mutually exclusive, is a widely prevalent disease of secondary education. We found it everywhere in New York State. There has grown up the tendency to treat each subject as unrelated to all others and to leave to the immature student, scurrying from class to class, the difficult task of relating his newly acquired knowledge and skills each to the other. The difficulties of this procedure have been growing in proportion as knowledge has split off into more and more highly specialized divisions. As the report says, 'This pulling apart of knowledge makes the task of general education more and more difficult. Boys and girls up to the age of eighteen or nineteen will never get a unified, meaningful picture of the world in which we live if they spend their time learning a great deal about a few disjointed fractions of the universe.'

The books read by youth showed the greatest variation from school to school. On the whole, the state syllabi and the dreaded Regents' Examinations have become a strait jacket, compelling rigid application to the narrow circle of time-honored classics. Broader reading, where found, was induced by unusual teachers and the availability of good literature in school libraries, public libraries, and the home. In those communities studied most intimately, the largest amount of good reading was found to be done by the teachers, the next by the high-school seniors, and the least by the parents! Though embarrassing, perhaps, this is a comforting discovery until one learns that the state institutions training teachers, with two possible exceptions, are totally unequipped with modern cultural libraries. How can teachers whose education has been narrow and starved nourish the minds of youth?

Can the schools do anything to build sound ethical character? Yes, but apparently not so much by going at the problem *head on* with courses in 'ethics,' 'morals,' or 'good citizenship,' as by a more subtle approach which embraces the live discussion of questions met in literature, history, and current events, coöperative student activities, participation in community services, practical work experience, the sympathetic study of the world's ethical masterpieces, and — above everything else — inspiring teachers.

Thus at almost every point the New York Inquiry comes back to the teacher. Schools were found to vary specifically in mathematics, in science, in English, or in history, and in each case closer investigation showed that the primary cause was to be found in the ability and personality of a specific teacher. This rediscovery of the central importance

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of the teacher is a most important emphasis of the New York Inquiry. It is an emphasis greatly needed in these days when we hear so much talk about organization, joint committees, curriculum, buildings, special services, machinery, and finance. As we say in the report, 'The classroom teacher is the heart of the school system. The character-building influence of the schools depends, as does the quality of the intellectual work, almost entirely upon the teachers.'

III

In addition to these findings in the field of education, the New York Regents' Inquiry calls attention to three important new factors in the social and economic system which are destined to have a revolutionary effect upon the American school system. These are the decrease in births, the postponement of self-support, and technological change.

Birth rates are going down spectacularly in New York State. Now that immigration is ended and the drift to the cities materially reduced, none of the cities of New York will continue to grow as in the past. Stuart Chase told the story in the February *Atlantic*. New York City will have half as many children entering the first grade in 1943 as it had in 1928, a change which will gradually work its way up through all stages of education. This change in the birth rate not only alters the school load, but immensely increases the need of attention to school planning and to the selection and preparation of teachers. In the future we cannot cover up our blunders through the growth of the system.

The postponement of self-support has been progressing for many years. First we saw it in the elimination of child labor. That was wholly commendable. Now we see it in reduced opportunities for youth; this is not wholly commendable, but it is apparently inevitable. It arises in part from the depression but even more from the nature of modern industry, the policies of employers, the principles of organized labor, and the general standards of the community. The effect on education is important.

As the report says, 'Work may be exactly what a youth most needs, not only for economic reasons, but more particularly because of the value of work emotionally and in the building of habits, skills, knowledge, and character. Work is education, and a far better education for many a boy than are the inappropriate things he is now doing in school.'

If boys and girls are to grow up without any real work until after they are seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, or twenty, there will have to be drastic revision of the school and community program for youth to bring work into that program. Can a generation be reared capable of working together in our industries or in our democratic society which has had no taste of hard labor until after it is fully grown physically and emotionally? It is not an experiment one would care to make when so much hangs in the balance.

The third factor to which the Inquiry directs attention is technological evolution. When a new process is discovered, a new product launched, a new machine invented, or a new style introduced, the effects upon society and upon the individual are likely to be incalculable and revolutionary. Technological evolution gives us two things: it gives our whole social system ceaseless improvement in the general standard of living by reducing prices and increasing the variety, the utility, and the attractiveness of the things we use and consume, and it gives each one of us as individuals ceaseless insecurity in work, in investments, and in peace of mind. Scientific research is thus at once a treasure chest and a Pandora's box of trouble.

I happen to believe that man cannot stop invention and technological evolution. There will be more technological changes in the future than there have been in the past. I also believe that mankind will learn how to assimilate even

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the striking new developments with respect to energy, and life, and mind, that now lie just around the scientific corner. This is, however, another story. But once you accept rapid technological evolution as a normal element of life, you are forced to reconstruct the school system, as well as certain other elements of the social system, to fit.

Without going into this extensively, the Inquiry report suggests that there are three points at which technological change now requires a redesigning of the school program. First, vocational education should be more interested in broad training for adaptation than in training for a specific trade, which may be gone when a youth steps out of school. Second, the school must concern itself with the nature of the social and economic system and the steps by which technological changes may best be assimilated so that the average citizen may, in the course of his education, be equipped with knowledge and skill to live through the inevitable changes. Third, the community should provide, partly through the schools, the agencies which are necessary to help the displaced individual bridge the gap from job to job when he is displaced in the process of technological change.

IV

The New York Inquiry report, *Education for American Life*, and its many supporting studies are bristling with specific recommendations for immediate and future action. Most of the recommendations focus upon six central problems: (1) what to do with boys and girls from fifteen to nineteen years old; (2) how to improve the quality of teaching; (3) how to modernize the small rural schools; (4) how to achieve greater economy in school management; (5) how to approach the new problems of adult education; (6) how to make the influence of the State Education Department more effective.

The most revolutionary recommendation is that we add, by gradual degrees, two more years to the high-school course, for those boys and girls who do not go to work or to college. It is revolutionary partly because of its expense, which is estimated at some $19,450,000 annually, partly because it will require extensive revision of the high-school curriculum. The new course of study is envisioned as one which will throw more emphasis on integrated general education, on student activities, on broad vocational education, and on guidance, adjustment, and placement. This will bring the schools into much closer contact with the employer, with labor, and with the whole world of work. It will require the development of totally new courses and experiences, and must be looked upon as a long-range program, rather than as one which can be inaugurated suddenly.

Better teaching is sought through extending the required teachers' preparation from the present three years to four years for elementary-school teachers and to five years for secondary-school teachers; through the revision of teachers' college courses to include more general and cultural work and less technical pedagogy; through the development, with the aid of the teachers themselves, of better competitive methods of selection, with more attention to personal and emotional fitness; through the development of more adequate professional supervision, especially during the earliest years of teaching, and the modernization of curricula and teaching materials. It is recommended that tenure be extended to the 20,000 rural teachers and that their minimum salaries be increased from $800 to $1200 just as soon as the little school districts can be consolidated into more effective educational units. A needed relaxation of the unduly rigid requirements with regard to teacher certificates, which are issued by the state and without which no one can teach, will give the private colleges more chance

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to experiment in the preparation of teachers, especially for the new kinds of courses now called for. Among the many other recommendations is the plan to have the state award each year twenty state teacher's fellowships in recognition of distinguished teaching, to enable holders to travel, study, write, or rest, without financial loss to themselves or to the schools which employ them.

In the rural areas, the problem of the teacher is closely linked up with the system of district organization. New York has some 6000 school districts, of which 5000 possess each a one-room, one-teacher school. This is a heritage of the pioneer effort to carry schools to all sections of the state through the famous school law of 1812. With the changes that have come since pioneer days in education, and in community life, these very small districts are no longer satisfactory for the pupils, the teachers, the parents, or the taxpayers. New York has worked out its own solution over the past generation through the voluntary consolidation of small districts into larger 'central school districts.'

It is proposed by the Inquiry that all the remaining areas of the state, except those in the city school districts, be now required to come together into similar central districts. This is to be done through a home-rule procedure with the initiation of the plans by local committees, after hearings, and final approval by a temporary state commission to see that the individual plans fit together to form a harmonious and adequate system for the state as a whole.

A central district, under the plan which has already won endorsement in all parts of the state, maintains at least one high school and one or more elementary schools. Most of the children come to school by bus over hard-surfaced roads which are kept cleared in winter even in the Adirondacks. Many a little red schoolhouse is kept open for the younger children, however, and none is closed without the vote of the original little district; but the governing and administrative unit is the larger area. 'Centralization' makes possible more professional educational supervision, more adequate special teaching and special services, better business management, and much more community activity around the school centre. The automobile and other factors of modern life have changed the boundaries of the natural rural community. When the school district is modernized to fit this expanded community, the school naturally becomes the community centre. In scores of communities it is thrilling to see the way this brings the home and the schools, the parents and the teachers, together again in their common task of raising the oncoming generation.

Better business methods, elimination of unduly small classrooms through the reorganization of the small districts, more careful attention to insurance and the purchasing of supplies, cost accounting, and better debt management are the chief methods of saving the taxpayers' dollars which go into the schools. At the suggestion of the State Comptroller, a plan is being worked out whereby the school districts may borrow from the state rather than from the public, and may thus enjoy the state's low interest rate on the funds which they need for construction. In many cases this alone will cut the cost of school buildings by 25 per cent. The report points out, however, that other economies in school construction are possible through better planning, and through curbing the great American temptation to 'keep up with the Joneses.' If all of the economies suggested by the Inquiry are realized, particularly those arising from the drop in the number of pupils, they will more than counterbalance the estimated cost of the New Educational Program put before the state in the Inquiry report.

Adult education will soon require systematic planning and direction even though it is to remain, as suggested by the Inquiry, 'voluntary, purposeful, and

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individual.' With this in mind, it is recommended that there be in every community a coördinator of adult education to be appointed by the school board and to serve directly under the superintendent of schools. It would be his function to find out what is going on, to stimulate complementary activities, and to see that facilities and equipment are made available. The need for the development of industrial retraining and occupational upgrading is stressed. Special emphasis is placed upon the strengthening of libraries, and recommendations are made for a new state-wide county library system based on state library aid. Adult education by the state over the radio and by means of coördinated correspondence courses is also suggested in the supporting studies of the Inquiry.

The Inquiry presents figures to show that there are enough colleges and universities in New York State already, and that a greater percentage of the population goes on for advanced and professional education in New York than in any other state with one exception, in spite of the fact that it does not have a free state university. To meet more adequately the needs of qualified students who are now debarred from advanced training for economic reasons, the Inquiry recommends that the number of state scholarships awarded on a competitive basis to high-school graduates be increased from 3000 to 6000, and that the stipend be increased from $100 per year — as set in 1911, when that was the normal college tuition — to $300, the normal tuition to-day.

In laying plans for the Inquiry, the Regents and the State Education Department felt that their own functions and work should also be subjected to the same 'outside audit' which was arranged for the rest of the educational system. The recommendations of the Inquiry, accordingly, are extensive and detailed. They spring from the desire to decentralize school control and management, to loosen central red tape so as to encourage experimentation, and to concentrate the efforts of the state on research and leadership based on this research. Therefore, under the appointed Commissioner of Education, a new major division of research is recommended, and all the remaining functions of the department, with the exception of legal matters which come under the Counsel and Deputy Commissioner, are brought together under three associate commissioners, one for elementary and secondary education, one for higher education, and one for business and financial administration.

This part of the program, as well as that involving the extension of teacher training, has already been adopted by the Regents, so that it describes the new practice rather than a future hope. Similarly, many other recommendations which can be put into practice without legislation are now being considered and adopted.

The program of the Inquiry was based on careful research and broad discussion with schoolmen and teachers, with laymen, with taxpayers, with employers, with labor leaders, and with youth in and out of school. It is intended as a sailing chart for the total educational system here and now, and not merely as a report to gather dust on academic shelves. It is a program now presented for democratic discussion in the expectation that this will lead to unity of purpose and action.

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A DAY ON LOUGH DERG

BY WINIFRED LETTS

'Does the lady not fish?' asked the boatman. 'My God! That's a wonder!'

No, the lady did not fish. She would have caught the fly in somebody's hair, or perhaps barbed an ear or a nose as the officer did in Owny's story of fishing on Lough Derg: —

'There was three officers come from Bundoran — it was in the Troubles, mind ye, and Sir John gave them leave to fish. The two was good fishermen like himself here, but the other never fished afore. Damn it and ye'd know it, too — did n't he get me on the face the first time? There was a north wind blowing same as to-day. But the second time he got his own nose, and the barb was through. God, was n't that a thing to do? I says, "Ye'll go til Pilgrims' Island and get the Nurse," for, mind ye, the pilgrimages was over, forbye it was after August the fifteenth. Did n't I row them as fast as I could til the island? And it was one o'clock and the Prior at his dinner, but he comed out and he called the Nurse. But she says, "Ye'd best get Paddy and the car and take him til the doctor, for that'll need to be cut out an' it must be well done." So he be to go til the doctor at Belleek. Was n't that a quare day's sport? Two pound til the doctor and seven shillin' til Paddy for the car. My God, that was a day! But the other two officers come next day and fished.'

After that story I felt wise in my idleness. The boat danced over the lake water. When the sun shone, a blue net seemed to lie on the little waves and they sparkled as if they were quicksilver. Then a cloud hid the sun and they were dark and gloomy. Lough Derg lies among the hills of six Irish counties, and their mountains are blue on the horizon. It is a stern lake, this place of Saint Patrick's Purgatory, and severe are the rules of the Pilgrimage that is made for two and a half months of the summer. And yet between fourteen and fifteen thousand pilgrims come each year.

Once the pilgrims' island held two or three whitewashed cottages and a small chapel. Now the perch of land is covered by a magnificent church which cost a hundred and ninety thousand pounds to build. Beside it are grouped the hostel for women (which can house four hundred a night), the men's hostel, and the houses of the clergy and attendants.

The rules of the Pilgrimage demand a three days' fast. The pilgrims come fasting. They take off their shoes and do an hour's devotions before the one meal of the day, which is dry bread and tea. On bare feet they follow the stations of the Cross outside the church. The first night they have no sleep, but pray until the earliest Mass at six o'clock. The next night they may rest, and on the third morning they leave; but, except for the one meal of black tea and bread, they must keep the fast until the next morning.

'Dammit, but it's a great cure,' Owny told us. 'Don't I know well, for I done it twenty-two times an' never felt better. I nearly lost the eye once, an' I

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promised if I kept it I'd do the Pilgrimage. If ye'd suffer that hardship another time the priest and the doctor would be by ye; ye'd be falling down. But there's never anyone but is the better for it.'

I looked with awe and admiration at the crowded railway bus that was gliding down to the landing stage. Big boats were ready to receive the pilgrims and take them out. The Prior's biretta stood out against the sky line.

The great stone church is built out into the water on concrete staging, for the island is a tiny one and is not the island that legend connects with Saint Patrick on Lough Derg. That island of the Purgatory is now called Saints' Island and lies dreaming and forgotten. The slopes are white with cotton grass. Enclosed lie a few old stones, fallen among brambles and bracken; these mark the graves of the monks. In past days abuses grew up; the monks came under the displeasure of the Pope, and the Pilgrimage was stopped. It was revived again for a time, but Leslie, the landlord at that period, once again stopped it. The monks left the island. The cave of the Purgatory was filled in and cannot now be found. Another and later Leslie gave the present Pilgrims' Island for the restored Pilgrimage.

A north wind blew and the water roughened. We rode up and down on dark foamy waves. Owny adjured me not to be frightened. 'The old boat's the best in the world. She's never failed me. She'd brave the worst storm yet. I'd go til America in her. Who'll get the first trout — him or me? We're going through the Bloody Gap now. D'ye know why it's called that? I'll tell ye. Saint Patrick come til these parts an' he was all alone. He knocked at a door where he saw a wee house, an' he says he wants a night's lodgings. "Well, ye can't have it," says the old man, "forbye there's no one intil the house but the old woman an' meself and we takes turns to watch out for a bloody monster that comes each night. An' mebbe it'll kill you as well as ourselves."

'Saint Patrick takes no heed of that. "Make yourself aisy, dacint man," he says, "for no bloody monster ever got the better of me an' I'm tellin' ye." So he goes off and he follows that monster from Downpatrick an' he slays him here in the water, an' that's why it's the Bloody Gap. But I'll tell ye this — he cursed the lake that no salmon would ever come again. They tell it two ways. Some says he slipped on a salmon's back, they were so thick them days, an' others says that a man had caught two salmon an' when the Saint axed would he spare him one, "I will not," says the lad. Mind ye, Saint Patrick was a hasty man, saint and all though he was. "Ye will not?" says he. "Then there'll never be no salmon in this lake no more," he says. An' that's true, for never a salmon that comes up the river comes intil the lake.

'An' I'll prove it's true, for a rich gintleman come from America an' says he, "I'll bring the salmon back surely," and he catches two and he ties different-colored ribbons til the bait an' he lets them go in the water, an' he got the river netted. And next morning the two salmon, ribbons and all, was at the net, tryin' to get back intil the river.'

There was a pause. The two men had their work to keep the boat's head to the wind. If some of the waves had struck us broadside we should have been wet at least.

We fell into the silence that broods over this lake of Saint Patrick's penance. In winter it must be a dreary spot among these lonely northern hills, yet with an austere beauty. Now it was gentle; its islands were green — white here and there with the flowers on the rowan trees and on the old twisted thorns. Sometimes a sandpiper on sickle wings fled across the water whistling. The gulls called above a rocky island, Terns' Island, where no terns were to be seen. The curlew gave an anxious laughing cry, 'Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!' lest we

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should go near the nest in the rushy grass. When the sun shone again the larks were in endless song up in the blue above the mainland.

'There's no cattle here,' said Owny at last. 'It's quare bad feeding. Only sheep — that's the shepherd's house, and it's a lonesome place. But ye would n't be lonely while ye could fish. I never would. Ah! God, is n't this man lucky? He's the luckiest fisherman ever I met.'

We were floating gently now in Connolly's Bay, and the sun was making diamonds on the ripples and the sky netting the amber water with a tangle of blue. The reel screamed, the line was taut. Again and again the brown trout took the golden-olive fly, played awhile, and met a quick end in the boat, to lie still, gleaming in the lucent mottled colors of trout — lovely little creatures, the largest not much over a pound's weight, but very good to eat at breakfast next day.

We landed on the Tyrone bank. The grass was bright with little flowers, blue milkwort, pink orchis, yellow spearwort, delicate white umbels of pignut. Owny set himself to boil the kettle and make tea for our lunch. Did Saint Patrick take his food in this fashion with his companions? At times he traveled with a large retinue, but often he must have taken a few of them and known this gypsy life of bread and fish eaten on the lake shore as his Master knew it by Galilee.

Perhaps the nephews fished from the boat and Patrick sat deep in thought, looking at these lands that were yet to win. Cities change, but this lake and its islands and circling shores are just the place that he looked at in the fifth century when he came to Ireland.

Did the scene look dreary after the islands of the Mediterranean, or did he love the fresh wind and the flowers and trees of his adopted land?

In the late afternoon we came to Saints' Island. The old pilgrims' road stops opposite it on the mainland. I had seen its beginning near Pettigo, the little border town that is near Lough Derg. In old days there was a wooden bridge from mainland to island. This was the place of Patrick's fasting and wrestling with the powers of evil. Great foxgloves keep a watch over the old graves, and the white cotton grass is like a quilt over the moss and heather. The fern, *Osmunda regalis*, grows here. Owny insisted that he should get me some roots. 'It's the Rosamunda fern an' it'll grow rightly for ye, lady, if ye keep it in moss and gravel.'

When he came back I was telling the fisherman the most convincing fairy story that I have ever been told. Only a few days before I had heard it from the visionary herself and had seen her little green gate looking down on Lough Swilly. But the word 'visionary' suggests somebody different from the good housekeeper, the practical matron, a general's wife and most competent woman of the world, for whom the fairies danced. This was the way of it.

She went through her garden one summer evening at dusk. She was going to visit a friend who lived near her. The year was 1922, the time of the 'Troubles,' and she paused at the green gate because below her she saw two men go to the boathouse. They did not come out, and she stood waiting, looking down at the sand left by the outgoing tide. Then she saw about a hundred little men and women dancing together on the wet sand. The women wore full gauzy skirts and the men were in jerkins with peaked caps. She watched them until it was too dark to see any more.

Now that is the story of a woman whose word cannot be doubted. You may call it waking dream or what you will. She has never seen them since that day, but sometimes she hears the thin reedy lilt of the music she heard that night, as others hear it on these lake shores of Donegal. It was in this county that 'Æ' saw visions and painted his pictures of shining sands and fairy figures.

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I asked Owny if he ever saw the fairies. The matter was a commonplace to him. Between trout and fairies he saw no great gap. 'I did so. Aye, I did an' I heerd them. My wife an' I heerd them in a forth near by, and a great noise they made, singing and laughing, and there was fiddles going all the time. An' I tell ye what I saw one time: a kind of a funeral, and four fairies were carrying a corp'. That was all I saw.'

That story struck me, for I had heard an old man in the Dublin hills tell nearly the same tale. But he saw a long procession of them going over field and hedge, and he could not see the corpse.

'They say the fairies would take babies — boys, ye know — I dunno — I've heerd it. There was Patsy Muldoon, an' he was holdin' the child in his arms at the half door when a strange woman came uptil him. "That's a lovely child," says she, an' she says, "I'll hold him for ye, for a mankind likely has things he'd be at." But, mind ye, he saw what *she* would be at, an' he held til the child. I doubt but she'd have changed him, else.'

Owny took fairies easily as the rightful owners of the soil, but less interesting than the brown trout of the lough and the badgers and foxes of the islands. I was glad that he kept the badger's old name, 'brock.'

But the evening was falling sullenly. A pall of cloud, amber-lined, rain-fringed, had covered the westering sun. The waves were rough and the water dark. The two men rowed in silence. The catch was good enough. When they were counted on shore there were eighteen — none large, but they made an excellent breakfast dish. Presently we were close to Pilgrims' Island. We could look at the great church from the water.

'Ye'd love to see the lights at night across the lough,' Owny exclaimed. 'There's a great big cross inside an' it's all lights. My God, it's a wonder to see. There's pilgrims come from all parts, but I never heerd yet of a German or a Rooshian.'

'I think the fast is terribly severe,' I remarked, thinking of our good lunch of sandwiches and cheese and eggs and contrasting it with the dry bread and black tea of the pilgrims' one meal.

'Lady, ye need n't be feared. Och, it's not too bad. Ye could smoke an' ye could talk. Don't I know a hundred matches that got made up after bein' here? I met me own wife, an' she comes from the far side of Lough Esk.'

'Is n't it very cold for them, Owny?'

'It may be, an' ye can't bring a rug. It's against the rule. But ye can ask the Prior to lend ye one. It's a great place, surely — none like it. I've been in Ameriky and in Glasgow, but I never saw the like o' thon island.'

'Does it cost much — the Pilgrimage?'

'It does not — three shillin' on your boat going out an' nine shillin' to keep ye, an' whatever ye'll buy of books or beads or what offering ye'll make. Anyone can do it, an' ye'll get great blessings.'

The boats were leaving Pilgrims' Island to meet the night omnibus. Again I saw the Prior's biretta against the sky. He sat erect in the stern, an old man who has seen the practical establishment of his dreams — a great church built and the debt paid.

We drove back to Donegal. A quiet evening had settled on hill and valley. Slieve League was a fairy fortress against the northern sky, the Bluestack Mountains dim in the summer evening. You can repeat the names of these mountains like a rune — Carnaween, Croaghnaskeviot, Binbane.

But I could not lose the thought of the Pilgrimage and all that it means to those fifteen thousand pilgrims, each with some heart-deep reason for coming to this desolate lough and its austere island.

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THE FAG AND THE SCHOLAR

Sidelights on Eton

BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

I

If we had written, our letters from Eton would have told the same story: the lively aristocrats of the cubicles and the sixth-form room were reduced to serfdom, cultivated Greeks pitched into the Carthaginian slave market. We began to adapt ourselves to our new indignity: C. V. Connolly, Esq., K. S., New Buildings, Eton College, Windsor.

The seventy Eton scholars lived together in a house, part Victorian, part mediæval, where they were ruled by the Master in College, who had under him the Captain of the School and nine other members of sixth form, who wore stick-up collars, could cane, and had fags. The boys were divided into elections, according to the year in which they won their scholarships; the elections moved slowly up the school en bloc, and each represented a generation.

Below the top twenty came another thirty boys or so, who formed the bulk of College, and then the bottom twenty, about fifteen of whom were doing their compulsory year of fagging, and who, while all the others had rooms, lived in cubicles in Chamber.

The whole school, ruled in theory by sixth form and the Captain of the School, was governed by 'Pop,' or the Eton Society, an oligarchy of two dozen boys who, except for two or three *ex officio* members, were self-elected and could wear colored waistcoats, stick-up collars, and so forth, and cane boys from any house. The masters could not cane. They punished by lines, detentions, and 'tickets' or chits of misbehavior which had to be carried to the housemaster for signature. Serious offenses, or too many tickets, meant being complained of to the headmaster, and might end in a birching.

This system makes Eton the most democratic of schools, for it is a school where all the prefects except the sixth form (who are powerful only in College) are self-elected. The boys have the government they deserve.

In practice Eton was not a democracy, for the system was feudal. The masters represented the 'church,' with the headmaster as Pope; the boys, with their hierarchy of colors and distinctions, were the rest of the population, while the prefects and athletes, the captains of houses and the members of Pop, were the feudal overlords who punished offenses at the request of the 'church,' and in return were allowed to break the same rules themselves. Thus a boy had two loyalties, to his tutor and to his fagmaster or feudal overlord. Sometimes the 'church' could protect a young clerk, making the lot of a serious little boy more bearable; in other houses the housemaster was powerless, the 'church' weak, and unable to control the feudal barons. At other times there were struggles between master and boy which ended in Canossa.

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On the whole the feudal system worked well. The boys elected to Pop — those who combined goodness at games with elegance, vitality, and a certain mental alertness — were urbane and tolerant; it was among the house barons that bullies and stupid types were to be found.

II

A fag in Chamber, I was in the lowest ranks of serfdom. Though fag-masters were usually chivalrous to their own slaves, mine was not, nor had we privacy, for our spare time was at the mercy of our rulers, who could send us far into Windsor to buy them food and beat us if we made a mistake over it. I had not often been beaten at St. Wulfric's; at Eton it became a hideous experience, for even the little boy who was Captain of Chamber could beat us, not with a cane, but with a piece of rubber tubing. There was a 'Chamber Pop' who also could beat one in a body for a breach of privilege.

I felt quite lost and friendless in this world, and sought out Meynell, who had no use for me. He was the familiar blend of character and prettiness, a tousled wire-terrier of a boy, tough, humorous, a natural leader and political commissar. We were all unhappy, and had such a feeling of persecution that we bullied each other to forget it. I was sixty-ninth in college order, and among the most bullied boys in my election, where Meynell was the ringleader. He invented tortures as a perpetual inquest to see if we had 'guts,' and was much liked in the elections above him, who considered him a 'good influence.'

Nobody would have believed that he could make me stand on a mantelpiece and dance while he brandished a red-hot poker between my feet and said, 'What is your name?' 'Connolly.' 'No — what is your name? Go on. Say it.' 'Ugly.' 'All right, Ugly, you can come down.' He was aided by a few boys who hoped that their sycophancy would save their skins, and by another bully called Highworth. Highworth was not a torturer like Meynell, but a conceited, rakish, conventional boy, who could not bear anyone to be eccentric or untidy. He should never have been in College; he was a natural Oppidan.

I spent much of my spare time in School Library, moping among the poets. I had discovered the Celtic Twilight, and in proportion as I was unhappy I took it out on 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree,' 'The Little Waves of Breffny,' 'Glencullen,' and other escapist poems, to which I added 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand.' I tried to make friends with one other bullied boy, but he reciprocated too violently, showed me poems, and sniffed at the back of his nose. Instead I fell for a boy called Wilfrid, the faun type over again with green eyes, nectarine coloring, who was quick to divine in the little black-gowned, dirty colleger a potential admirer, even as a beautiful orchid accepts the visits of some repulsive beetle.

He was an Oppidan, good at games, and older than I. It was possible to see him leaving his classroom about once a week, or sometimes coming out of Chapel or at Absence, when the whole of feudal society assembled in School Yard. If he was with anyone important he would cut me; if not he would make a joke or two at my expense, while I grinned like a waiter. My daydreams centred round him. I looked up his home address, found out about his family, and copied his initials on to bits of paper.

The beatings were torture. We were first conscious of impending doom at Prayers, when the eyes of sixth form would linger on us. They had supper in a room of their own; and a special fag, 'Senior,' who was excused from ordinary duties like other police spies, was sent from there to fetch the 'wanted' man. From Upper Tea Room 'Senior' set out on his vile errand, past the boys chatting

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outside their rooms. 'Who's "wanted"?' 'Connolly.' At last he reached the fags, who were shivering with terror — for this was always an agonizing quarter of an hour for them — in their stalls in Chamber. Those who were sitting in their tin baths paused with the sponge in the air — they might have to get out again to dress. The talkers ceased their chorus simultaneously, like frogs, and fear swept over the wooden partitions. 'It's Connolly.' 'Connolly, you're "wanted."' 'Who by?' 'Wrangham.' 'That's all right. He can't beat me; only tick me off. He's my fag-master.' 'He's going to beat someone. He's got the chair out.'

The chair was put in the middle of the room only when beatings were to take place, and sometimes the fag was sent beforehand to get the canes with which he would be beaten.

The worst part was the suspense, for we might make a mistake the day before and not be beaten for it till the following evening. Or we could get a day's grace by pleading a headache and getting 'early bed leave,' or by going out to the shooting range, the musical society, or a mysterious evening service held once a week to end the war, called Intercession, which was much frequented by guilty consciences. The huge chapel was dark and deserted, the gas mantles plopped, the stained-glass windows glittered, the headmaster droned the prayers from the altar. I too was praying. 'Please God may Wrangham not "want" me; please, please God may Wrangham not "want" me, or may he forget to-morrow, and I will clean my teeth. And make me see Wilfrid. Amen.'

The result of this, combined with chamber beatings and bullyings, was to ruin my nerve. My work went off, and I got tickets which I had to present to my tutor, in itself a torture. To this day I cannot bear to be sent for, or hear of anyone wanting to see me, without an acute nervous dread.

My own election were broken under the strain of beatings at night and bullying by day; all we could hope for was to achieve peace with seniority and then start beating in our turn. But there was one ray of hope. The election now in power was a reactionary one, which would be succeeded by a gentler lot; and our own senior election, the year above us, whom we as yet hardly knew, contained heroic fighters for liberty and justice. It bristled with Pyms and Hampdens, and the feudal system was powerless there.

I had another stroke of luck. After a Chamber Pop beating from Meynell and four other boys, he began a heart-to-heart: 'Ugly, why are you so filthy? What is the matter with you?' After the tears which followed I succeeded in making him laugh, and revealed my capacity as a wit. I was able to expand it, and soon I could make not only Meynell laugh, but Highworth. They began to leave me alone, bullying me when they could not find anyone else, but even then sparing me, if I seemed unsuspecting and confident, and did not smell of fear. At last I made them laugh at the expense of their victims, and my sarcasm became useful. One evening in my second term, after the Armistice had been signed, Meynell asked me to call him Godfrey. From then I was safe; my prayers were answered. I had become a bully too.

I was now fifteen — dirty, inky, miserable, untidy, a bad fag, a coward at games, lazy at work, unpopular with my masters and superiors, anxious to curry favor and yet bully whom I dared. The law of the election system was that we spoke only to the boys of our own year; we could be beaten for speaking first to a boy in an election above, and could enforce the same discipline on those below. All our election were formal with the year that had arrived beneath us.

I got a bad report and was described as 'cynical and irreverent.'

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III

The Christmas term of 1920 I was launched. Looking back at my school days, I am conscious of a rhythm about them. Every year culminated in the summer term; it was the term when things happened, the climax of emotions, successes, and failures. I never felt well in the summer term. The Thames Valley climate was lowering; I was enervated by the profusion of elms and buttercups and sheep turds, the heat and the leisure. The summers at Eton were too pagan; one collapsed halfway through. Those hot afternoons when the 'toc, toc' of bat hitting ball resounded, and I sat in the shade with a book or wandered through the deserted buildings, where the chalky sunbeam lay aslant the desk, were deleterious. Christmas terms meant consolidation, and new beginnings; Easter was a season of promise: the games that I was good at were fives and squash; I liked the Easter terms best. Christmas was a primitive, Easter the quattrocento, and summer the decadence.

To this day I can tell whether a person is school-minded: whether he is cowardly, gregarious, sensitive to pupil-teacher relationships, warm, competitive, and adolescent — or whether he is school-proof. The art of getting on at school depends on a mixture of enthusiasm with moral cowardice and social sense. The enthusiasm is for personalities, and gossip about them, for a schoolboy is a novelist too busy to write. I had the ape-like virtues without which no one can enjoy a public school, and from now on was happy and successful. I joined the College Literary Society, for which we wrote poems, and criticism.

Although I affected not to care, I dreaded leaving; one part of me was bored, and looked forward to moving on, the other clung to the past. Once more I had built up a private civilization of reason and love at a temperature warmer than the world outside; once again it had to be shattered. 'We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time are providentially taken off from such imaginations' — but I could not repress a dread of the future, of the uglification of life, of Oxford bedrooms and dour undergraduates.

Eton is one of the few schools where the standard of comfort is almost in advance of the universities, and, unlike most boys, we were not looking forward to more liberty than we enjoyed already, to more interesting friendships, or to a room of our own for the first time. Also we were attached to the past, and used to a world of boys — boys with a certain grace, who wore their eighteenth-century clothes with elegance. The world of matey young men, with their pipes and gray bags, the 'blokeries' to which we had been allotted, filled us with despair; we mourned with apprehension, 'Not the dead, but the flower of youth perishing.'

I was now entering the third hot room of English education; from St. Wulfric's I had got a scholarship to Eton, from Eton to Balliol, and from thence there would, I supposed, be other scholarships awaiting me. I could not imagine a moment when I should not be receiving marks for something, when 'poor' or 'very fair' or 'Beta plus' was not being scrawled across my conduct by the Great Examiner. And yet already I was a defeatist.

Were I to deduce anything from my feelings on leaving Eton, it might be called 'The Theory of Permanent Adolescence.' It is the theory that the experiences undergone by boys at the great public schools, their glories and disappointments, are so intense as to dominate their lives, and to arrest their development. From these it results that the greater part of the ruling class remains adolescent, school-minded, self-conscious, cowardly, sentimental, and, in the last analysis, homosexual. Early laurels weigh like lead, and of many of the boys whom I knew at Eton I can say that their lives are over. Those who knew

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them then knew them at their best and fullest; now, in their early thirties, they are haunted ruins. When we meet we look at each other; there is a pause of recognition, then a subsequent moment of guilt and fear. 'I won't tell on you,' our eyes say, 'if you won't tell on me,' and when we do speak it is to discover peculiar evidence of this obsession.

A nightmare I have often had has been that of finding myself back; I am still a boy at Eton, still in Pop, still in my old room in Sixth Form Passage, but nobody remembers me, nobody tells me where to go. I am worse than a new boy — I am a new old boy. I go into Hall and search for a place to eat; I wander in schoolrooms trying to find a class where I am expected. When I first used to have this dream I had only just left Eton; I knew most of the boys and the masters, and the nightmare then took the form of having everyone, after my place had been filled, my gap closed over, pretend he was glad I had returned. As time went on nobody remembered me, and the dream ended with my ejection. I have found other old Etonians who have had the same experience; some dream they are back in their old rooms, while their wives and children hang about outside to disgrace them.

Once again romanticism, with its death wish, is to blame, for it lays an emphasis on childhood, on a fall from grace which is not compensated for by any doctrine of future redemption: we enter the world, trailing clouds of glory; there follow childhood and boyhood, and we are damned. Certainly growing up seems a hurdle which most of us are unable to take, and the lot of the artist is unpleasant in England because he is one of the few who, bending but not breaking, is able to throw off these early experiences, for maturity is the quality that the English dislike most, and the fault of artists is that, like certain foreigners, they are mature. (Even the Jews in England are boyish, like Disraeli, and not the creators of adult philosophies, like Marx or Freud.)

For my own part I was long dominated by impressions of school. The plopping of gas mantles in the classrooms, the refrain of psalm tunes, the smell of plaster on the stairs, the walk through the fields to the bathing places or to chapel across the cobbles of School Yard, evoked a vanished Eden of grace and security; the intimate noises of College, the striking of the clock at night from Agar's plough, the showers running after games of football, the housemaster's squeak, the rattle of tea things, the poking of fires, as I sat talking with Denis or Charles or Freddie on some evening when everybody was away at a lecture, were recollected with anguish, and College, after I left, seemed to me like one of those humming fortified paradises in an Italian primitive, outside which the Master in College stood with his flaming sword.

Since I was unable to write in any living language when I left Eton, I was already on the way to becoming a critic. My ambition was to be a poet, but I could not succeed when poetry was immersed in the Georgian or Neo-Tennysonian tradition. I could only have imitated Housman, Flecker, Brooke, de la Mare, or Ralph Hodgson. By the time Eliot and Valéry came to save my generation from the romantic dragon, it had already devoured me. I was, however, well grounded enough to become a critic, and drifted into this through unemployability.

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POEMS BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

HYMN FOR THE MAN

Not all who die may touch again
Upon the crowded shores of being;
Once that they are launched unseeing
From this salt and bitter coast
They may love that current most
That bears the burden of their fleeing
From this torn and grim terrain.
But they were born with the race behind their eyes;
No man is dead until the last man dies.

Their hearts, once born to surge and lift,
Had fallen, bare of what had stayed them,
They had heard the hours upbraid them,
For their unintended birth.
They could recall no thing on earth
That could ever have delayed them
In their peaceful outward drift.
And they forgot the image in their eyes
And that no man is dead until the last man dies.

They had heard the creatures call
Through the colored wildernesses
Behind the mountain wall that presses
Down to meet the waiting sea.
They were willing to be free
Of jungle sounds and jungle dresses.
They made no sign of grief at all,
But the native color living in their eyes
Shines in all men till the last man dies.

Ready for the light that flows
Through the curving farther spaces
They spread a calm upon their faces
Deeper than a buried star.

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They were gazing for the far
Remote of heaven and the places
Open to the soul that goes —
Forgetting the many eyes behind their eyes
That never close until the last man dies.

How should they expect that flight
Should be any less than glory
Away from those malign and gory
Hands that gripped them while they slept?
Why should memory be kept?
Why the unspeakable untold story
Of men, of wildness, and of night?
They did not know their own eternal eyes
That die in no man till the last man dies.

Flee as they will we draw them back
Completer than a resurrection;
We can allow no insurrection
In the regiments of the dead.
Never is the last word said,
Never comes the last correction.
We will not allow the lack
Of those who bear our image in their eyes.
No man is dead until the last man dies.

Terrible the path we walk
Through the colored wildernesses;
Every vine and leaf expresses
The magic motion of a charm,
But for us there is no harm
In the caverns and recesses;
While the others lean to us and talk
They speak the lidded language of the eyes
And how none dies until the last man dies.

Some of us still feel the sun
And some are absent from all feeling
Together rising up or kneeling
In our temple without walls.
Each hears the other when he calls
And keeps the long sweet language pealing
Without beginning, never done.
We are all one for what is in our eyes.
We all are men until the last man dies.

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HYMN FOR THE WOMAN

The good, the liar, and the thief,
The idiot incompetent,
The nobly made and nobly meant,
The weak and childish past belief,
All cause of every prayer and curse —
Of all the sorrows I may nurse,
Of mortal sorrows this is chief:

To bear them dark, with pride astute,
Across the world until their day,
Then pausing for a time to lay
Upon the earth the living brute —
Some of them men and some like me
Formed for that innocent treachery
By which is living absolute.

Then taken by my own desire,
By some word deeper than my speech,
I strive across a gulf to reach
The good, the robber, and the liar,
And bring into the world again
From passion, ugliness, and pain,
The patterns that our hearts require.

There seems no pause to my embrace;
I clasp more fiercely than a tomb
The men or devils in my womb.
From looking later on their face
I turn to harbor on my breast
A devil or a man at best
And one the other may displace.

I support and bear so much
That when I walk in softest spring
And know each warmer hour will bring
Another birth, I envy such
A bland awaking of the ground
Where life is made without a sound
And love unfolds without a touch.

But I am most immaculate
Of any creature under sky
And they shall never ask me why,
Nor how I treasure and translate
The bewildered broken words of men
Who may through me speak out again
More passionate and compassionate.

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PRISONER OF WAR

BY JAMES HUFFMAN

[JAMES HUFFMAN of Naked Creek, Page County, Virginia, was just past his twenty-first birthday when, on June 17, 1861, he enlisted in Co. I, 10th Virginia Infantry, of Kirby Smith's brigade and Joe Johnston's division. He participated in the first and second battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania Court House, and many lesser engagements, escaping wounds but not sickness. Fever sent him home after the first battle of Bull Run, here described. This narrative is selected from a longer manuscript account of war and reconstruction, written late in life by Mr. Huffman for the information of his family and with no thought of publication. — THE EDITOR]

I

THERE were about eighteen of us went out together as recruits for Co. I, 10th Virginia Infantry. We joined our regiment below Winchester. About this time the ranks were very much reduced by sickness — mostly measles and mumps. Every vacant house in Winchester was filled with patients. While we were lying around, we lived on flapjacks, hard enough when cold to knock a Yank down at short range. Beauregard was being hard pressed by the noble army under McDowell at Centerville. About July 19, we started on the famous march to Manassas. After getting strung out along the pike we were halted, and the order was read to each regiment that we were on a forced march to reinforce Beauregard at Manassas Junction. We evaded the Shenandoah River and pressed onward until we came to Piedmont, where we were put on trains. When we arrived at Manassas, we were nearly famished for water. I took a half-dozen canteens and went to several springs so crowded I failed to get any. Hurried on back to find the brigade gone.

When we got off the train, we had lined up and stacked arms. I thought I could get a little water to quench our thirst, but alas! no water — and now a four or five mile race in dust, shoe deep, to save the day, for our men were being beaten back. The brigade gone, I had to run with the canteens jangling about me, and when I overtook them they were double-quicking as rapidly as the men could stand, with such a cloud of dust that one could hardly see them. Running with baggage and equipment, they were almost dying from thirst. The wounded were coming to the rear — some completely whipped, saying, 'You will all be killed.' Others looked as though they were just out of a butcher pen; they would cry, 'Hurrah, boys! Give it to them!'

We were on the left and they were forcing our men back in confusion. Five companies of our regiment were taken to support a battery which was badly cut to pieces. We marched on the extreme flank, our brigade battery playing on them beautifully. After firing a few rounds, we charged; their lines began to waver, then broke and ran. We pressed them across the Stone Bridge in a wild

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panic; they were falling over each other to get back to Washington. The victory was won; the Grand Army's cry of 'On to Richmond' had been changed to 'Off for Washington.' So certain were they of victory that Congressmen, fine ladies, and civilians had driven out to witness the defeat of the Rebels and had brought all kinds of eatables — baskets of champagne and other liquors, fireworks to celebrate the glories of the Union and the downfall of Treason.

President Davis, Johnston, and Beauregard passed us on the field. After following them some distance beyond the Stone Bridge (Bull Run and the Yanks, too), we returned to Manassas, where I dropped exhausted.

The boys got supper and called to me to get up and eat, but I could not. I lay on the ground all night in the rain, and next day marched in the pouring rain and camped in a wheat field. We got a shock of wheat for a mattress on the wet ground. Next day, the twenty-third, we marched to Fairfax Station. Here I suffered dreadful aches and pains.

My father came to see who was left after the slaughter. He knew that I had typhoid fever, but was powerless to do anything and returned home. A day or two after he left, orders were that all must go on drill. By this time I was very bad, so I hobbled to the doctor's tent near by and was sent at once to the railroad station, used as a hospital. Then I lost my reason, but have a slight recollection of being put in an ambulance and taken to a country log house, where I was as crazy as the bugs that had command of the house.

My father came again to get me. Well, Father hired a one-horse wagon to haul me to Gainesville and he furnished a big chaff tick. They laid me in this one-horse train and started. A bed could not be had that night for love or money, so I had to lie on the floor. He made a pallet for me in an old, dirty boxcar, on some boxes of soap. A beautiful young lady, seeing me prostrated, made a pretty bouquet of flowers and handed it to me, which was the best medicine I had taken and helped me wonderfully on my way home. I kept them until they dried up and fell to pieces and I often thought I would try to hunt up that lady.

Father had left the one-horse carriage. After moving boards from the back seat to the front and doubling a feather tick on the boards, we started out tolerably comfortable. But just think of it! A thirty-mile trip, and the greater part of the road hilly and rough. But Mother was at the other end of it and that stimulated me, for I had not seen her since I entered the army. I stayed at home until I was well and made good use of my time with the ladies. In October I rejoined my command again, in camp near Centerville.

II

Before we left winter quarters (1862–1863), I was sent home, against all the protests I could make, to gather up the absentees and all others subject to military duty. It was the most unpleasant duty of the war — taking men from their mothers, sisters, and wives, amid all kinds of abuse and cursings, resistance, bushwhacking, and everything to make the duty anything but pleasant. I would much rather have stayed in the ranks and taken my chances.

Our work extended from near Staunton to down below Strasburg and from the top of the Blue Ridge to the top of North Mountain. Much of it had to be done at night. It was hard service and we gained many personal enemies, some of whom later resorted to private injuries, I being a victim of a loss by fire to the amount of $4000. Some of the laggards were armed to the teeth. Many of our catch were not much good; some ran away again and hid in the mountains, others deserted through the lines and turned traitors, while some became good and true soldiers.

This incident occurred in May 1863, just above Strasburg on the river near

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Fisher's Hill. There was a very aristocratic family in a big fine brick house on the river bottom, the home of Major Stover, a prominent officer of our regiment (later killed). The man we sought had married Stover's sister, and they were still at the Stover home. Our sergeant did not like this man, Funk, for anything. We went there, arrested Funk, and took him to our temporary headquarters in a little church. It was warm, and we were very tired from loss of sleep. I was left on guard while the others were stretched out on the seats, sleeping sweetly. While sitting in one of the seats, I fell asleep, and the next thing I knew Funk had gone without saying good-bye to anybody.

A day or two later we went around in the hills, behind and below Strasburg, all night, getting back about eight o'clock in the morning (Sunday) with several fellows we had taken. Sergeant Spangler stopped at home as we came through town. I told the boys I would walk on and see if I could see anything of Funk. They laughed at me. I went slyly toward the house, which was in from the road, and came right up on Funk as he came out to the well to get water. He must have just come from hiding, thinking we were gone. He had on only pants and shirt, no hat or shoes.

I told him he was the man that ran off from me the other night. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I am not.' 'Yes, you are the man and it is no use to parley.' Then he begged me to let him dress.

Well, I hated to act mean among good people and I let him go in. His mother-in-law came out to entertain me, which put me on nettles. I began to think there was a plot. I left her and walked to the other side of the house, to find Funk loping down through the soft mellow cornfield. I told him to stop or I would kill him, but he had about a hundred yards start and kept on, dodging as he ran.

I raised my little carbine, took aim, and fired; it just blew the ball out and that was all. The gun was issued to me by the Provost Marshal and was probably loaded at the beginning of the war. Funk ran and I ran until my tongue began to lop out. I was obliged to walk, because of carrying all my equipment. Then I got into a ravine, six or seven feet deep, and was delayed by that.

After I scrambled out, Funk was nowhere to be seen. As I walked, chewing the thing over in my mind, I spied him along the river bank under the roots of a big, undermined tree. I told him I was going to kill him. He begged and crawled out up the bank, all muddy. I softened a little, but made him walk two steps ahead while I followed with gun cocked. He was a large, rawboned man and I could see him eyeing me for a chance to fall upon and overpower me. He had the strength, but not much nerve. I had enough nerve, but too much sympathy.

After jogging along awhile, Funk began to beg to go to the house and dress. I softened and consented, for he was in a deplorable condition. His wife and mother-in-law would not do anything for him now, but seemed as mad as hornets and not at all disposed to try to entertain me. We finally landed at the little church and were greeted with wild shouts of 'Hurrah' by the boys. My reputation was redeemed. We turned Funk over to the Provost and I heard later he got a government job where there were no bullets singing.

Some time after this, I was ordered to report to the army which had just returned from the Gettysburg campaign. I joined the company in the latter part of July somewhere near Warrenton. Early in the autumn we were camped about a week on the bank of the Rapidan, just above Orange Mill. The whole army had to be reorganized, as the hard campaign and hard fighting had reduced the ranks to half in some commands.

On or about the twenty-sixth of November, Meade crossed the Rapidan with his whole force, thinking of surprising Lee, who had his army scattered up and down the river. While our little

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division of three or four brigades under Edward Johnston was marching along the road, not knowing the Yanks were near, we were attacked by French's corps and had to front load and go right into it, hot. We buckled up against the whole push. As we were about to be beaten back, Johnston ordered a charge. We pressed them back, probably a half mile or so, and held them until night while Lee was bringing up his men and forming a line along Mine Run. Our little company lost one or two killed and several wounded. Fighting against overwhelming numbers, we gave them all the lead we had and the bayonet.

Here is where I had twenty-five holes shot in my shirt. (Now don't say I am lying until I explain.) It was nearly dark and we had about exhausted our ammunition. Firing had slackened, and as I turned half around, probably to ask someone for a cartridge or two, a ball struck my knapsack, going through my folded shirt and, turned away from my body, passing through again. The holes were all the damage it did.

After dark, Johnston acted a little deception by taking the brigade on the extreme right and marching along the entire line, as if new forces were being brought in to relieve us. The whole division marched away and we took our position in the main line.

III

In May our brigade packed and left winter quarters for the last time. We were now facing one of the hardest struggles of the war, with almost daily fighting. Who of the stalwart and robust would be sent to their long homes and who would escape the deadly missiles? No one could tell.

Had about twenty or twenty-five miles to march. The first view was of our Colonel Warren, Captain Sellers, and several other officers and men of our company and regiment, all lying in a row in silent death. These men had stood together with us in many hard-contested battles. Such scenes are horrible to look upon, yet after the hardening processes of soldier life one can sit down alongside them, eat, and relish his meal, as we did that evening.

After relieving our hunger, we took our places in the broken ranks and were constantly in line. Charge after charge was made here. They were determined to force our lines. The ground was strewn thick with bluecoats.

Our men lay still here until the Yanks got close. Then the whole division fired and charged. The Federal lines were broken and retreated in disorder. But they had so many troops that another fresh line was pushed forward and so kept the fighting up continually until they had been repulsed six or seven times. The roar of musketry was beyond comprehension or description. Cannon could not be used much in these thickets and jungles. After great slaughter, they moved very quietly to our right, aiming to get near Spottsylvania Court House. But we moved as they moved, and again blocked the way, taking our position in their front and quickly entrenching. Here the country was more open and artillery could be used to a better advantage.

We had been in the line five days with almost continual fighting. The line here included 'the bloody angle.' Late on the evening of the tenth, a desperate charge on the centre broke our lines and arrived in Johnston's rear, when we about-faced and drove them back to the angle as far as our lines reached.

Above the angle we could not drive them. They were pouring mortal volleys into us. Several new lines charged up in our front, which caused a triple fire on our division. Our men gave back without my knowledge, as I was busy loading and firing, near the angle by the side of our flag. After these new lines of Yanks had charged, I looked around to see what our men were going to do, to find myself and four or five others perfectly sur-

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rounded. The Yanks above the angle had crossed and were thick as bees in the woods behind me.

When the cloud of Yanks crossed our works, demanding surrender, there was one of two things to do instantly: surrender or be riddled with bullets. Well, I dropped my musket and left there in extra-triple-quick time, with holes in my clothes and a bruise on my shoulder that turned black and was as large as the palm of my hand. When our men rallied and poured forth volleys, I received a ball or piece of shell across my thigh about six inches above my left knee, on the outside. This wound disabled me.

Thus on the evening of the tenth of May, 1864, I ended my days of soldiering in the army and became a prisoner of war, lying on the wet ground with a very sore wounded leg.

IV

When we got to the rear, the whole earth seemed to be alive with Yankees. The roads, creeks, and branches were a thin loblolly of mud and slush through which we were forced, sometimes up to our knees. This so angered me that if I had been back in ranks again I would have fought to death rather than be under control of heartless brutes. After several days of this, we were taken on a boat over to Point Lookout.

Grub was short, and treatment rough. Some of the Rebs took in the situation and labored hard for the elevation of the men, physically, mentally, and spiritually. We were organized into companies and divisions; each company had a religious man appointed to look after the welfare and health of the men and report any sickness or suffering from want; each division had a preacher to preach to them and comfort any that might be sick. On Sunday afternoon at public service, each minister made a report of his division, of their welfare, health, morals, and prospect of spiritual advancement. Each company would have morning prayers and song service before roll call. These services were very refreshing and well attended.

Point Lookout was dreadfully hot in summer and cold in winter. The water had copperas in it to the amount of a wheat grain to the pint in some of the wells, so it was not a very healthy place. One thing we did highly appreciate. They opened the gate on Chesapeake side on pretty days so we could go in the bay swimming from nine till three.

A bitter pill was the Negro guards. They became so mean that we stoned them of nights until they had to take them away, after a time, and put white guards over us. Corporal Dick got killed there, and others of his race ought to have met the same fate. There was a graded road or street in front of the cookhouses. A Negro guard was placed there to keep the men from going to the cookhouses between meals. As there were about 8000 men here, when they were going and coming, this road was crowded to its utmost. One day when a man got to the edge of this Negro's beat, the latter fired into the crowd, killing one man and wounding four or five others. This happened right by my side.

Many times Negro guards around on top of the wall would recognize their masters, saying, 'Bottom rail on top now.' Some very impudent, others rather sympathetic.

We had a thoroughly disciplined day school and a competent teacher for any branch of study. This organization was so complete that triflers could not get in. I built my future hope on it. Mr. Morgan, a little man from South Carolina, was a Christian and patriotic soldier at the head of all that was good and noble in the organization of this camp. He had great difficulties to overcome with the Federals, but his energy overcame them all. He obtained a large building for a day school and preaching, and also textbooks. These were obtained mostly from our warm friends in Baltimore.

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I hated to leave that school, but on the third of August I was driven on a big vessel, like any other livestock, not having room to lie down full length to sleep, and sailed for New York, landing at Jersey City. There I was put aboard a train for Elmira, New York. We were two days and a night going. The men were almost starved when we arrived at Elmira.

This camp, to look at, would seem a very healthy place, but it was just the reverse. The death rate was much higher than in the army during active hostilities. About half of us Virginians died here in eight to ten months, and I think three quarters of all Southerners in the same length of time. Of our company, half died. In the winter, a large number of North and South Carolinians were captured at a fort on the North Carolina coast, hale, hearty-looking fellows as ever were, but yellow from lying in the trenches. These men crowded us very much at first, but in two to three weeks most of them died. The well water looked pure and good, but was deadly poison to our men — thousands taking chronic diarrhea and all kinds of bowel and kidney trouble. We had smallpox present almost all the time. One doctor there said he killed more Rebs than any soldier at the front.

Half or more of the well men were earning money one way or another. When first put in prison, we stood around and looked at each other, not knowing what to do except to await the call to the mess house to get the little mite allowed each man. Fortunately there were some mechanics, jewelers, who procured some tools — I don't know how — and went to work making pretty things and selling them. We looked on with stomachs pinching until the thought came, 'I wonder if I could make anything. I will try.' I had never done anything but run sawmills, haul logs, and farm. I had no tools, no material, and was shut up in prison. How could I do anything? Hunger puts the mind to action. Mind says to nerves and muscles, 'Get a move on and try.'

I got a big six-inch spike nail and drove it through a neat stick. This was my hammer. I got a file at the store. Out of two spike nails I made a neat pair of pincers, broke the point off of needles, and fastened them in a rod. Bow and sweep completed a drill, and a pocket knife made up the outfit, with which I made nice rings that sold at good prices. I mention this to illustrate the energy of thousands who worked up beef bones, horsehair, little scraps of lumber, pearl, silver, gold, gutta-percha, and other waste, into fancy articles the fastidious appreciated. Some of us were manufacturing, some selling at wholesale, some retailing, and altogether making a perfect network of business.

Yet there were a lot of drones or lifeless, do-less persons who moped about, pining away for want of food, losing their humanity, eating almost anything a brute would eat. These were known by their pallid color and lifeless movements. Most of them died there, not from disease, but pining away for lack of food, sending word to their friends at home that they were being starved to death.

Our manufactured articles were purchased mostly by outsiders. The guards bought largely and sold again to others outside. At first it was hard for visitors to get in. High observatories were built on the outside and the owners charged admission fees for people to go up and look at the Rebs. No doubt the reader thinks my anxiety for school soon waned away. The authorities here would not let us organize anything. I got a slate and an arithmetic and studied with the assistance of friends.

Another fellow and I read the Bible, sang a hymn, and had prayers at night. There was not the religious feeling that had existed at Point Lookout. We kept this up until I was assigned to attend the hospital wards, where we read and had prayers and song service for the patients — sick and dying men whose friends

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were a thousand miles away. Four of us would go together and attend three and four wards each night. Other groups would attend the other wards, so all hospital wards had services each night, twelve or fourteen in all. Few of these sick ever went away.

V

From the first of December, 1864, to the last of February, all the snow that fell lay on the ground packed down, three or four feet deep. The weather was so extremely cold that some of the men froze their feet while standing on the snow and ice at roll call of mornings. The last of February, I was elated over being on the list to be exchanged. Everything was all ready and waiting for the government train, when a warm rain set in and melted the snow in the Pennsylvania and New York mountains.

The river banks began to overflow. Water spread over the wide bottom, sweeping away our pest hospitals, and over the prison walls to the foot of our hill. It rose until our entire camp was under water. The sick were taken out in boats and a great many died. Our number had been greatly reduced by sickness and death, so that we could all get in the second and third tiers of bunks. In this position we had to remain until the water receded, and food was brought in on boats. The railroad down this river to Harrisburg was torn to pieces, much of it carried away. This foiled my hopes, and my exchange never came.

As soon as the water began to fall, some of the boys waded in and got some choice hams intended for Yankee officers. Perhaps you can form some idea of the mud left all over the camp, in the buildings, everywhere you would turn your eyes. Still we had to live or die in it. Some of us lived, but we had lost much of our humanity. The death rate was about thirty-two a day for a while.

After the big flood we were forbidden to organize in any way by which we could have made better use of our time. We dragged along through March into April, when Lincoln was assassinated — on the night of April 14, 1865. All Southerners, prisoners and all, were accused of the crime and made to suffer for it.

On June 23, 1865, I took leave of Elmira Prison. I got home on the thirtieth, being seven days on the road, to find destruction, waste, and poverty. Nothing to do with. The whole estate practically lost. There was no time to waste, for the country was stripped, and bread must be dug from the soil. Everybody was living short. There was no money; the start must be made from the bottom. I went to work with a will.

Even preaching and Sunday school had gone down at our church. Almost all the families on the creek had lost some of their members during the war, either being killed or dying of disease, and they had lost interest in everything except the necessaries of life. Many of the church members had become cold and careless and do-less, with shadows of gloom resting upon them. There was one preacher who preached once a month. I determined to revive a deeper interest, spiritually; one preaching day before the benediction, I organized a Sunday school.

While I did not feel worthy, I resolved to do all I could, and went to work in earnest. After we selected a full choir of workers, we met each Sunday morning. It was a hard tug to start. However, our labors were most abundantly blest with a great revival, in which nearly all of our Sunday school were converted and brought into the church. All the old, cold, lukewarm, and backsliding members were happily reinstated and former happiness restored. This was part of the reward for the trials, temptations, sore afflictions, and bereavements suffered in the ups and downs of my long life.

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UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC *intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved.* — THE EDITOR]

WOMAN ALONE

Sagamore, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

Most of the people who get letters printed in your magazine are not like me, for I have never been to college, and at present I work in a Greek restaurant as a waitress. Besides this I have three children to look out for. Just the same I have feelings. I don't need anyone to tell me the world could be a whole lot better. For instance, I would like to be free once in a while, for I am only twenty-five years old after all, but no matter how I break my neck working this never happens. It is wrong, it is not fair. But I will tell you something. Please don't depend on me for a way out. I can only put down what I feel.

I am a Russian. My father and mother used to work in a Finishing Company in Norwich, Connecticut. My father worked in the dyehouse. All day long he stood in the wet with rubber boots on. In time he bought a farm so he could live the way he used to in the old country. I was born on this farm. As soon as I was old enough I took turns milking before going to school. How romantic I was, like the girl in the movies. In the summer when I had to pick millions of those striped bugs off our potato plants I used to watch the airplanes and wish one would land and carry me away with it. I was tall and very strong for my age, with light hair. I wore dungarees like a boy. My mother called me *jivaya.* You can picture it. The soil was cool and damp under my bare feet on summer mornings. I will never forget it.

When my father died my mother married again. My brothers left home, for my stepfather, who was a Russian too, was hungry for money and had a bad temper. The first summer after leaving high school, when I was eighteen, I married an Italian boy. I left Norwich and came to Massachusetts. For a while I lived with my husband's people. In this house I found out how hard others can be simply because they are too lazy or too busy to understand.

While living with my husband I had three children, two sons and later a daughter. That is all I have ever accomplished, and that just happened. But what is the difference, really? It would be so nice if I could be a doctor, a lawyer, or a private secretary in a nice office. And yet I notice that educated women pay no attention to me at work or anywhere else. Not one has stopped me on the street and asked how things are going. Educated women are not so wonderful. I saw them all the time when I worked in a Johnson stand. It is foolishness to be so afraid, for that is what is wrong with them. It would do us both good to talk to each other.

But I have my three children anyway. They are healthy like me and maybe some good will come out of them. It is worth the risk. Like the other women

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who write letters, I am afraid my sons may die in a war. But, looking at it from the other side, perhaps they can stop war. Why not? Besides, I would be ashamed to have no children. That is the way Russians are.

All the important people here are Yankees. They are Republicans, and they want to hold down those who came last and make them scratch like starved chickens for what is left. They never try to even things up. That is why I never vote Republican. I don't believe much in politicians anyway. Men who earn their living by talking give me a headache and make me afraid. If they had to work one month every year in the dyehouse it would sober them up.

The Yankees don't bother me, though. I have a job. I earn eight dollars a week and my meals. I have two rooms — my dungeon, as I say — and someone takes care of the kids when I'm away. Once in a while when I think of them I almost faint, but that goes away. My back gets tired, and when I get home I could sleep on the floor. Sometimes the oil burner runs out, and I can't get to bed until it is going again. But here I am.

You will think, 'What a queer life she has!' Just the same, I can be happy. I like to sing songs in the house and to be near my children. I even like to wash the floor. Then it is nice to walk in the woods, especially in the rain when it is mizzling. I like to go swimming and get tanned and see the people in bright colors on the beach. But to tell the truth it is the spring of the year I like best. Then I am a new person, as if I had taken a bath. Russian children walk round the church three times on Easter morning and afterwards sing together — Christ has risen. I feel like that in the spring, like laughing to myself and smiling over nothing at all.

But I will tell you something. What a woman like me needs most of all is a man to stand by her. A Russian woman without a man might as well be half crippled. I can't be looking up into the sky all the time, and I can't talk to the clouds. We say in Russian that love holds the world on its back. This is true. If a woman has someone to think of her first she feels safe even if she isn't. Then she can take care of her family, and a small part of the world can be good. Then she can have time to think in the evening.

Perhaps for some women my way is no good. But you would be surprised to know how proud I am inside. Nobody orders me around too much. It works for me. We all change with time, but this is what I think at present when I am twenty-five.

KATYA SEMENOV

NIGHT SHIFT

Hammond, Indiana

To the Editor of the *Atlantic:* —

I graduated from one of our large Midwestern state universities in 1934, with a Master of Science degree in physics, at the age of twenty-two. I am now employed in the development department of one of the large oil refineries here in northern Indiana.

I should like to tell a few unemployed people how I got that job. I simply wrote a letter and asked for it. I had seen some of the boys in my class lamenting the fact that they had no jobs waiting for them when they graduated. I had seen something else too — they did not seem to be hunting a job very diligently. I found a magazine on the shelf of our library listing over 1500 industrial laboratories in the United States. I chose the addresses of five of them and wrote them each a letter simply stating I wanted employment, and asked them for application blanks. Out of those five I was successful in getting a position and was on the job within two weeks.

I am now one of the thousands of shift workers in the industrial system of the United States. We are the men who must work at night — not just until late at night, but all night. We are the individuals who keep the necessary processes

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going in factories that cannot be shut down. Our oil refineries have stills that must be kept in operation twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a common year, and 366 days on leap year. Our steel mills have furnaces that must be tended continuously.

In the plant where I work, we work five days a week, in cycles of three shifts, shifting once a week. The first week we call the day turn, 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. The next week we work from 4 P.M. to midnight, and the next week from midnight to 8 A.M. in the morning. This last is the shift I was referring to when I said we work all night.

The first time I ever worked this midnight shift, as it is called, I nodded and blinked until it was unbearable. I was appointed to take readings every hour on the 'gravity' of the fractions of oil coming from the experimental still. The operator of the still has little more to do than watch certain gauges and instrument dials, so we tell stories, read magazines smuggled in, or play battleships. We are subject to immediate discharge if found asleep by the night watchman. I often wonder who keeps him awake.

First I tried eating lunch at two o'clock in the morning, but that seemed too early. Then I reasoned I should eat it at four in the morning because that would correspond to noon on the day turn. But that was too late — I hated to wait that long. No matter what we try, it is still sleep that every fibre in a person's anatomy cries for. I finally compromised by eating at three o'clock.

The first night on each series of midnight shifts is the worst one. There is a sort of friendly feeling among men out for this shift. One of the main questions on it is 'How many more midnights have you?'

About six in the morning there is definitely a lull in the progress of the whole world. It is similar to that I have read of in articles about soldiers on the firing line. They claim that just before the sun rays start to brighten the eastern sky there is a lull — a certain hesitancy in the atmosphere — time seems to stand still. It seems as if something were going to burst all of a sudden, but it never does.

But soon after the lull the world begins to awaken as the sun rises. Then by eight o'clock we have washed and are wide-awake and anxious to get home.

That is the trouble — we are too wide-awake. At first I tried going to bed without breakfast, but I felt so miserable that I ate a bite just to try something different. But, breakfast or no breakfast, I could not sleep through the day a decent eight hours. I would wake up about one o'clock with a dull tired feeling across my forehead. My tongue seemed too large for my mouth. My muscles ached, and I would try to recall how sleepy I was just before the sun rose, but it did not do any good.

Since I got no sleep during the day, I tried waiting until the afternoon to sleep from one until nine that evening. But I was so tired and irritable waiting for the afternoon to come that I thought I might as well be lying down.

It is surprising to me that so many men work this kind of schedule without being given any advice, scientific or otherwise, on how to adjust themselves to it. You feel as though you were battling all the instincts a million years in the making when you try to stay up nights and sleep days. The system rebels, your heart flutters, your ears ring as they have never rung before, you dream wild dreams; and when the time comes for you to go to work that night you would take a dime for your job and give a nickel back for change. But on the results of the labors of us shift workers lie the products of industry on which our modern civilization is based. We make it possible for civilization to have cars and gasoline to burn in them. We make electricity available, steel trains and rails, and many other articles of heavy industry. We hope the world appreciates it.

CARL A. BENZ

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Kites and the Age of Wonder

It is the afternoon of my birthday, which coincides with the vernal equinox. The line storm spent the forenoon petering out into a succession of rainless black squalls from the north-northwest — the clearest, most cogent invitation for me to spend it flying a kite.

It is not without a pretext that I indulge myself in this archaic springtime diversion. The pretext has blue eyes, and her name is Jane. She is exactly half as old in months as I am in years. Companioned by this mite, I, at a time of life between the gray and the bald, can traipse the stubble fields at the end of half a mile of kite line and yet be thought no worse than an amiable eccentric by my excellent adult neighbors. Thus, Jane is a social asset — a savior of self-consciousness and a sort of chaperon.

Nevertheless I cheerfully grant that I should have made and flown the kite whether or no. From an age that I scarcely remember I have counted that March lost, or at any rate misspent and marred, that did not find me whittling out a kite frame, setting the gluepot on the stove, posting to the store for the five-hundred-foot balls of manila line, tearing old sheets or shirts into lengths for tail, and presently feeling the tug and strain of my kite three thousand feet away.

Why has kite-flying so fallen into decadence among the American young of this clime, the forties north? Every March I fall to wondering, and every March I decide anew that something must have gone wrong with the grandfathers. Maybe American life no longer has the continuity, moral or physical, to provide the average boy with a steadily available grandfather or two. Forty years ago in such a neighborhood as ours — the outskirts of a New England manufacturing town, where the houses scatter and give way to broad fields with woods beyond — the boy who did not have a companionable grandfather seemed more destitute than an orphan. And your grandfather was, by definition, he who every spring showed you how to make willow whistles various in timbre and pitch; who revealed the possibilities of toy boats with stern-wheel propellers operated by rubber bands; who, above all, initiated you into the science-*cum*-art-*cum*-strategy of the kite. And he did not forget, either, to see that you were kept supplied with all the line your young hands would care to wind in, or neglect to teach you the proper trick of winding it, together with a sound working assortment of knots, hitches, and bends.

To-day, when I see a kite hereabout, I see a ready-made one — a diamond-shaped kite from the ten-cent store, with a flimsy and brittle softwood frame under crackling glazed paper. Mostly I see it in the past tense, as tatters festooned over a telegraph wire or skewered in the branches of an elm. If I catch it in action, it is plunging and waggling crazily at the end of a few pitiful yards of white twine, with not a fifth of the tail needed to steady it. At the other end of the outfit is a boy running, desperately running. While he runs it flies — until there is a gust, and then it veers and dives, and that is the end.

Now, our kites — I mean our grandfathers' kites — were not like that at all. Our perennial stand-by was the kite made in the image of a fully drawn bow with a bowstring of exaggerated length. Its upright, corresponding to the arrow, was of seasoned, springy hardwood, every dispensable ounce shaved out of it. The half-round bow was of hickory, likewise worked down fine.

You do not insult such a kite by *running* it up, not even if you are spoiling for exercise. You do not even boost it. You offer it calmly from your hand to any puff that is half a kite breeze. The puff accepts it, and — glorious moment! — it mounts steadily like a rocket getting under way, picking its tail off the ground yard by yard, rod after snaky rod; eighty feet of tail for a smart breeze, maybe a hundred and twenty for a strong one. By the time it has topped the highest elms it will take out your line fast enough to make it smoke if you have not wound it just so on the stick, fast enough to burn your leather glove as a hot wire would; and still the fast-receding kite hardly loses altitude. When it has taken

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up all of your two or three thousand feet, it climbs with startling acceleration. There is a breathless moment when you are sure that it means to rocket straight on across your zenith and come down meteor-like behind you, a victim of that vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls on the other. You then hitch it to some springy branch and, sitting or strolling, take your ease. Often enough we left a kite so flying itself for a whole March Saturday while we played other games or foraged afar in the woods, now and then climbing some lookout hill to make sure that the almost invisible speck was still there against the blue.

But if we did not run our kites, we did sometimes take them for long cross-country walks, gathering in slack to heave the stick over telegraph lines, covering prodigious detours to circumvent some tall tree or big barn with cupola and weather vane. On lower Penobscot Bay there will be, on certain blue-and-white-and-gold days, a northwest snorter blowing aloft while there is comparative calm down at water level. On those days you have to put up your kite from high ground. Let it be an eight-foot kite, covered with racing duck and flown on the toughest mackerel line, and you can walk it down to the shore, harness it to the bow of a dory, and be sailed gloriously from The Brothers clean to Roaring Bull — or Nova Scotia, if the wind were to hold and you had the triple-armored spirit for it.

My kite-flying grandfather — who had his notion of the art from *his* grandfather — saw me through a sequence of unforgotten springs. He did not grant his fatigue the final indulgence of withdrawal until I, his only living grandchild, was able to make some sort of shift for myself. That spring I made my very first independent kite, putting all manner of pains on shaft and bow and rigging. I could hardly have told the finished product from one of his, though of course he would have spotted the difference from as far as he could see.

There was only one thing amiss with this masterly Opus 1: it would not fly. It was light, it was strong, it was well shaped, perfectly balanced; an ideal kite breeze was bending the birches; but there seemed to be no spark of the soul of levitation in the wretched thing. Incredulous, sorely hurt, I tried every device, even running. My kite might as well have been of sheet lead.

While I was getting my breath back, a sudden picture took shape before my childish mind's eye. It was of my grandfather carrying a new-made kite out to the back stoop, holding it up by its lengthwise stay to face a mild southwest breeze, and at last, incomprehensibly, making a faint pencil mark on its face. At the precise level of this mark, it now struck me in a burst of illumination, he had placed the tiny brass ring for the kite line. I held *my* kite up, trying various points of support. Presently I knelt down and shifted the ring perhaps an inch and a half toward the top of the kite. With more faith than hope I held my handiwork up again. That kite left its young maker for the sky with a homing ardor that burned a forefinger nearly to the bone where the line smoked across it. I now understood for the first time that a kite is a tilted plane, and I saw how its tail acts as a self-adjusting governor of infinite, of perfect, flexibility. The secret, simple as all the great secrets, is just to attach the line high enough to provide a fulcrum for the correct tilt. I could make some applications of this discovery to the moral universe; but let it pass.

To our twenty-five-months-old Jane, this morning, there was not a scintilla of miracle in seeing the kite go up. Had she not been told that it would do just that? Was not that what it had been made for? A triumph over the natural law of gravity is nothing in her life. She has not the slightest belief that gravity is natural, or a law. But when the kite fell into a windless trance between squalls and I had to haul in several hundred yards of line hand over hand as smartly as I could manage it, then indeed the wonderment took possession of her wide blue eyes. She stared in utter unbelief at the miracle of the kite lifeless on the sere grass, at the rods of tail incredibly just threatened with fatal entanglement on telephone cables, at the hanks and loops of manila wondrously sprawled at our feet. But as soon as the wind resumed doing business, as soon as the kite soared back to its normal heaven, straightening out the extravagant snarl without anybody's finger lifted, the child was back in her commonplace, everyday, safe world where things perform as advertised and promises are, as a matter of course, kept.

It occurs to me that a brief course in kite-flying, in the company of the very young and ostensibly for their benefit, might be one

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pretty good annual requirement for the child psychologists, pedagogical theorists, progressive kindergartners, ethical culturists, and other official shepherds who now expend four fifths of their tissue in ingeniously underestimating the resources of children and the other fifth in sentimentalizing about 'the age of wonder.'

As for twenty-five-months-old Jane, she has been expending *her* tissue this afternoon in clamor for a repetition of the morning. But no, my little: poor Dhassa has to work this afternoon. Flying a kite is so patently not work, even by her mysterious canons, that in the end she says to her mother very confidentially, at once wistful and sly: 'I think Dhassa *wants* to come out and blow up the kite.' Out of the mouths of babes — !

It suddenly occurs to me that the greatest of famous Americans did a little adult kite-flying in his day, and in wild unstandard weather, too. Franklin himself had a pretext; not my strictly conventional one, but a scientific subterfuge as wildly original as his choice of weather. For of course the grownup boy that Franklin was flew kites because he wanted to fly kites. He did it, as Dean Fenn used to say, just for joy.

All right, my little, hustle on your warmest things. It is an hour to your suppertime. The northwest wind is still herding his wild elephants across the sky, and — here we go!

WILSON FOLLETT

UNCLE EZRA SUPPLIES A NEED

UNCLE EZRA is old and a cripple. He makes his living by buying things at sales that nobody else wants and, after mending, painting, and polishing them, selling them to someone who does want them. I always stop by at Uncle Ezra's, for I like the twinkle in his keen gray eyes and his terse philosophy on high-pressure salesmanship.

I stopped the Ford before his decrepit truck, where he stood dusting a large gilt frame around the portrait of a most unprepossessing gentleman with a beard and crossed eyes.

'Hello, Uncle Ezra. A relative of yours?'

'I low I hain't got no kin that looks lak that. I'm goin' to sell hit.'

'Well, that's beyond belief. But what is that white box in the truck?'

'That? That's a pallpitt.'

'Now don't tell me you expect anyone to buy a pulpit! That's really too much.'

'Yeah, I low I'll sell 'em. I'm goin' over beyant Whiskey Peak with 'em. Stop by termorra an I'll hev ye some huckleberries. Yeah, I count on sellin' to-day. Course I did n't git the pallpitt very cheap 'cause hit's outen a church thet burned down at Posey Holler, but I low to make a leetle on hit.'

The next afternoon as I drove past he limped out with a bucket of huckleberries. I reached for my pocketbook.

'No. Them's a present. I tuck 'em on a debt a man owed me on a stand table.'

'Thank you. Now I suppose you'll tell me you sold the pulpit and the picture?'

'Yas'm. I got a purty good deal out of 'em. The Holiness folks is fixing up a house fer a church, and the pallpitt fitted right in.'

'And the picture?'

'Well,' said Uncle Ezra, 'I sold hit too. Done purty well. Thar's a ol' maid, not to say purty, that lives over beyant Whiskey Peak. Leastwise she *was* a ol' maid. But a while back she went a-visitin' over in Oklahomy and claims she married there and her man died on her to oncet. Folk don't believe she iver married — you know how women is — and jist claimed she did, not wishin' to be talked of as a ol' maid all her life. Well, I stopped by, an' while Loreny set me down to a piece of huckleberry pie and some sweet milk she wint out to look over the truck. You know how cur'ous ol' maids is. She kim back and said: "Mr. Wheeler, effen ye kin sell me thet picter in the gold frame cheap enough I'll buy it. It's the spit an' image o' my man that died on me in Oklahomy."

'We made a bargain right then. Hit was a purty good sell, so I said, "Loreny, git a nail. I got some wire in the truck, and I'll hang him fer ye over the fireplace."

'I was on a cheer hangin' him when two neighbors rid by on a mule. They lit and hitched. Loreny she said, "That's the picter o' my man that died in Oklahomy."

'I says, kinder helpin' Loreny out, "Hit was mighty good of his Pappy ter send Loreny the picter for me to frame."

'I see 'em lookin' mighty respectful at the picter an' at Loreny. There won't be no more talk 'bout Loreny.

'Ye see, I don't sell jist to make a leetle money. I aim to supply a need. All of which I done so yisterday.'

ELEANOR RISLEY

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THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

Shall We Scrap 'Shall'?

It is my observation that the standard basic distinction between *shall* and *will* continues to be a good deal more generally alive in American popular speech than some learned commentators would have us believe. I testify that from Frenchman's Bay to Gray's Harbor I have heard *shall* and *will* colloquially used in ways that have the benediction of the formal grammarian. I hear the orthodox distinction made every day in Vermont rural speech, and made with the same unconsciousness by people of considerable schooling and people of next to none. Thus, I am disconcerted when in the fourth edition of *The American Language* I read: 'To-day the distinction between *shall* and *will* has become so muddled in all save the most painstaking and artificial varieties of American that it may almost be said to have ceased to exist,' and I search the context to find out precisely what Mr. Mencken means. He means, it transpires, simply that violations of the standard practice are so extremely common as to be 'encountered in the United States every day' — an unquestionable fact. But observance of the standard practice can be encountered every day, too. Mr. Mencken may be using a painstaking and artificial diction when he ends his preface: 'I *shall* be grateful, as in the past, for corrections and additions sent to me.' Not so my neighbor who says: 'Next year I *shall* grow my corn in ground that ain't been used for three-four year,' or my other neighbor who says: 'We wasn't neither of us give no schooling by my folks; I *shall* be good and sore about it to the day of my death, and so *will* my brother,' or the odd-job man who sends this note: —

> Freind Mr. ——
> I am sorrie I *shall* not be able to be comeing today, we have Company comeing.

Obviously a comprehensive treatment of *shall–should, will–would* is out of the question here. The idiomatic use of these auxiliaries is prohibitively involved in niceties, options, quarrels between principles equally valid, considerations of courtesy and modesty, and arbitrary conventions, and our space would not house even the skeleton of a bibliography. For a canonical and reasonably full statement, see *The King's English*, by the brothers Fowler, or the relevant entries in the vocabulary of the New International Dictionary. The most that these paragraphs can do is to state one central and guiding principle and one cautionary footnote, which, between them, are capable of heading off a good half of the more common vagaries.

The principle I give in the helpfully terse form it takes in one of the several unpublished examinations of *shall* and *will* kindly put at my disposal by their authors. Mr. J. R. Van Pelt of Hartford, Connecticut, says in substance: Determination from within the subject requires *will–would;* determination from outside the subject requires *shall–should*. Examples: *Will* you not do what I ask? (Your determination, from within.) What *shall* I do with the duplicate copy? (Determination to be supplied by another, from without.) How *shall* he cut it, without e'er a knife? (Determination by circumstance, from without.) Whosoever *will* may come. (Determination from within.) What *shall* it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Determination by moral law, from without.) Boys *will* be boys. (From within.) *Shall* we scrap 'shall'? (Decision imposed by exterior facts.) You *shall* not be the loser. (Another's promise to you: determination from without.)

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How *should* I know? (Not my determination.) What *would* he do in my place? (His determination.) The chief exception is the courtesy form generally observed in commands, as 'You will report at the office immediately,' where the determination really comes from without but by a polite fiction is taken as coming from within. Otherwise our law truly covers the generality of cases of the so-called volitional forms, which are a good deal more intricate and difficult than the forms classified as expressing simple futurity. To have assimilated this law is to have the battle of the auxiliaries more than half won.

And the supplementary warning, too often omitted from official discussions, is merely this: Do not express volition by the choice of auxiliary when volition is implicit in the main verb or in the locution as a whole. We say, 'I *would* not live alway,' but 'I *should* not wish to live alway'; 'I *will* see you at any time,' but 'I *shall* be glad to see you at any time.' Here, as in many another province of language, common sense and usage combine to recommend that the thing once adequately said *shall* (determination from without) not be said twice.

The Dragnet

Cannot but. A member of the Department of Economics at the University of California says: 'We live out here, marooned on the far fringes of civilization, and we crave the enlightenment that comes from the East (*ex oriente lux*).' Alas, this is 'meant sarcastic,' as the burden of his inquiry shows: —

> Can you do anything to decide whether *can* and *cannot* mean the same thing? In the December *Atlantic* one writer says *cannot but* and another *can but* — with exactly the same connotation, that there is only one possible line of conduct.
>
> — P. I. Mahaffy

I defend the *Atlantic* and doubt the discrepancy. To the best of my knowledge *can but* and *cannot but* are legitimately different ways of saying slightly different things, or the same thing with different emphases. 'I *can but* submit' says that I have to submit in spite of myself; that is, there is nothing else for me to do. 'I *cannot but* submit' says that I have to renounce every other possibility than submission. One form indicates the lack, the other the choice, of an alternative. The pity is that with three eligible locutions at our service — *can but submit, cannot but submit,* and *cannot help submitting* — half of us persistently resort to the mongrel mixture, *cannot help but submit.*

Marooned. Mr. J. F. Sabine Meachem of the New York State Board of Social Welfare would challenge Mr. Mahaffy's use of *marooned* above; for he has written from Syracuse to question my precisely similar use of it in the December *Atlantic:*

> I had always associated the word *marooned* with being set adrift in an open boat and landing on a desert island. It would appear that this is approximately correct, as the dictionary definition given is 'To put ashore and abandon (a person) on a desolate coast or island.'

Assuredly the provenance and denotation of *to maroon* are nautical; but shall we make no concession whatever to metaphor? May not a commercial enterprise as well as a ship be launched, a financier as well as a helmsman sail too close to the wind, and a government as well as a vessel go on to the rocks? Mr. Meachem objects to my *marooning* persons in a desert: would not his logic have cut off at its source that splendid metaphor whereby the camel is the ship of the desert?

Wilson Follett

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The Atlantic Serial

WHAT LUCK!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

A. A. MILNE

CHAPTERS 1–17

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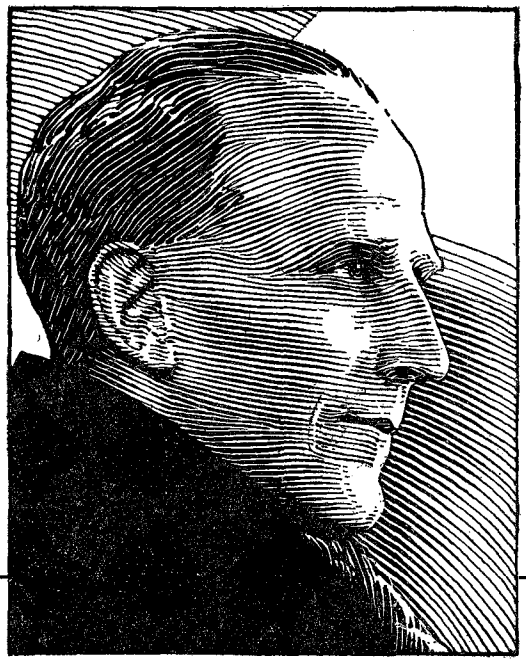

A. A. MILNE

The son of an English schoolmaster.

Educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge.

Undergraduate editor of the *Granta;* then a free lance on Fleet Street; then recognition leading to the assistant editorship of *Punch.*

Signal Officer, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, 1915–1919; subsequently a pacifist.

Playwright, humorist, poet; the author of sixteen books, seventeen plays.

Married; one son.

Here are the bare clues to a Life that has had more than its share of laughter and achievement. More amusing than a comedy, more satisfying than a romance, Mr. Milne's autobiography is as English as *Punch* — and as gay. In a dour and distrustful world, this refreshing note of optimism perfectly suits the mood of spring.

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WHAT LUCK!

The Autobiography of A. A. Milne

I

FROM time to time people have said to me, 'You *are* lucky,' meaning by this that I was leading, as far as they could see, a happy, successful, and not impoverished existence. But there has been a suggestion in the tone of their voice (as there has been in mine, when in imagination I have so addressed my opponent at golf) that, if the luck had been evenly distributed, the success might have rested elsewhere. Fortune, they feel, has been overkind to the lucky ones. Now I suppose one's instinct is to deny hotly that Fortune has had any sort of hand in one's career. On the contrary, madam, I have carved out my career for myself; every penny I have spent I have earned; I owe nothing to the advice or the patronage of others. But as soon as one has said this, one sees how absurd it is. It is true that I have never walked up Shaftesbury Avenue with a play in my pocket, and bumped into a man who was walking down Shaftesbury Avenue looking for that sort of play. It is true that no languishing work of mine has received the accidental stimulus of a royal or episcopal reference. Fortune has reserved her more spectacular appearances for others. But she must have been there in an unobtrusive way, from the beginning, for how else could one begin at all?

We may 'carve out' careers for ourselves, but our parentage gave us the implements with which to do it, and we certainly didn't carve out our parents. Everybody's luck, good or ill, begins on the day on which he was born. I was lucky. It is time that I tried to explain how lucky I was.

My father, John Vine Milne, was the eldest son of a Presbyterian minister. My great-grandfather was, I believe, a stonemason in Aberdeenshire. If he shares responsibility for the average cemetery display of Aberdeen granite, I hope that I have inherited nothing from him. But I am not even sure that he was a mason.

A second cousin of Father's died intestate in 1892 and left thirty thousand pounds, this being the only money that any relation of ours has ever left. Unfortunately she also left thirty second cousins. A first cousin had died a few months earlier, leaving, more characteristically, three silver teaspoons, two of which went to my father and one to my uncle; and it is reasonable to suppose that the thirty thousand pounds, if she had survived to come into it, would have been divided in the same proportions. As it was, a genealogical tree had to be prepared, proving the equal claims of all these second cousins, and in this way I learnt all about my grandmother's family; which included (to the gratification of a boy of ten) an uncle of hers who had been one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar, and still had a monument to himself in Bath Abbey. All this may have crowded out any knowledge I had gleaned of my grandfather's ancestry; or it may be that we were snobs about it. But I seem to remember thinking of my great-grandfather not even as a carver of

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tombstones, but as the man who sat by the roadside, chipping stolidly at little heaps of granite, and trying not to get too much of it into his eyes.

Grandfather Milne was the world's most unworldly muddler. He was born in 1815; came from Aberdeen to England as a minister; went out to Jamaica as a missionary; converted another missionary to the belief that she could love, honor, and obey him; returned to England as a married man; retired from the ministry and started a school; started with equal optimism twelve other schools in other parts of England; fathered hopefully ten children; returned to the ministry; and died in 1874 — leaving behind him a widow and four sons, to tell themselves that, after all, he was a good man.

He was a very good man. His income was never more than eighty pounds a year; his children, when they were not dying, lived exclusively on porridge, and were educated for twopence a week at the village school; but he could come home triumphantly from a chapel meeting to tell his underfed family that he had promised twenty pounds for the new pews. And somehow the twenty pounds would be paid. It was for The Lord. Yet he was neither sanctimonious nor fanatical. He just believed quite simply that nothing which happened in this world mattered to a good man: to a man, that is, who believed in God and would return to Him. It mattered not if his sons were dukes or dustmen, so long as they were good. Nor did it matter if his wife did all the housework. And if the housekeeping could allow only one egg a day for the whole family, no doubt he ate it himself in an unworldly and absent-minded way before giving the tramp at the door the last shilling in his pocket. It is difficult to explain to a tramp that being good is more important than beer.

I never knew my grandfather and grandmother. I suppose I must have seen their photographs in the family album, but photographs of grandparents, taken in the days when one leant self-consciously against an aspidistra or the rigging of a yacht, give no impression of character. It may be that they loved each other wildly through all their troubles; my father wouldn't know, and it was from him that I drew my knowledge of them. When Grandfather Milne died, and the verdict of the current neighborhood was passed on him, 'The poor will miss him,' nothing was said as to the feelings of the very poorest of the poor, his own family. They missed him, no doubt; but who can say whether it was with relief or regret that Grandmother Milne realized that he was now in a place where goodness was taken for granted? It may have been as heartbreaking to live without him as with him.

Whatever her feelings, she could trust herself safely to her son John, now *de jure* as for years he had been *de facto* head of the house. John was twenty-eight. Hovering between duke and dustman, he had been clerk in the countinghouse of a biscuit factory, apprentice in an engineering firm, usher in various schools, nurse to his younger brothers, and mouthpiece for a distracted wife. ('You *must* talk to your father, John. Do you know what he's done *now?*') He had not reacted, as so many sons might have reacted, from the religious atmosphere of his home; he kept throughout his life the simple implicit faith of his father. But this religion was not a selfish religion, suited only to his personal use in the next world. It met the needs equally of his family and of those who had business dealings with him.

For years now John's overmastering concern had been with education: the education of himself and of others. After twelve hours in the engineering shop, he would walk back to his room, spend an hour getting clean, and then settle down to the real work of the day, the achievement of a degree. B.A. (London) was his goal. It might seem that that first hour was being wasted: one can read Latin and Greek as well with dirty hands as with clean; but to him the daily

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struggle to rid himself of the filth of the machines was a ritual which symbolized his approaching escape from the world of manual toil into the more gracious world of the intellect. If he lost the integrity of his hands, he would lose the integrity of his mind. It was too late to be a duke, but he was damned, he would indeed be damned, if he were a dustman.

He escaped from the machines, and began to teach what little he had learnt, keeping always a chapter ahead of his class. He discovered that he really had the gift of teaching for which he had longed, and with it the gift of preserving discipline among boys bigger, and little younger, than himself. No doubt it was to mark that difference of age that he grew, as soon as he could, a beard. He must have looked very small and lonely without it. But in the rough schools to which his lack of academic qualification condemned him a beard was not enough; he needed, and had, the two great qualities, courage and a sense of humor.

Let me give one example from his later period of the way in which his sense of humor served him. He has reached at last the prosperity of a successful preparatory school in Thanet. The boys are having their dinner. 'J.V.,' as they call him privately, sits at a separate table with any of the family who may happen to be at home; the boys are at four long tables under his eye, with an assistant master or a governess at each end. Outside, in a recess between the kitchens and the dining room, my mother carves. She carves, as she does everything, better than anybody else in the house, and, like a true artist, insists therefore on doing it. When my father points out that it would be much nicer for her to have her lunch with him, before the smell of food has sickened her of it, she says, 'Yes, and then who'd do the carving?' When he offers, with a twinkle, to get the head carver from Simpson's down for a day's trial, she says, 'What rubbish — as if I'd let him.' This conversation has been circling on for years. My mother continues to carve. The matron stands beside her, carving a second joint in an obviously inferior manner. She has just sent one of the boys upstairs to fetch something for her. The boy comes into the dining room.

'Henry,' says my father, 'you're late again.'

'Yes, sir. Please, sir, it wasn't my fault —'

'No excuses, Henry. You must put your chair away and stand.'

So Henry eats his first course standing.

'All right, Henry, you may take your chair now.'

'Yes, sir, thank you, sir. Please, sir, Matron sent me upstairs for her spectacles just as I was coming in.'

Awed silence. 'Sucks for J.V.,' the boys are thinking; 'he'll have to apologize.' The younger assistant masters look up anxiously. Do schoolmasters ever apologize? Isn't it bad for discipline?

'Then in that case,' says my father, wishing to get it quite clear, 'it wasn't your fault you were late?'

'Please, sir, no, sir.'

'Oh!' (Everybody is waiting.) 'Oh well, then, you'd better take two chairs.'

And everybody laughs and is happy.

At the time of my grandfather's death, J.V. had passed the Intermediate, and was working for his Final B.A. He was also looking for employment. Two posts were suggested to him by the agents: assistant master in a school at Wellington, Shropshire, and tutor in a private family at Tottenham. He would have preferred the former, for he was now beginning to feel at home in the rough-and-tumble of a school, but, for safety, he applied for both. The Tottenham employer replied first, inviting him to lunch with the family on the next day for the purpose of mutual inspection. He accepted the invitation, but, not having heard from Wellington, was uncertain if he were free to accept the tutorship, should it be offered to him. So he sent a reply-paid telegram, as

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from the Tottenham address, to say, 'What about it?' — or more politely, 'Has my application been favorably received?' The interview at Tottenham was satisfactory. He liked the family, and the family liked him. But no telegram came. Over the luncheon table he was offered the post. Should he take it or not? Now what? Was he free or wasn't he? Dare he refuse, and perhaps lose both jobs? Why hadn't his telegram been answered? What was he to do? He put off an answer as long as he could; talked feverishly of the weather and Mr. Gladstone's Government; upset his glass of claret, and spent another five minutes apologizing. And then, in the last moment of delay, in came the maid with a telegram. His application to the school had been accepted.

A trivial business anyway. The salary in either post was only a hundred pounds a year, and the tutor might have become a schoolmaster again, or the schoolmaster a tutor. But he never thought that it was trivial. To him it was the decisive moment of his life.

And, you might almost say, of mine.

For at Wellington, Shropshire, he met my mother.

II

My mother came, as novelists say, of 'good yeoman stock' — or, more simply, was a farmer's daughter. When my father met her, she was keeping a School for Young Ladies. My mother's girls were taught to be good wives to hard-working men, and there was never anybody so good as she at that. She could do everything better than the people whom so reluctantly she came to employ: cook better than the cook, dust better than the parlormaid, make a bed better than the housemaid, mend better than the sewing maid, wash clothes better than the laundress, bandage better than the matron. She was simple, she was unemotional, she was common-sensible. Nothing upset her. At one of those inevitable end-of-term entertainments, Father would be twittering like a sparrow with nervousness, wondering if the claret cup would go round, and whether he would remember Tommy Tucker's parents, whom last term he had mistaken for Peter Piper's; and Mother would be completely calm, knowing that if there wasn't enough claret cup it was all they were going to get, and that if she mistook Mrs. Tucker for Mrs. Piper, as she always did, it wouldn't matter.

They had musical evenings at Mother's school, and that nice, shy Mr. Milne, the new master at the boys' school, was a great addition to the parties, for not only was he religious-minded (which meant something in those days), but he played accompaniments on the flute. And when he had got over his shyness he talked a lot of nonsense which made the ladies laugh, and you felt somehow that you could trust him. And he was brave. Because one Sunday the headmaster had preached a sermon to the boys in which he told them that they were all going straight to Hell, — or anyhow the boys who hadn't attended in class last week, — and he described Hell in words which would terrify anybody who knew that he was going there. And that nice little Mr. Milne got permission to preach to the boys on the next Sunday, and he told them that there was no such place as Hell, and no such thing as Everlasting Fire, but that they would all be very silly if they didn't work now, when work was made easy for them, because it would mean that they would have to work much harder later on, when it wouldn't be so interesting. And then he had offered the headmaster his resignation, but the headmaster wouldn't hear of it, and said that he was sorry, and that perhaps there wasn't Everlasting Fire after all. So that nice Mr. Milne would be there next Thursday as usual, with his flute.

He was there, and when he said good-night to Mother he left a note in her hand, asking her to marry him. For he was still rather shy.

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It was only after my mother's death that I knew she had said 'No,' and had gone on saying 'No' for more than a year to Father's insistent wooing. How hard to realize that one's father, that elderly Olympian, may also have endured the agonies and ecstasies of love, as we have endured them! How hard to believe that one's mother, one's own mother, could have inspired those agonies and ecstasies, and have failed to respond to them, because she too had suffered them on another man's behalf! Father and Mother — who knew nothing of these things!

At the last she accepted him; at the last, perhaps, fell in love with him. Did she? I don't know. I don't think I ever really knew her. When I was a child I neither experienced nor felt the need of that mother love of which one reads so much, and over which I am supposed (so mistakenly) to have sentimentalized. I learnt no prayers at my mother's knee, as so many children seem to have done. It was Papa who told us about God, and we who told the governess. No doubt Mama felt that Papa was so good at it that she oughtn't to interfere. She may also have felt that Papa was so good at playing with a child, and amusing a child, and making a child love him, that she oughtn't to interfere there either. Certainly as a child I gave my heart to my father. If he was there, all was well; if he was away, I asked Mama when he was coming back. Later on, when I formed the opinion that, even if Father knew everything, he knew most of it wrong, it was with my mother that I was happier. She didn't argue; she didn't drive the moral home. She was simple; she was wise; she was affectionate. She was restfully aloof.

III

They married, and came to Henley House. This had been some sort of unsuccessful school before, and Father borrowed a hundred pounds from his unofficial godfather, Mr. Vine, and bought the 'goodwill'; which amounted to twenty or thirty inky desks, and half a dozen inky boys whose parents had been too lazy to find a better school for them.

Henley House had been two houses before it had been turned into a school, and the playground two gardens. Our father had come there — let me get one authentic date in this book — in 1878. His was one of those private schools, then so common, now so unusual, for boys of all ages. When I was eight I was the youngest of them, and the oldest may have been eighteen.

We must have been very poor. Mama's sewing machine never stopped working. She made her own clothes, she made our clothes, she would have made Papa's clothes if she hadn't been so busy making the curtains. Not only did she save money by making things, but she saved it by preventing Father from spending. It was not until her death that I realized what he was like when left to himself. He never could resist a good advertisement. He started smoking only because a cigar merchant wrote to him what seemed like a personal, and was certainly a very friendly, appeal to buy a sample cabinet of twenty different cigars between the lengths of three inches and thirteen. The price was nominal, owing to the fact that it was Father's future custom on which they were relying, and they did not rely in vain. In her heyday Mother would never have allowed this, but even then there would have been times when she had her eye off him; and the arrival of a first-born to Mrs. Milne may have coincided with the arrival of a gymnasium to her husband. It would be difficult to say which would give the greater visual surprise to the other.

With this childlike belief in the sincerity of advertisement and the value of a bargain, with a generosity as ample as his father's, he combined the strictest integrity in money matters, and an ade-

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quate respect for the laws of addition and subtraction. He kept elaborate accounts, in a blue-black ink such as was familiar to us on our fingers, and a red ink to which we might not hope to attain until we had grown up. I felt then, I still feel now, that I could write more beautifully in red ink; and I still wonder why there are so many things in the world (like red ink and toast) which are automatically denied to children. Luckily, as a child one does not wonder for long. Papa says it, and he has the backing of God or Dr. Morton, and in a moment we shall be wondering about something else. So Papa kept his accounts, and pursued every penny into its right column, and at the end of the year we were all still alive and he owed no man anything. And next year he would be able to afford a holiday or a new suit or perhaps even another gymnasium. For the school was growing. And it was his own.

He was the best man I have ever known: by which I mean the most truly good, the most completely to be trusted, the most incapable of wrong. He differed from our conception of God only because he was shy, which one imagined God not to be, and was funny, which we knew God was not. His shyness became apparent to us when we went out walking together and met an acquaintance. As soon as the acquaintance was sighted Papa would cut short his conversation, or ours, and prepare for the ordeal. The funny story, the explanation of the force of gravity, our answer to a catch question had to wait. . . . He let my hand go, and put his own up to his hat. 'Good morning, Mr. Roberts, good morning to you, good morning.' Mr. Roberts had returned the greeting and passed, but Papa's greeting went on. His hand still went up and down to his hat in nervous movements, he still muttered, 'Good morning to you.' We waited. We turned the corner. 'Well, now then,' he would say, 'what's the answer? A goose weighs seven pounds, and half its own weight. How much does it weigh? Now *think*.'

Coming out of church on Christmas morning must have been agony to him. 'A merry Christmas to you — thank you, thank you — the same to you': there was so much to say, so much to murmur to oneself afterwards, so much to make one doubt if one had said it in the right order. Or was it no agony to him, with whom it was now an unconscious trick, but only an embarrassment for his family? Poor Papa. It seemed such a funny way to be shy. We were tongue-tied and awkward before strangers, but we looked up brightly at people we knew, and waited to have our heads patted.

We 'sat under' Dr. Monro Gibson at the Presbyterian Church in Marlborough Road. We were seated in the extreme right-hand corner, farthest from the door, and as Dr. Gibson gave a hitch to his gown in readiness for the sermon the three of us clambered out of our pew and toddled sturdily for home, the envy and admiration of all. 'The darlings,' thought all the mothers. 'Lucky little devils,' thought the fathers. So much feeling did we arouse that Papa was asked to change his pew for one next to the door. Even so, envious heads came round for a moment. In spite of this, Father rose to be an elder, and was recurrently to be seen (but not by us) standing at the door with the plate, as the rest of the congregation came out. Luckily he was not required to say 'Good morning' or 'Thank you' to them. He also sang what he called 'seconds' in a resolute way which linked him up unofficially with the mixed choir in the gallery. It seemed to me then rather an easy way of singing, Papa, particularly in the anthems, being allowed a certain independence of both words and music. 'The lions do lack and suffer hunger' dropped melodiously to us from above, and Papa, in a deep voice reminiscent of a lion, lacked and suffered hunger on two notes for the

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rest of the anthem. He did it with such conviction that one could not doubt the need of it. Deep down inside him there was a great musical artist struggling to be free: one to whom the flute was not enough. After Mother's death he used to write to the B.B.C. and tell it where it went wrong — the privilege throughout the ages of the unfreed artist.

IV

Ken was sixteen months older than I and fifteen months younger than Barry, so he could be as young as the one or as old as the other, whichever he preferred. Fortunately he chose me for contemporary. We were inseparable: sometimes, when fighting, so mixed up as to be indistinguishable. We never ceased to quarrel with each other, nor to feel the need of each other. Save for the fact that he hated cheese, we shared equally all belief, all knowledge, all ambition, all hope, and all fear. Sometimes at inns or in strange houses we shared a bed. I remember once asking an elderly visitor if she didn't agree with me that sharing a bed with somebody else was the most horrible thing which anybody could be asked to do. Before she could tell me, my mother interrupted. 'Talking of bed,' said my mother calmly . . . and I knew as I 'ran along' that I had been a fool to mention the subject. I mention it now only because I wish to put it on record that my love for Ken, as his for me, survived six holiday weeks in the same bed; with a fight every morning, when one of us found that the tide of clothes had receded in the night, leaving him bare and beached.

It was, of course, I who gained most from this friendship. When Ken did a thing I did it too, and this meant that I was always sixteen months ahead of him. In any contemporary estimate of Shakespeare and Marlowe the few months between them would not be held to matter; but, as between two boys, every day is a day in which the younger may overtake the older. 'When I am Ken's age, how much more I shall know than he knows now.' So I could think then. But I can make myself no promises to-day as to what I shall know when I am Shaw's age. Strange; for surely I can learn more quickly now than I could when I was a boy.

All through Ken's school days, then, it was a reproach to him that his younger brother was intellectually his superior. If, by reason of his greater age, he could enter for, and did in fact pass, some examination before I did, nobody had any doubt that I should pass it before the sixteen months were up, and with more distinction. Every triumph had over it the shadow of my impending triumph. When he was only twelve, he surprised the family by getting a scholarship at Westminster; congratulations were sincere, but kept within reason. There was (surely?) something better to come. There was. Within six months I had got a scholarship at Westminster . . . and I was still only eleven.

Do you wonder that he was jealous of me?

But he wasn't. A boy can do a great deal in sixteen months, but he cannot change his nature, and Ken had one advantage of me which he was to keep throughout his life. He was definitely — nicer. In going into the matter with Dr. Murray I find that the word 'nice' has fourteen meanings, none of which gives the clue to Ken's superior quality. Yet I still say that he was nicer than I: kinder, larger-hearted, more lovable, more tolerant, sweeter-tempered — all of that or none of that, it doesn't matter; he was just 'nicer.' If you knew us both, you preferred Ken. I might be better at work and games; even better-looking, for he had been dropped on his nose as a baby (or picked up by it, we never could decide which); but 'poor old Ken' or 'dear old Ken' had his private right of entry into everybody's heart. Anybody less nice than he would have found me, and left me, insufferable.

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If, in later years, I have not seemed insufferable to my friends over any success which has looked in on me, I owe it to him, in whose company complacence found nothing on which to batten. And if I have taken failure less well than I should have done, it is because I am still sixteen months behind him in humility, and shall never catch up.

V

Father looked proudly at his hands, on which there was no axle grease, and told himself that he was a B.A. (Lond.) and an elder of the Church. Ken looked at him, and said a little scornfully that he wasn't solemn enough for a schoolmaster. 'Oh, but I'm *very* solemn,' said Father, making the appropriate face; 'in fact, I'm Solomon.' Ken shook his head sadly. 'Solomon,' he said, 'was a *wise* man.' Many years later I used to get letters at the *Punch* office, beginning: 'My little boy, aged six, said rather an amusing thing the other day, which I have been advised to send to you'; indeed, I still get letters like that, being supposed (mistakenly) to have some special interest in the quaint things which children say. My own contributions at this tender age to the Family Bible were not so good; were, in fact, not funny at all; but they seem to have made a great impression on my father, and he never tired (as we did) of recapturing them. 'It bored me hellishly to write the *Emigrant*,' said Stevenson; 'well, it's going to bore others to read it: that's only fair.' And I think it only fair, after listening to it so often, that I should now tell the world exactly what I said in '84.

Barry was getting on for five, and it was time he learned to read. Ken was three, and inclined to be naughty. If the nurse-governess were teaching Barry to read, what would Ken be doing? Something bad. Hadn't Ken better learn to read, too? It would keep him out of mischief. So it came about that large sight-reading sheets were hung over a blackboard in the nursery, and Barry and Ken and the governess got to work; while Baby Alan, good as gold, sucked his thumb in the corner and played with his toys. And one day Papa came up to the nursery to see how the young readers were getting on. Barry and Ken, a little nervous, prepared to show him. Just as they were going to begin, Baby Alan, playing with a piece of string in his corner, said to anyone who was listening, 'I can do it.' Papa told him not to talk now, there was a darling, because they were busy. Alan tied another knot in his string, and said, 'I can do it.' Papa said, 'Sh-sh, darling,' picked up the pointer, pointed to a word on the sheet, and said, 'What's that?' Barry and Ken frowned at it. It was on the tip of their tongues. Bat or mat? And from Alan's corner a complacent little voice said, 'Cat.' As it was.

I can see that that has the makings of a good story, when told of the right person. 'I can do it' — said by Abraham Lincoln at the age of two. Nowadays, when I refuse to do any of the intolerable things which for some reason are expected of writers (lecture, open bazaars, make speeches, go to Hollywood), I am told — a little unfairly, I think — that I am spoilt. 'You never do anything you don't want to do.' Which is true. But alas! it would not be true to say that I can do the things which I do want to do. My first recorded remark should have been 'I won't do it,' not 'I can do it.'

Well, anyway, I could read before I was three, and I was not much older when I made my second contribution to the Family Bible. I have never set much store by this myself, but to my father, on the numerous occasions later when he recalled it to us, it became the token by which he realized that his youngest son was Destined (under Providence) for Great Things; or, as I suppose he meant, was not, after all, a half-wit. We were walking along Priory Road, when a coal cart stopped in front of us, and the coal man staggered through the gate of a

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house with a sack on his shoulders. I said, 'Why do they both?' Nobody knew what I was talking about, and nobody ever did know, and nobody knows now. But Papa, hammering away at it, decided that what I meant was: Why do you have to employ both a man *and* a horse? Why shouldn't the *horse* deliver the coal, or the *man* pull the cart? 'Isn't that what you mean, darling?' Having a lot of other questions to ask, naturally I said, 'Yeth'; whereupon Papa gave me a lecture on the Economics of Coöperation. In after years he got to think that I had given him the lecture; and that, since I was only three at the time, I must have been pretty well advanced for my age. However it was, 'Why do they both?' joined 'I can do it' in what one might call the family *incunabula*. It seemed to Papa that the future of his youngest son was assured.

We went to Torquay that summer, and Ken on his fourth birthday was given his first real book, *Reynard the Fox*. We both read it. When, forty years later, I wrote a book called *Winnie-the-Pooh*, and saw Shepard's drawing of Pooh, the bear, standing on the branch of a tree outside Owl's house, I remembered all that *Reynard the Fox* and *Uncle Remus* and the animal stories in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* had meant to us. Even if none of their magic had descended on me, at least it had inspired my collaborator; and I had the happy feeling that here was a magic which children, from generation to generation, have been unable to resist. *Uncle Remus* was read aloud to us by Papa, a chapter a night. One night he had to go away. Little knowing what we were doing, we handed the sacred book to our governess, and told her to go on from there. Some such experience, no doubt, caused the first man to coin the phrase that he 'could not believe his ears.' Terrible things were happening all round us. Was this our Uncle Remus? Was this our own beloved Bee? One of our idols had to go. Stumbling painfully through the dialect, Bee got to the bottom of the page and asked if she should go on. We said not. It wasn't very interesting, she thought. We thought not too. Should she read another book, or should we play a game? We played a game.

Papa also read *The Pilgrim's Progress* to us. I can see the book now, in a dirty yellow binding. We longed for it, we were thrilled by it, as we should neither have longed nor been thrilled had it been read to us on a weekday. But we were Presbyterians; Sunday was reserved for religion, and Papa had somehow got it into his head that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was a religious book. We didn't tell him the truth. We listened, rapt, and hoped that he would never find out. For it was the only excitement of Sunday, apart from the possibility, on the way back from church, of finding a religious-minded caterpillar out for a walk. The other permitted books were bound volumes of the *Quiver*, and a series of works which began with *Line upon Line*, went on, a little unoriginally, to *Verse upon Verse* and *Chapter upon Chapter*, and ended, the author now completely in the grip of his theme, with *Testament upon Testament*. At least, I suppose it did. We never got to the end.

I have mentioned *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. I hope that she means something to some of my contemporaries, for she meant Heaven to us. We had all the bound volumes; but I never knew, nor know now, whether the components were still in circulation. Was Mrs. Ewing Aunt Judy? Who were the other contributors? Any poor laurels which I have won as a writer for children I strip from my head and distribute apologetically, leaf by leaf, to those of them who have remained unknown. To us the volumes of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* were friends as familiar and as well loved as were (in this more practical age) the volumes of the *Children's Encyclopædia* to my own child. Aunt Judy was not practical. She entranced us, but never told us how to make a tricycle.

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VI

But I wish somebody would tell me how to make this sort of book. One writes a play, and it doesn't turn out so good on paper, and one tells oneself that the next one will be better. But with an autobiography it is now or never. Or perhaps not. When, for the first time, I had a story published in an American magazine, the editor asked my agent for a short life of this unknown author for his monthly article: 'Something about Our New Contributors.' My agent passed the letter on to me, and I did my best for him. A few weeks later my first published book in America was due, and again some information about the unknown author was required. Again I wrote happily about myself. Back came an indignant letter from the agent: 'Hi! This life is the same as the other one!'

So if, at the end of it, we don't like this 'Life,' we might perhaps try another one.

What worries me now is that I want to describe Henley House. Henley House was, as I have said, two houses. On the Family Side you entered the front door, and found yourself in a small lobby. Opening the colored-glass door of the lobby, you came into the 'hall,' a hall no bigger than was determined by the junction of a broad staircase with the passage. From the right-hand wall depended the horns of a buffalo, a looped lasso, and a pair of Mexican spurs; so that every time one slid down the banisters one slid through Kilburn into a romantic world of which one's imagination was the only master. It was some Old Boy, we discovered later, who had given us these trophies of a life in Mexico for which Papa's algebra lessons may or may not have prepared him; a boy called Nuñez. Mama remembered him too, but still thought that the bit of buffalo between the horns would collect the moth; and as for the spurs, they would just have to get rusty, that was all. With her permission they did.

On a little table, opposite Mexico, was an aquarium, stocked with samples of all the animal life which the Leg of Mutton pond at Hampstead could show. A piece of coral stood in the middle, and the little fishes and the newts swam through it and around it in a pleasing manner, and sometimes a frog would climb to the top and sit there, half in, half out of the water, and wait, the lid being off, and we watching to see that he did not escape, for flies to come within his jump. The aquarium was emptied each week with a siphon. Papa explained, in his delightfully interesting way, *why* the water continued to rush up one bend of the pipe and down the other, when once you had started it by suction; and we all took turns at starting it by suction; and if anybody sucked too long, and found himself with a mouthful of dirty water and a small left-over newt, it was probably poor old Ken. No doubt Papa went on to tell us, while he was there, all about the Principle of Archimedes, and for days afterwards we would go about shouting 'Eureka!' (preferably with nothing on) and at first frightening and then boring our governess.

The first door on the left of the passage led into the drawing room. The drawing room had a gas fire, which was a novelty in those days, and made us wonder whether anybody else in Kilburn had a gas fire. This was my first acquaintance with asbestos (not that it has ever come into my life very much), and Papa explained asbestos to us; but without any great conviction, being perhaps a little uncertain of it himself. However, as the drawing room was used only when visitors called, it was convenient to have a gas fire in it. It was said from time to time in our hearing that Mama had the most beautiful drawing room in Kilburn. I remember asking a governess once if it were *really* beautiful, or if Mama only thought it was, and she assured me that it really was. Ten years later, when the school had moved to Thanet, and I was at Cambridge (and it was identically the same drawing room), I asked the matron

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if *she* really thought it was beautiful. She said she did. So I left it at that.

To-day, if the curtain rose on it in the first act of a period play, it would be received with a round of applause, and Motley or Mr. Rex Whistler would walk away with the notices. For it was perfect: it had everything. But I am certain that it meant nothing to my mother. Having seen, in other people's houses, enameled drain pipes (for bulrushes), poker-work bellows (for blowing out the gas fire?), and velvet-embroidered frames (for hand-tinted family groups), she would say scornfully to Father: 'I could make a better one myself,' and prove it. Only one example of her work remains with me. It was almost her earliest work, I suppose; her masterpiece of the 1850's. It hangs on the wall of the room in which I write: a tapestry reproduction of Leonardo's 'The Last Supper' — three feet by two, as they say in catalogues. In the farm in Derbyshire little Sarah Maria sat stitching, stitching, stitching; and on the snows of the Crimea men lay dying, dying, dying; and in a thousand churches over Europe the Christ to whom little Sarah Maria was paying her childish tribute was pledged in aid of the appropriate artillery. Only Sarah Maria's work remains. It is always better to be an artist, however little.

The next door led into the sitting room, and through a door opposite we went into the big schoolroom which was, of course, the corresponding drawing room and sitting room thrown into one. An iron bar beneath the ceiling marked the old division between the two rooms, and with dependent curtains could make the division again, but it was never so used. Indeed, its only use was an unofficial one which we found for it in the holidays, jumping on to it from a convenient desk and swinging off it on to a more distant one. The first that Papa heard of this was a loud crash one evening, followed by a curious groaning noise. He rushed in to find his Benjamin on the floor, badly winded and quite unable to explain that there was nothing the matter with him except that, being winded, he couldn't explain that there was nothing the matter with him. I was carried up to bed — Mama looking up from her sewing machine to say, 'Better send for Dr. Morton, dear; tell Hummerston to go' — and the doctor was sent for; I might have been Royalty. In later years Father would refer to this as the great crisis of my life, and say gravely, 'At first we feared for his spine'; and in still later years, when Ken and I did a little amateur rock climbing, and I slipped, and grazed a shin, Ken would say, 'Hurt?' and then shake his head and say gravely — well, he would hardly need to say it, for it had become a catch phrase with us.

To return (as I did, in the arms of Papa) to our own side of the house. At the end of the passage were two little rooms. One we needn't bother about. The other was called the music room, having a piano in it. A Mr. Howard came in from time to time, to find out which boys were making a mistake in trying to learn the piano, and under his tuition Ken and I practised a duet for the school concert. I remember this as a wild, romantic piece, full of grace notes and arpeggios, in the course of which our hands crossed from time to time (intentionally, I mean), and our feet fought vainly for the loud pedal. On referring to it in the school magazine I find that it was called quite simply 'Melodious Exercises,' and the name of the composer is not given. Perhaps I am confusing it with a later appearance at the Town Hall, when the school held what it was pleased to call a Conversazione. On this occasion Ken and I gave a stirring rendition of 'Duet in D,' also anonymous, like the cheaper wines, but obviously in a different class from 'Melodious Exercises.' We also sang a song called 'Tommy and the Apples,' after which it was decided that I had better be something else.

Mr. Howard was of French extraction, and had fought in the Franco-German

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war. Indeed he was said still to have a German bullet in his head, but I may be confusing him with a later acquaintance, a French master at Westminster, who was said still to have a German bullet in his behind. They both had bullets, but they may have had them the other way round; and in one case (since both, I am sure, were brave men) it must have been an accidental French bullet. No doubt all the foreign masters of those days were so credited. There was another one at Henley House who had been engaged for years on an invention to render the tops of omnibuses waterproof. It took the comparatively simple form of a large umbrella in the middle of the floor, but there were technical difficulties about opening and shutting it, which I never understood, and which Mr. Steinhardt (if that was his name) never properly surmounted. Perhaps he was a little before his time.

Beneath the drawing room was the kitchen, where Davis the cook, and Hummerston the butler, reigned. I used to think that they were married, but they weren't, which accounts for their having different names. They were as essential a part of Henley House as the buffalo horns, with, in Davis's case, much of their rugged quality. Outside the kitchen door Davis kept a large bin of oatmeal; and when Ken and I got up at five o'clock in the morning, as, for various purposes of our own, we often did, we would take out a handful of oatmeal from time to time, and stick our tongues into it, thus supporting ourselves until the breakfast porridge. Davis made perfect porridge, which was one of the reasons why she stayed with us so long.

Beneath the sitting room was what the rest of the school called the Kids' Room. Here we ate, lived, worked, and played.

VII

It was the freedom of the sweetshops which we wanted most. Never to have to pass a sweetshop again, but to be able to step in confidently over the body of the dead proprietor — that was Heaven. All up the High Road, darting from side to side as the fancy took us, across to West End Lane where they had those particularly good marzipan potatoes, over the footbridge to the Finchley Road (jumbles), and then up Fitzjohn's Avenue to the Heath, stopping at that little shop on the right for ices, ices, ices: this was our immediate programme, this was how we planned it out in bed. Afterwards we might put on a Mexican spur each, and see if we could lasso something, and there was probably a good deal to be done in Wastnage's Cycle Shop where Maida Vale began. And could one drive a bus? When one sat on the box seat and talked to the driver, he didn't seem to be doing much. Well, now we would know. So many things to eat, so many things to try!

As a fact, we were given more freedom than most children. We had a habit of getting up early (which has left me since), and it seemed to be understood, at any rate by us, that if we got up early we could do what we liked, so long as we did not wake Papa and Mama. At one time we had a passion for hoops; not the slow wooden hoop, which is hit intermittently with a wooden stick until it falls lifeless into the gutter, but the fiery iron hoop spurred by a hooked iron prong from which it can never escape. Even now I can recapture the authentic thrill of those early-morning raids on London: as we drove our hoops through little, blinded streets, clean and empty and unaware of us; never tiring, as we should have tired with no magic circle of iron to lure us on; lured now into a remote world of tall, silent houses, pillared like temples, behind whose doors strange, unreal lives were lived; until at last we burst into the Bayswater Road, and wondered if anybody had ever run before from Kilburn to the Bayswater Road, and what Papa would say when we told him. Then back to breakfast, with pauses now for breath, and chatter, and

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challenges to each other, back to Davis's porridge, back to the most divine meal of the day, the only meal which could never be a disappointment.

There came into the house one day two bamboo poles, twelve feet long. Papa had cousins in Jamaica, had indeed been born there, though whether this was to our glory or our shame, a fact to be circulated or suppressed, we could never be sure. On the one hand, very few boys could say that their fathers had been born in Jamaica; on the other, most of those who could had woolly hair. Somehow it seemed to leave Papa not quite an Englishman, and us, in consequence, a little suspect. Well, anyhow, there were the two bamboos, sent over by an optimistic relation, who hoped that Cousin John and Cousin Maria would find them interesting. Cousin Maria looked them over, and finding that they were as good as poker-worked already, that they couldn't be enameled, and that, even if cut into lengths, they were serviceable only for firewood, disavowed interest; but Cousin John, a little on the defensive, and feeling that he owed it to the West Indies, attached them, as a rowing man his oars, to the wall over the aquarium.

At five-thirty next morning Ken and I slid down the banisters, turned our backs on Mexico, climbed on to the aquarium table, and removed the trophies. We found them interesting. At the moment he was Robin Hood and I was Will Scarlet, but we might change round later; the important thing was that here at last were those 'quarterstaffs' for which we had been looking so long, and with which a 'bout' was so long overdue. We would go into the playground and have a bout.

At six o'clock an angry head looked out of an upper window. We had forgotten about him. It was one of the masters, and he said very loudly and clearly: 'What the deuce do you think you're doing?' We could have told him that Little John was now having a bout with Friar Tuck, and that, as far as could be seen, neither was having an advantage over the other, but by this time we were as tired of the business as he was. It had sounded so wonderful in bed the night before, talking it over, but the wonder had gone, our arms were aching, and it would be more fun to empty the aquarium and fill it again. There was a finality about complete emptiness which neither of us (it seemed) could hope to achieve with a quarterstaff. We trailed in, replaced the oars, had a handful of oatmeal before Davis came down, took a suck at the siphon and thought perhaps not, went a quick walk round Mortimer Road and Greville Place, crossed the gymnasium on our stomachs, kicked a stone across the playground hopping on one foot (very difficult; we would get up really early one morning and do it properly), and were in our places for 'prep' at seven o'clock. The school day was beginning.

In a contemporary number of the school magazine there was an analysis by 'J. V. M.' of the characters of certain boys, for whose names letters of the alphabet were substituted. Since in my case (I was 'D') the author was not only schoolmaster but father, he may be assumed to have been speaking with authority — in so far as the old can speak with authority for the young, or, indeed, for anybody but themselves.

'D. He does not like French — does not see that you prove anything when you have done. Thinks mathematics grand. He leaves his books about; loses his pen; can't imagine what he did with this, and where he put that, but is convinced that it is somewhere. Clears his brain when asked a question by spurting out some nonsense, and then immediately after gives a sensible reply. Can speak 556 words per minute, and write more in three minutes than his instructor can read in thirty. Finds this a very interesting world, and would like to learn physiology, botany, geology, astronomy and everything else. Wishes to make

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collections of beetles, bones, butterflies, etc., and cannot determine whether algebra is better than football or Euclid than a sponge-cake.'

It is the portrait of an enthusiast.

Many years later, when I was myself the father of a boy of D's age, I was a guest at a dinner of preparatory schoolmasters. They all, so it seemed, made speeches; two public-school headmasters made speeches; and the burden of all their speeches was the obstructiveness of the parent to their beneficent labors. I had disclaimed any desire to make a speech, but by this time I wanted to. That very evening, offered the alternatives of a proposition of Euclid's or a chapter of *Treasure Island* as a bedtime story, my own boy had chosen Euclid: it was 'so much more fun.' All children, I said (perhaps rashly), are like that. There is nothing that they are not eager to learn. 'And then we send them to your schools, and in two years, three years, four years, you have killed all their enthusiasm. At fifteen their only eagerness is to escape learning anything. No wonder you don't want to meet us.' It was not a popular speech. 'Gymnastics strengthens the muscles' would have gone better. But afterwards a headmaster came up to me and said: 'It was absolutely true what you were saying, but why is it? What do we do? I've often wondered.'

So if, at this time, I was still an enthusiast, it was because I was still at my father's school, and he was an enthusiast. And if I disliked French, and thought mathematics grand, it was because he, who could teach, taught me mathematics, and did not teach me French. As I said once to a headmaster, a school report cuts both ways; it is a report on the teacher as well as on the taught. 'Seems completely uninterested in this subject' may mean no more than that the master is completely uninteresting. In Papa's house it was natural to be interested, it was easy to be clever.

We 'collected' everything. We collected 'minerals.' We bought a 'geological hammer,' whose head was like a chisel at one end and a marlinspike at the other. With this on one Easter holiday we attacked the cliffs of Ramsgate for ammonites, stalactites, stalagmites, and fossilized remains of prehistoric animals. We got no more than a piece out of poor old Ken's leg — with the chisel end. Nevertheless our collection grew. It included Iceland spar, blue john spar, and various other exciting crystals. In those days I knew that granite was composed of 'mica, feldspar, and quartz.' Perhaps it still is. We spent many a Sunday afternoon in the neighborhood of Finchley Road looking for a stray piece of feldspar which had got separated from its quartz. Every night our collection was taken from its little drawer in the dressing table and laid out on Ken's bed.

On one proud afternoon we set out to show our collection to the Curator of the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. He hadn't invited us; we just thought that, as fellow workers in the same field, we ought to meet. Papa gave us the bus money to Oxford Circus, and made us promise not to cross Piccadilly without a policeman. We went. We still looked like Shirley Temple, and we had our collection tied up in a fairly clean handkerchief of Ken's. The Curator was a little surprised at first, thinking that we were offering it to the nation; but when we explained that we only wanted one or two things identified he was very helpful, identifying one ammonite as an old date stone and telling us all about blue john spar. In return we told him all about mica-feldspar-and-quartz.

And now we had to cross Piccadilly Circus again. The first time had been easy. There was the policeman, there the traffic. The one held the other up, and we crossed royally. But now, as it happened, Piccadilly was entirely empty. We could have played leapfrog across it; we could have stopped in the middle of the street, and spread out our collection

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again. Yet we had promised Papa; and without (I think) being prigs, we did believe that a promise was a promise. So, after a little discussion on the pavement, we waved to a policeman. He came across to us majestically, and, not understanding about promises, was extremely annoyed when we asked if we could go back with him. He strode away with great dignity and we followed with an air of being in the party.

We had twopence of our own to spend. Half of it went on a box of fusees. Fusees, I should explain, were very, *very* much more exciting than ordinary matches, and we proposed to strike one every night after the lights were out. In this way a box would last for several weeks. The other penny was to be spent at Callard and Bowser's in Regent Street. We were looking wistfully in at the window, wondering how best to lay the money out, and wishing it were more, when we attracted the notice of a passer-by. He may have had a dear little girl just like us, or he may have wished he had, but (for whatever reason) he stopped, put a shilling on the top of the matchbox which I was holding, and hurried on. We could now, we felt, buy the shop.

But we didn't. Not for a moment did it seem possible to keep the money. We had promised never to take money from strangers. It shows how completely Ken and I were one, and perhaps how completely Papa had our love and our confidence, that we didn't even argue about it (whatever our private thoughts may have been). We spent our penny, giving the shilling in payment. Sixpence went into a missionary box on the counter, Ken being anxious to do something definite for the Chinese, about whom he had been reading lately; threepence went to a crossing sweeper at the next corner; the remaining three pennies were taken home and put in the dressing-table drawer with the 'collection.' After all, they were 'minerals' too.

Were we too good, too Shirley Temple? If so, we made up for it later; as regards finance, no later than in our school days at Westminster. In any case, I am (oddly enough) more ashamed of the bad things I have done than of the good things I have done, of the promises broken than of the promises kept. I like to think of that threepence in the drawer, tabu even in the darkest days before the Saturday pocket money.

Pocket money began by being a penny a week, and was then increased to threepence on condition that we didn't drink tea. Later we seemed to be drinking tea and still having threepence, so I suppose there was a time limit to the condition. I remember going with one of the boys to see his aunt (don't ask me why); and, as we left, she pressed a coin into my hand. The aunt of a Henley House boy was obviously not a stranger, and a ha'penny was a ha'penny; but when we were safely away, and good manners allowed me to open my hand, it was a shilling. I can remember my utter incredulity, my certainty that a mistake had been made, until the nephew showed me his own florin. Being a good deal bigger than I, and it being *his* aunt, he might well have claimed my shilling too, but he contented himself with sending me into a chemist's shop to buy him twopennyworth of pigeon's milk. This was a great joke of those days, but unfortunately for him I knew it. Poor old Ken had bought it a few days before.

VIII

Papa had a great friend called Dr. Willis, and in our hearing never called him anything else; but I suppose that, when we were not there, they relaxed and called each other Milne and Willis. Very few Victorians were on Christian-name terms with each other; Holmes, after twenty years of intimacy, was still calling his colleague Watson. Dr. Willis lived in West End Lane. He was in some sort of partnership with our own Dr. Morton, whose wife spoke always of Mr.

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Willis, since her husband was an M.D. and Dr. Willis was only an M.R.C.S. He was a man of great enthusiasms — a man, I should say, of great charm to a contemporary; in appearance a little like Trilby's friend Taffy, and with the same passion for exercise. By an ingenious arrangement of his own invention, he could fix up a horizontal bar in his study, and on Saturday nights a few friends would drop in, say good-evening to Mrs. Willis, and follow their host in astonishing 'up-starts' and long arm balances. He had a theory, or had made the discovery, that most toadstools, cooked the right way, were good to eat, and in his spare moments would lead expeditions to search for the right ones. One day Dr. Willis must have said to Papa: 'More people ought to eat toadstools,' or Papa must have said to Dr. Willis: 'Isn't Nature wonderful?' — however it was, in a little while Dr. Willis was organizing a series of Botanical Lectures. About twenty very earnest people attended them, as did also Papa, Ken, and I.

There was one tremendous afternoon when we got into the wrong train, or mistook the meeting place, or the day, or something, and sat happily on the bank of a river, just the three of us, and played and talked, and never heard a word about pistils or stamens; and after that we prayed every Thursday that we might miss the party again. God, however, only managed it once more — on a day, as it happened, when Papa couldn't come. The rendezvous was Highgate Woods, a place in which anybody, even if interested in botany, might get lost, and we lay on our stomachs in a ride, and raced caterpillars across it, until the approaching voice of the lecturer warned us that we must move along, quickly.

It would seem from this that I was not so eager to learn botany as my character reading suggested. Let us put it down to the dullness of the lecturer. A little later I had another opportunity, for there came to Henley House a young science master, the first it had ever had. As he has told in his own autobiography, this was H. G. Wells, no less. On the publication of that great work, a newspaper rang me up to ask if I remembered Wells as a schoolmaster, and if he had taught me anything. I said that he had taught me all the botany I never learnt. '"Yes," said Mr. Milne, "he taught me all the botany I know,"' was how it appeared in the paper next morning, as if between us we had exhausted the subject. H. G. is a great writer, and a great friend, and I am indebted to him for many things, most of all for the affection which he always felt for my father; but he was not a great schoolmaster. He was too clever and too impatient. He had the complete attention of his class once when vivisecting a frog (kindly provided by a day boy), but school life was not lived at that level, and on the lower slopes we lost him. Fortunately we met him again in the school magazine; in which for a year or two he kicked and stretched himself, before jumping, fully waked, into the world of letters.

IX

Stanford was in Berkshire, a new country to us. We rode down on the tandem. Ken had had his hair cut, and I hardly recognized him. We sat on a bank, and dangled our legs, and Papa asked a passer-by if we were right for Stanford.

'That's right,' said the farmer. 'About another six mile.'

We continued to dangle. Another cart came past.

'How far is it to Stanford?' asked Ken, and we both giggled.

'About four and a 'arf mile.'

'Good,' said Papa. 'We're getting on. Your turn next, Alan.'

'We can't keep *on* asking,' I protested.

'Yes, we can,' said Ken.

A boy came out of a cottage, and looked down the road. Ken nudged me.

'Can you tell me how far —'

'He can't hear you,' said Ken. 'Shout.'

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I rolled off the bank and ran over to him.

'Well?' they asked, when I came back.

'Just three miles,' I reported.

'What would you like to do?' said Papa. 'Wait here until it comes, or go and meet it?'

We went and met it.

There was great excitement that night in Stanford-in-the-Vale. The most notorious character in the village was being 'burnt in effigy.' Papa explained to us what this meant, and, as discreetly as he could, why it was being done. It was because he was a very bad man, who had run away from his wife. But if he was a very bad man, I said, wasn't it a good thing for his wife if — Ken interrupted to say that he had got somebody into trouble. What sort of trouble? 'Just trouble, Davis said. I suppose he sneaked on somebody.' Papa interrupted to say that we couldn't know the truth of it, but evidently the village felt very strongly about it. Ken hoped that *he* would never be burnt in effigy. I hoped I shouldn't either. Papa thought we probably shouldn't if we told the truth, and worked hard. So we decided to go on doing this.

Meanwhile, noses pressed against an upper window, we watched the village's retribution on the sinner. Three times they paraded his effigy round the green, the men banging pans and kettles, the women screaming, the boys making every sort of noise they could. Then they turned on to the grass, and gathered round into a circle as if for prayer; and there was a moment's silence; and suddenly a flame shot up to heaven. . . . 'Coo!' we said to each other.

It must have been great fun, and I should have thought that the opportunity for it would occur more often.

We did very little walking at Stanford. With the loss of Ken's curls something had gone out of our lives: our love of adventure, our habit of getting up early, even our desire to be alone together. Ken moved a little up to Barry and I clung on as best I could, so that now we were all three playing lawn tennis for the first time, and watching an ox being poleaxed, and messing about by the river with village boys. Of course we had to keep friendly with Barry anyhow, because he was the only one of us who had a bicycle; but later, when Papa took us into Faringdon and hired bicycles for us, I seem to remember that Ken and I were drawn together again, even getting up early in order to practise six different ways of mounting, and riding without hands, and standing on the saddle, and other tricks which would give us the chance of calling proudly to Mama: 'Look at *me!*'

However, we did start another three days' walking tour, Papa, Ken, and I, but something happened to it. We walked over Lambourn Downs, and on the second day were lunching in Savernake Forest. For some reason Papa suddenly thought it would be fun to take train to Southampton. Anything was fun to us, and we agreed happily. We slept at Southampton, and next morning Papa thought it would be fun to take a boat round the Isle of Wight. I thought so too. But Ken, who had once been sick on the ornamental waters of Regent's Park and rightly felt that he could be sick anywhere, wasn't so sure. However, after a little persuasion, he said that he didn't mind practising. So we went round the Isle of Wight. Ken wasn't ill, but he left his knapsack on board. As the boat was now going round the Isle of Wight again, time slipped by, and eventually, so as not to miss church on Sunday, we went home by train. It was not quite the walk it should have been.

X

Seaford saw the last of Shirley Temple. As Ken and I came back from the barber's, carrying my precious locks in a paper bag for Mama, we repassed a little group of locals. They knew us by

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sight, for they had often seen us chasing butterflies on the cliffs here. They whistled 'Get your hair cut.' It is odd that this, the first moment of my emancipation, was the only time when I had 'Get your hair cut' whistled at me.

Seaford brought us two blessings: butterflies and the sea. Of the two we probably got greater pleasure from the butterflies. The first article which I wrote for the public press was written at this time. It was severely practical, being entitled 'How to Make a Butterfly Net.' We hoped a lot from this; and I can only suppose that the reason why Ken wasn't writing it was because he was busy on an article, 'Common Butterflies and Their Haunts.' My article was sent to *Chums*, Ken's to the *Boys' Own Paper*. That was the last we heard of them. Seaford in those days was full of butterflies. When, as periodically happens, some enthusiast writes to *The Times* to say that he has seen six Clouded Yellows simultaneously at Lower Beeding, and is followed by an authority who says that every seventh year brings a visitation of Clouded Yellows from the Continent, I count in sevens from 1892 and see if either of them knows what he is talking about. The year 1892 was the peak year for Clouded Yellows. Ken and I would go out together with our nets, find a suitable camping place, and then separate. In half an hour we would meet again. Nothing was to be said, but the position of the butterfly net on the return to camp would indicate to the other the nature of the bag. Net at the trail in the right hand, nothing better than a small Tortoise-shell; in the left hand, Brimstone or Red Admiral; at the slope on the right shoulder, Peacock or Painted Lady; on the left shoulder, Clouded Yellow; over the head, anything special.

Ken had been given Morris's *British Butterflies* for a birthday present, and we knew it by heart. The kings and queens of the British butterfly world were, and I suppose still are: the Swallowtail, the Purple Emperor, and the Camberwell Beauty. A few Swallowtails were to be found in Norfolk, where we never went; a few Purple Emperors at the tops of oak trees (where we never went); a few Camberwell Beauties, no doubt, at Camberwell — where, also, we never went. We realized that these great butterflies were not for us. One day, while we were at breakfast, Papa called to us to come into the garden and see something. We went . . . and there on the flagstones just outside the garden door was, incredibly, a Swallowtail. Left to ourselves, Ken and I could have caught it, but the competition was too severe. Barry rushed for a net, anybody's net. The Jamaica cousin's son, who derided our English butterflies, and told us stories of West Indian butterflies like eagles, thought that he might start a collection with a Swallowtail, and dashed for his hat. Even Ken and I, each secretly longing to be the captor, however certainly we shared the spoil, got into each other's way. It was all too much for the butterfly, which went back to Norfolk. I am still hoping that one day I shall read a letter in *The Times* asking if the Swallowtail has ever been seen as far south as Sittingbourne. 'Sir,' I shall write.

I had been taught to swim at the Hampstead Baths, part of the teaching taking the simple form of pushing me in at the deep end, and fishing for me with a hooked pole when I came to the surface. It was a relief to discover that nobody could push me into anything at Seaford. When the sea was rough (as it nearly always was) we bathed at the end of a long rope whose other end was held by Papa. Like many Victorians, he couldn't swim: unlike, I imagine, anybody else who couldn't swim, he could float. At the Hampstead Baths he would lower himself carefully into the water and cross the bath on his back, with an impressive dignity which left you feeling that he would have done it

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on his front if he had been in a hurry. We wondered sometimes if it was just that he didn't want to get his beard wet. In any case a rough sea was no good to him. Realizing that he wouldn't be able to save us if we were in danger, he insisted on the rope. We resented it, but I expect he was right. Waves, like everything else, are not what they were. In those days they were terrific, and we came out of the water blue, black, and red all over.

We had a book called *Common Objects of the Sea Shore*, but there were not many to be found at Seaford. Ken had taken temporarily to spectacles. He would remove these before bathing, and put them on a breakwater. Next day, when the tide had gone down, we would look for them. They were about all we ever found.

XI

The long, unlovely hours we labored through in church, the golden hours we wasted. What were we doing there? Even if men believe that the Incomprehensible Being which created this incomprehensible universe is morbidly anxious that little atoms on one of his million worlds should praise him for it in set phrases on every seventh day, is it likely that he should wish them to do so in words which reach no higher than a child's mind? And if the words are beyond a child's mind, what is the child doing there? How were Papa's soul and mine to be uplifted, our spiritual difficulties to be resolved, by the same teaching? The lovely hours which were torn from us that we might be told not to covet our neighbor's wife. God (and we stopped skating to hear the good news) was not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible. It still left him something a little less than a friend.

There was a Sunday in Buxton when even Papa, if told not to covet his neighbor's daughter, would have thought the command unnecessary. Rose, the youngest Johnston, was about our age. We were on our way to church in our stiffest and best clothes. Papa bent down to tie up his lace, and Rose, with no desire but to amuse, put a handful of snow down his back. There were really no words for the situation: Sunday — the threshold of the church — his host's little daughter — the quickly melting snow. There were no words to say, and he said none. In silence we entered the church, Ken and I looking back at Rose and her tight-lipped father, and wondering if girls ever got spanked, and if so where. Papa went on to his knees, forgetting, in that moment, everything but his God. But when he rose from them, and sat back, then he must have remembered his host's little daughter again. Bless her.

This was Christmas 1891. I date it, a little uncertainly, by the Duke of Clarence's death. I know that we were at Buxton when he died, but he may not have died when I think he did. What I remember very well is the Limpsfield uncle telling us (many months earlier) that the Duke of Clarence would never come to the throne, because there would be a revolution if he did. When the news of the death came to us, and the church-bells were tolled, and everybody was very sorry, Ken and I shared a secret solemnity which meant, 'If only Buxton knew.' The Limpsfield uncle was very much more a man-about-town than Papa. He had a velvet smoking jacket, had been to the Paris Exhibition, and could be relied upon in these matters.

Normally we spent the Christmas holidays in London. We didn't hang up stockings on Christmas Eve. Somebody — at first supposed to be Father Christmas, but at a very early age identified with Papa — came into our room at night, and put our presents at the foot of the bed. It was exciting waking up in the morning and seeing what treasures we had got; it was maddening to know that we should not be able to enjoy them properly until we had come back from church. Was it really supposed that a child, with all his Christmas presents

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waiting for him, could give his mind to the herald angels?

Hark! the herald angels sing
(*I've never had a paintbox with tubes in before*)
Glory to the newborn King!
(*I'll paint a little cottage with a green front door*)
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
(*My knife's a jolly good one, they've marked it Sheffield steel*)
God and sinners reconciled!
(*I've got it in my pocket, I can feel it when I feel*)
Hark! the herald angels sing
(*I wish it were to-morrow, I* MUST *sail my boat*)
Glory to the newborn King!
(*I'll take it to the bathroom and just watch it float*)

One Christmas we decided to put on a play. We had a boy, by the name of Charles, staying with us. If anybody, reading the previous pages, thought, 'What was the other brother doing all this time, when Ken and Alan were so busy? Did he play by himself?' the answer is that nearly always there was somebody left over from school whose parents were in India. On this occasion it was Charles, whose mother was in America. The three of us (for Charles was illiterate) had just read one of those threepenny novels (Forget-me-not Library) called *The Golden Key*. It was the most completely moving and exciting story which we had ever read. It was about a poor but lovely governess at Marchmont Towers, who was wooed by young Lord Marchmont (or, as he was sometimes called, Lord Robert Marchmont) in spite of the relentless opposition of old Lord Marchmont (or, as he was sometimes called, the Duke of Marchmont) and old Lady Marchmont, the Duchess. But the young couple won through in the end, for Love, as perhaps you have guessed, is the Golden Key which unlocks all gates. It was such a beautiful story that we were impelled to dramatize it. We divided the story into suitable scenes, but left the actual dialogue to the invention of the moment, indicating the lines on which it was to be conducted.

I was the wistful young governess, and I put my hair up for the occasion. For the first and last time in my life I wore a bustle, this being the mode. I looked sweet. Charles was the hero, for it was thought that he could get more passion into the proposal scene than could either of my brothers. We explained to him (for he had not our wide experience of literature) the proper method of proposing to a lady: that on no account must she be shocked by a blunt 'I love you,' until some preliminary trial had been made of the gentle creature's feelings. He must lead delicately up to the great moment. A little drawing-room conversation, enlivened, perhaps, by a touch of badinage; then the sounding of a deeper note; then the proposal — in other words than these we explain what we want. Charles promises to give us all of it. Everything seems simple to him now that he is assured of having a burnt-cork moustache. My own part is easier. It is for Lord Marchmont to lead, for me to follow, and any hesitation I show will be in keeping with the character.

Observe us, then, on the night. The great moment is here. I am seated in the arbor in maiden meditation, yet not unaware, for my womanly intuition so tells me, that I have won his love. Lord Marchmont is announced (thus we preserve the forms at Marchmont Towers), and enters, top hat in hand. 'Lord Marchmont!' I cry, affecting surprise. 'Pray be seated.' He sits down. After a pregnant silence a voice is wafted across the arbor from behind a bank of holly. It says, 'Go *on*, you fool.'

The exhilaration of the burnt cork has worn off, and Charles is dumb. He closes his eyes in an agony of thought. I wait. It is all a woman can do.

'Do you like apples?' says Charles, coming to life suddenly.

'Yes,' I say wistfully.

There is another pregnant silence. Charles wrestles with his hat, and looks imploringly at the ceiling for inspiration. Inspiration comes.

'Do you like pears?' he asks, sounding a deeper note.

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'Yes,' I murmur shyly.

Charles feels that he can now give way to his emotions.

'Will you marry me?' he asks, dropping his top hat and picking it up again.

'Yes,' I breathe.

Charles nods triumphantly to himself. He has done it. He puts his top hat on, and goes passionately out. The curtain comes down.

XII

When we first knew Papa, he rode a tricycle. It had one large wheel on the right and two little ones, joined by a bar, on the left. Sometimes, when he was riding madly to the bank, or to see Dr. Willis, one of us would sit on the bar, legs dangling, and observe the left-hand pavement. Like pillion riding, this was neither comfortable nor instructive, but its insecurity made it fun. In those days the only bicycle was the 'ordinary' or 'dangerous,' and it was not until some time after the 'safety' bicycle came in that Papa abandoned his tricycle. His first bicycle had pneumatic tires; it was as if he were waiting for Dunlop to invent something like this before deciding that bicycles were worth his attention. When he got a puncture, he wheeled his machine to the nearest station and went home by train. Mending a '91 tire was a day's job.

By 1892 we were all keen bicyclists. In those famous sports when Ken won (and lost) a whiskey flask, there was an 'Under 14 One Mile Bicycle Handicap.' The other competitors had solid tires, but by some chicanery of argument I managed to persuade Thom III to lend me his new birthday bicycle, the apple of his eye (with which he slept at night), a bicycle with 'cushion' tires. This took me about three weeks, for it was difficult to meet his objection that if one were so callous as to risk a bicycle like that in the hurly-burly of a race one would ride it oneself. The result was: '(1) Milne I (100 yards); (2) Milne III (200 yards); (3) Milne II (160 yards)' — which leaves the racing value of the cushion tire uncertain, but the handicap value of being the headmaster's son beyond dispute.

We were thrilled to be riding on the famous track of the Paddington Recreation Ground, where so often we had watched 'ordinary' bicycle races. The competitors of those days seemed to belong exclusively to the Catford B.C. or the Polytechnic B.C. Our hearts were with Catford, and in particular with the champion of Catford — Osmond. Osmond was my only hero. I wondered what he was like when he stopped flashing past you on a bicycle, and you really got to know him; I longed to be Osmond. 'Osmond, Osmond!' we shrieked as the bell rang for the last lap of the race, and the mad struggle began which left half a dozen competitors spread-eagled on the ground, but never Osmond. He had a rival in the Polytechnic, whose claims Barry and Ken never ceased to urge on me, wanting Osmond to themselves; a dark unlovely man, soured by the knowledge that he could not be Osmond, and that Osmond would always beat him. Osmond — a beautiful name. I think that as A.A. Osmond I should have written much more dashingly.

At the end of 1892 the first detachable pneumatic tire appeared, and a boy could now mend his own puncture by the wayside. Papa took advantage of the occasion to make the most splendid benefaction in history: he gave each of us a new Dunlop-tired bicycle. There may have been other boys with such bicycles in England, but in our journeys we never came across them. No boy at Henley House could boast one. No boy-driven pneumatic tire ever met us, ever passed us, on the road. We lived on those bicycles in the holidays. All the early-morning streets knew them, which had once known our hoops. We rode behind buses up Park Lane, ringing our bell impatiently and then swinging magnificently past them; we darted between hansom cabs: 'Look at *us!* Look at *us!*

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Did you ever see bicycles like this?' Two years later they were to become the fashion of the fashionable squares through which as gods we drove our contemptuous way.

That Easter we all rode down to Hastings to show our new bicycles to the Limpsfield uncle. It was our ambition to ride a hundred miles in a day; by 'our' I mean Ken's and mine — Papa had no ambitions that way. We did not achieve it until 1897. We were living in Thanet then, and spending our summer holiday in North Wales. Father gave us the train fare from Dolgelly to Westgate-on-Sea, which must have been over fifty shillings for the two of us, and told us that we could ride home if we liked. Even if we took four days we could still show a profit, but secretly we hoped to do it in three. Unfortunately we took a road over the mountains which no cartographer should have included in any map, and along which for nearly ten miles we could do no more than push our bicycles. By the time we reached Llwymllp'wegh — if that is what it was called — we were sick of the whole business. An early lunch revived us; an enormous tea, and the discovery that it was two hours earlier than we had guessed it to be, revived us still more; and at ten o'clock that night, tired but happy, we came into Hereford.

Over a cup of coffee and a sausage roll we followed our journey on the map. We had ridden (and pushed) our bicycles ninety-six miles. Only four miles more for the hundred! Such a chance might never come again. We said good-bye to Hereford, and rode eastward into the night. At eleven o'clock we reached the fourth milestone. There was no house within sight, no village within miles, and we were certainly not going back to Hereford. We wheeled our bicycles into a field and lay down. The grass was very wet, but we were very tired. I lay there, and thought how lucky Ken was to have fallen asleep so quickly. At two in the morning Ken said, 'Are you awake too?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Haven't you slept at all, either?' I said, 'No.' I said, 'I'm sick of it, aren't you?' He said, 'Yes.' We mounted our bicycles and rode on. The dawn came, but we couldn't give our minds to it. The birds began to sing, but we weren't really listening. At six o'clock we struggled into Cirencester. We rode through the silent town. We came to its last public house. It was no good; we could not, we dare not, leave it behind. We sat on a heap of stones outside and waited for it to open its doors to breakfast. . . . Then we went home by train.

XIII

In June 1892 Ken went in for the Challenge at Westminster, as the examination for election into College is called. Unfortunately he wore knickerbockers, which may not have affected the result, but gave all the trousered little boys from the preparatory schools a good deal of amusement. There was never the least hope or intention that he should get a scholarship. He went in for 'practice.' In the following January there was a by-election into College for four vacancies, and Ken, profiting by his practice, wore trousers. He got the last place. It was a surprise, and something of a shock, to his family. It was a surprise to Ken, and would have been more of a shock if he had been given time to think about it. But there were only two days in which to turn him into a complete public-school boy.

Inventory in hand, Mama rushes him from tailor to hatter, from hatter to bootmaker, from bootmaker to hosier, from hosier to trunk maker. They end up at the photographer's. Here, in cap and gown and spectacles, and still about three hours behind it all, Ken is clamped into a chair. The photographer, seeing at once that the property telescope is not going to be right this time, is inspired to put a book in his hands. The moment chosen for the photograph is that when

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Ken looks up from his book and says to the camera, 'Personally I think Plotinus is wrong in his major assumption.' Unfortunately Ken is wrong too. He is wearing, naturally enough, his Eton collar outside his coat, little knowing, as he will know to-morrow, that Queen's Scholars at Westminster wear their collars inside. The photographs are wasted; we can never circulate them now. But one copy is preserved in the family album.

Poor old Ken. If only it could go on like this: being exciting, and going into shops with Mama, and having telegrams, and showing Alan his gown, and trying on the new trousers, and reading his name in the papers again. But now to-morrow is here. No Alan with him on this new adventure. He has never left home before, he has never known a school which was not also a home, he has never been by himself. He feels very small and lonely. 'Good-bye,' he gulps. 'Good-bye. I say, thanks awfully. Good-bye. Yes, I hope so. I mean I expect so, I mean I'm sure to. Good-bye.' And he is alone in the dark four-wheeler with Papa, and desperately unhappy. Oh, if it could be yesterday again, and always yesterday: in those bright shops with Mama, dear Mama, so warm, so friendly, and so safe.

Poor old Ken.

We realized how lucky we were that Ken had got into College at a by-election, for this meant that he would be only two terms away from me. There was never the least doubt in my mind about the June Challenge. Even if I had known then that I should have to be the youngest scholar ever elected, I should still have taken it for granted that it would happen. If ever in my life I said, 'I can do it,' I said it then. I worked in those next five months as I have only worked (over any length of time) twice in my life since.

We are now about to say good-bye to Papa and Mama. Public-school boys do not have papas and mamas; they have fathers and mothers. It is a little awkward making the change, but if you write for a whole term to 'Dearest Father,' and end up with 'Give my love to darling Mother,' then by the holidays you are almost ready for it. Papas and mamas are dying out anyhow. They sink into the Victorian sunset as period pieces, to rise brightly with the new century as real daddies and mummies. Meanwhile the youngest Queen's Scholar in history (or so they say) writes twice a week to his dearest father; and, when he wants some more food, to his darling mother.

We are also to say good-bye to Henley House. At the end of my first term at Westminster we moved, leaving the mineral collection, the remains of the toad, threepence, the gymnasium, and the goodwill of the school to Papa's successor. Papa (for he shall not make the great change too suddenly) had been uneasy about Kilburn for some years. The 'neighborhood' was 'going down.' Moreover, he was becoming convinced that there was no future for his sort of private school. The only privately owned school which could now succeed was the preparatory school for boys under fourteen.

For the last year or two he had been looking about for a suitable house in the country. He generally took me with him on these excursions. Wishing to be unhampered in his preliminary conversations and negotiations with the railway company, he would deposit me in the waiting room of some strange station in some strange part of London, and then leave me for, I suppose, a few minutes, but minutes which seemed like hours. The only unreasoning fear I can remember feeling as a child came over me on these occasions. I knew that Papa would no willfully abandon me; I was almost sure (but not quite) that he wouldn't forget about me; I had no certainty at all that he wouldn't have an accident, and be unable to return to me.

Papa found the house at Westgate-on-Sea. It was an old house and a long-

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unlived-in house; it had seven acres of grounds, and the rent was £350 a year. When the day boys were gone, and the boarders over the age of fourteen discarded, Papa had ten boys left. Thanet was full of prosperous and fashionable schools, whose headmasters, if not, as often, Blues or Firsts, were at least Oxford or Cambridge. Papa (B. A. Lond.), having nothing to guide him in the conduct of a preparatory school but his own sense and genius for teaching, took his ten boys to Streete Court, and made inquiries as to the best tradesmen. The best tradesmen, who had already made inquiries about him, gave him three years. In three years Streete Court would be empty again. . . .

XIV

In the summer holidays of 1893 I read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, and learnt by heart a poem of William Allingham's. (Yes, that one.) This, I had discovered, was the holiday task for the Upper Remove at Westminster. Ken had spent his first term in the Upper Remove, therefore I should, so I reasoned; and I proposed to endear myself to my form master by learning a holiday task which made no official claim on me whatever. I discovered at once that voluntary work got you nowhere. Nobody asked me to recite, nobody wanted to share my knowledge of Mexico. But I was not discouraged. Nothing could discourage me until I had got on level terms with Ken.

Ken was in the form above me, the Under Fifth. The Upper Remove was the top form of the Lower School, so that, until I was out of it, I couldn't even share a mathematical set with him. I doubled to and fro among the classics; Ken marked time; and in January I joined him.

As far as work was concerned, I was now to spend my happiest term at Westminster. I was in the Upper School, and in the top mathematical set. For the first time in my life (perhaps because we were doing Martial, a much more amusing writer than Cæsar, if not such a good general) I really enjoyed Latin. Even in Greek I was adding happily to my knowledge of fountains. Possibly the weather was good too: I can't remember. But there was a sunny air about that form room in the spring of 1894.

The air seemed still sunnier at the end of the term when we both got removes. In those days the only report of his son's progress which came through to a parent was the Headmaster's brief summing up. Mine said, 'Keen, intelligent and improving fast,' and I don't see how anybody could say fairer than that. Ken's said, in effect, 'About time, too,' but said it in a nice sort of way. Father, who took our reports seriously, being himself a headmaster, had his happiest holiday. We bicycled gayly up and down the home counties.

I can't remember what Ken's next report said, but I know it must have been worse than mine, because it always was. This was accepted by both of us as bearing no sort of relation to our respective labors or relaxations from labor. Ken's report in the summer of 1894 was definitely worse than mine, and mine said: 'Has done ill, showing little or no ambition, even in mathematics.' When he read this, Father turned his face to the wall, and abandoned hope. I, on the other hand, turned my face to the lighter side of life, and abandoned work.

For (I would point out) I was twelve. I was in the top mathematical set of the school; and in the term's examinations I had come out top of that set. Nobody could specialize in mathematics until he reached the Sixth, at which point he diverged into the Mathematical Sixth. At this time there were three boys in the Mathematical Sixth. With the exception of those three boys, ages seventeen to eighteen, I was top of the school in mathematics, at the age of twelve. And I was told that I had 'done ill.'

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I can remember that report bursting into our happy summer holiday, and Mother's anxiety at sight of the envelope in case poor old Ken had got another one, and Ken's reassurance that his wouldn't be too bad, and my own certainty that mine would be so good that it would be good enough for the two of us . . . and then Father's stern, set face, as he began to read. I can remember being rather annoyed by mine; an annoyance which changed to bewildered indignation when I discovered that it was not, as I had assumed on a first reading, '*except* in mathematics,' but '*even* in mathematics.' It was useless to point out to Father that the report was written before the result of the examinations was known, and that the examinations proved that the report was ridiculously wrong. Headmasters' reports *couldn't* be wrong. If Dr. Rutherford said I had done ill, I had done ill.

Well, that was that. There seemed to be nothing left to work for. In my own subject I had beaten everybody I could beat; I was now permanently with Ken; and Father's happiness seemed to depend not on my own efforts, but on an entirely haphazard interpretation of them. I stopped working. It is clear to me now that I never was a mathematical genius, but just a clever little boy who could learn anything which an enthusiast taught him; a mixture of ambition and carelessness, who liked learning chiefly for the victories it brought him. There were neither enthusiasts nor victories in sight. Only Ken. Together we settled down happily to idleness. My 'education' had begun.

It went on. In my French set at this time I had my first experience of 'cheating.' To the average boy there are two kinds of cheating: that which gives you the advantage of another boy, and that which enables you to hold your own against a master. The first is 'not done'; the second may have to be done. The master in charge of this set had the longest and most beautiful pair of moustaches (one could only think of them as a pair) which I have ever seen. He was also, as I discovered later, one of the most delightful of men. But he overestimated the capacity of his form for absorbing French. At every lesson he would dictate twenty-four questions to which we had to write down the answers. Anybody who got less than twenty correct answers was 'sent up-School'—which meant that he had to work in the afternoon instead of playing games. To be sent up-School more than fifteen times in a term brought you in danger of a public 'handing' (with birch) by the Headmaster. For a Queen's Scholar to be sent up-School even once a term was considered disgraceful.

When we had written down our answers, we changed papers with the boy next to us, so that each boy was correcting somebody else's paper. This, which was supposed to prevent cheating, made cheating more certain, for one was now doing it with an easy conscience on another boy's behalf. We sat alphabetically, and I was next to a boy called Moon. Leonard Moon was almost then, and was to become, the hero of every Westminster boy. He was then just getting into the school elevens; he became a double Blue, made a century against the Australians, played cricket for Middlesex, played football for Corinthians and the South of England, was extraordinarily good-looking, and was, with it all, an extremely modest, charming person. Could I let this paragon, who was even worse at French than I, go up-School? Of course not. Could I, as a loyal Westminster, handicap the school by denying him his cricket and football practice? Unthinkable.

When his name was read out, I said 'Twenty-one' firmly. And when my own name was read out, and he said 'Twenty-two,' it was equally unthinkable that I should rise in my place and say, 'Sir, I suspect this charming boy on my left of uttering falsehoods. I doubt very much if I got more than seven

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answers right. I insist on a recount.' Instead I looked modestly down my nose. In a few weeks I had settled down happily to a life of deception.

There were various expenses each term which demanded ready money: College subscriptions, entrance fees for competitions, haircuts, journey money if we went out at the week-end, perhaps a wedding present for a master who was getting married, or a wreath for a Canon who was being buried. To meet these expenses Father was accustomed to advance us three or four pounds at the beginning of the term, for which we had to account to him afterwards, handing him back the balance. We soon got into the habit of regarding this as our own money. We put by a small balance to take home to him and spent the rest 'up-Sutts,' on the biscuits and sweets for which our neglected stomachs shrieked. The 'accounting' was child's play. Father couldn't know if a master had been married that term, and wouldn't know if a Canon, minor Canon, or What-not had died that term; nor could he be dogmatic about the subscription likely to be demanded from each boy on these glad or sad occasions. 'Wreaths 15/—, wedding presents 17/6' looked reasonable.

Ken called our system the double-entry system, because we entered every expense twice, and he said that all accountants used it because it was a very good and well-tried system. Whether this was so or not, it served our purpose. Our most anxious moment was at one Easter, when Father suddenly demanded an account for five pounds which we had hoped he wouldn't be thinking about again. The trouble was that on this occasion we had no change left at all. Now it was extremely unlikely that, in giving us five pounds, he had estimated exactly to the last penny the sum which we should want; it was still more unlikely that, if he had underestimated it, we should not have applied to him for more. Obviously, then, we must show *some* small balance in his favor. Yet we had not one penny in our pockets.

Ken put the crisis by for the moment while he went out to look for his dog, who had gone off on some private business. He didn't find the dog, but he did find a shilling in the road. He spent a penny ha'penny, and nobody would grudge it to him, on a ginger beer, and came back triumphantly with the change. That night we presented Father with our account. There had been an exceptional mortality among the higher clergy of the Abbey (it had been a nasty cold winter) and a rather surprising outburst of matrimony in an unpromising-looking staff (but it had been a very tender spring), and, what with one thing and another, there was a balance this term of no more than tenpence ha'penny. 'Have *you* got it, Alan?' I had. We handed it over.

XV

There were no baths in College; it was enough that it was built by Christopher Wren. One cannot have everything; probably there are no baths in St. Paul's Cathedral. There was no hot water in College; but in every cubicle (or 'house,' as it was called) there was a shallow tin bath, in which one could make cold splashing noises every morning. These noises were about all that Juniors did towards keeping clean. After a muddy game of football in the afternoon, one had a quarter of an hour in which to get the mud off with cold water and change back into a stiff white shirt, Eton collar, and white bow tie. If it was one's turn to shout 'Rutherford's coming' one had five minutes less. It can be imagined how white and well-tied the ties were.

On the rare occasions when Ken and I went out for the week-end, our kind hostess (forewarned by Mother) led us straight to the bathroom, and left us there to soak. We soaked: more out of kindness to her, and in return for the enormous meals we proposed to eat, than from any personal itch for it. Small

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boys can assimilate comfortably quite a lot of dirt. Luckily, when we were bigger and more ready for it, hot water had reached College. There were still no baths, but there was a divinely hot (if you wanted it hot, and cold if you wanted it cold) spray-and-shower. To-day, so quickly do our old schools move with the times, there are real baths in College. The argument that Warren Hastings did without one (and look at him) is no longer valid.

It will be seen that life in College was hard, but it was not unhealthy. In my seven years there I was never once 'out of school' for illness. On the whole we were as happy as one could expect to be at school. Happiness at school is relative. A boy is happier at his public school than he was at his private school, or happier this term than last. Only at one period was I positively happy, waking up in the morning and saying 'Hooray, another day beginning!' I must have been a Third Election by then, with no College cares and apprehensions; I must have been in the Mathematical Sixth, and free to work or slack as I chose; and I was, as I remember, just beginning to find myself at football; so that, in fact, I was waking up and saying 'Hooray, I'm going to play football this afternoon!' For a Third Election, keen on games, untroubled by work, with a little money (his own or his father's) in his pocket, College was as good a home from home as could be found.

As a Third Election I was certainly untroubled by work. My decision at the age of twelve not to be Senior Wrangler was to save me a great deal of anxiety, for Westminster in those days lived only for the Classics. No ardent mathematician could have breathed happily in that atmosphere. The young Newton sat in the corner of a form room whose natural inhabitants were wrestling with factors or the first book of Euclid, and only when the clamor of these legitimists had been silenced for a moment by the awful shape of an isosceles triangle on the blackboard was the master free to stroll across to the rebel in the corner and say, 'Well, Newton, how are *you* getting on?'

One of the pleasant privileges of Westminster, dating, as most of them did, from an earlier Queen Elizabeth, was the disposal to deserving scholars of Maundy money. A complete set of Maundy money consists of a silver penny, a silver twopenny piece, a silver threepenny piece, and a silver fourpenny piece. These were distributed, a coin at a time, to the boys who had come out top of their forms or sets over a certain period. The correct marking of our mathematical set, in our last year there, presented difficulties. If it were the Algebra hour, Ken and I, sitting together, might be doing Indeterminate Equations, the boy next to us the Theory of Probability, and half a dozen others might be no further on than the Binomial Theorem. Moreover, some of us might be spending the hour on Hall and Knight's exposition of the theory, and the others, having already studied it, might now be solving problems for themselves. Nevertheless, at the end of the hour each boy would be asked for the record of his work, so that it could be entered up in the mark book. Half a dozen boys doing problems on the Binomial Theorem might be distinguished by the number of problems which each had solved, but it was not easy to see how 'Six, sir' from one of these boys could be compared with 'Two and book work, sir' from Ken or me. I didn't complain of this system of marking, because, whatever the master's method of reducing us to a common denominator, I always came out top; but it didn't seem fair to Ken, who was doing the same work as I and the same amount of it. So, for a term, we arranged that he should win the Maundy money. When I said, 'Two and book work,' he said, 'Three and book work'; when I said, 'Six,' he said, 'Seven.' It was no good; I continued to come out top. As soon as I had collected the complete set of Maundy money, I made a point of

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asking for threepenny bits. These, being just like ordinary threepenny bits, could be shared by us up-Sutts.

At the end of my third year we had reached the fringe of the Sixth, and were ready to become whole-time mathematicians. We said good-bye to Latin, French, and Greek. With the English language we had never had any official dealings, and the only History we had learnt was the history of Greece and Rome. We now said farewell to Alcibiades, and the mother of the Gracchi. We were in the Mathematical Sixth, and almost literally our own masters. I was fourteen.

XVI

Ken, however, remained the writer of the family.

It is time that something was said about this business of writing. When I read other people's autobiographies, and learn that Miss Sylvia Marchpane had been scribbling since she was six, and had written half a dozen novels, mostly in exercise books, before she left school; when I read that the thoughts of Mr. John Merryweather were turned to the stage by the present of a toy theatre on his fourth birthday, and that before *he* left school he had written half a dozen plays, mostly on the backs of envelopes — then it is brought home to me that, whatever other sort of writer I am, I am not (alas!) a 'born writer.' It is comforting, but not conclusively so, to remember that probably Shakespeare wasn't either.

We did no English at Westminster. In my seven years there I never wrote so much as one essay for authority. There was a Literary Society in College to which I was admitted in my sixth year. It read the plays of Shakespeare on Friday evenings in the company of the Master of the Queen's Scholars and his wife. Owing to the presence of Mrs. Raynor (who must have known much more about these things than we did), it was the custom of each reader to omit the more outspoken passages and elide the grosser words, a practice somewhat embarrassing, since the housemaster was following the text in his book to see what one did elide. Well, not following it for that purpose, of course, but sufficiently up with the field to wonder, at some surprising hiatus, whether Shakespeare could possibly have meant what Jenkins apparently thought he did. *Othello* offered the most difficult problem to our chivalry, and I doubt if we ever quite deceived Mrs. Raynor as to what was going on.

My other official contact with the dramatic world was through the medium of the Latin Play. It is unlikely that a performance by schoolboys of Terence's *Adelphi* or *Andria*, from whichever side of the footlights seen, is going to give anybody a passion for the theatre. It certainly aroused no passion in me. I have described my first appearance on the stage. My second was in the topical Epilogue to the Latin Play. One of the affairs current in 1893 was an attempt by some French explorer to teach equatorial monkeys the French language. Ken and I represented two backward equatorial monkeys who had got no further on than small French noises. This could not properly be called a speaking part. The following year I came on (without Ken) as a paper boy, calling '*Omnes victores.*' This part demanded the smallness of stature which I could provide rather than the histrionic ability which I could not.

I then left the stage until 1899, when I got my first, and only, part in the Play itself. I was Geta, a slave. I rushed down to the footlights, pushing past the old gentleman who was to astonish me so much by his presence when I had finished soliloquizing, and burst out with the unforgettable words (for I am still unable to forget them): '*Nunc illud est, cum si omnia omnes sua consilia conferant, atque huic malo salutem quaerant, auxili nil adferant.*' I went on in this way for quite a time, pacing up and down in front of the footlights as if hungry and keeping my eyes firmly on the

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audience so as to build up to my start of surprise when it was time to see the old gentleman behind me; and the old gentleman, in my intervals for breath, called attention to his hiding place in the middle of the stage by interpolating '*Hem!*' and '*Heus!*' until the great moment arrived. At last, with the Latin equivalent for 'Well, I suppose I had better be getting back,' I turned round. . . . It was what is so well called a 'dramatic' moment. 'Henry!' I cried. '*You* here?' No, this was Latin; his name may have been Sosia or Micio, and I was only a slave at that — I probably said, '*Hem, perii!*' meaning roughly 'We're sunk!' It is odd that I remember my entrance speech so clearly, but forget the details of the big scene; is this, I wonder, a common experience among actors? Well, there we were. While I stood by exhibiting horror, Micio (or Demea) indicated to the audience that, having accidentally overheard my private thoughts, he now had enough new material to keep the next act going. He walked off with dignity, and I followed him. I don't think I came on again. There was no reason why I should. I had made the play.

There was nothing in all this to arouse one's dramatic instincts; nor were our contacts with the English theatre numerous enough to give its glamour a firm setting. The first play I saw was an Adelphi melodrama (William Terriss and Jessie Milward) called *Boys Together*. Our very own Dr. Morton was putting up with us for the week-end, and nobody could do it so understandingly as he. His habit was to tell us the times of meals, to call attention to the bathroom, and then to leave us entirely to ourselves in a room at the top of the house well provided with books. On this occasion it was suggested that we should also join the family in a visit to the theatre. We had to confess that, at the ages of sixteen and fifteen, we had never been to a theatre. Dr. Morton was surprised and doubtful. Would our father mind — it was a quite nice play? We were sure he wouldn't mind. But, writing home on Sunday to break the news, Ken made it perfectly clear that though we had been extremely excited by this play it had left no permanent mark upon our minds. We were unsullied.

I went to the theatre three more times while I was at Westminster. I saw *Florodora*, *The Greek Slave* (with Marie Tempest and Letty Lind), and *The Rose of Persia*. To the first two I was taken; to the last I went with another boy on a wet Wednesday afternoon. To avoid misunderstanding we had asked for leave to go to an illustrated lecture, at the Polytechnic Institute. When we got back from *The Rose of Persia*, our housemaster asked us what the lecture was about. We told him that it was called (and it seems to me a very good title for a lecture) 'Our Navy To-day and Every Day.' Actually it was just called 'Our Navy,' but the advertisement in the papers had misled us.

No compulsory prose was extracted from us at school, but an annual excursion into verse was demanded from Under Elections. On the last Saturday of the summer term there was an entertainment (for Upper Elections) known as 'D-clams' — I write it thus to ensure the correct pronunciation. This took the form of a recitation of declamatory verse on the leaving Seniors by those who had suffered under them for the last year. Lolling repletely at tables covered with the fruits (and fruit drinks) of the season, the Upper Elections take their ease on the floor of Seniors Room; high up beneath the ceiling, on a specially constructed rostrum (table on table, chair on chair), stands a trembling Junior. In his left hand is a large candle, or tolly, in his right a packet of verses. There is no other light in the room. Ready to the hand of every boy beneath him is a plate of small, hard gingernuts.

To a Junior with a genius for invective this would seem to offer the opportunity for revenge for which he had been waiting all the year; but actually it turned

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out to be a better opportunity for the Senior with a genius for throwing gingernuts. After one's first experience of declamming a monitor more popular with his contemporaries than one had supposed, one realized that authorship had no further perils to offer. Professional critics might throw mud, amateur critics might throw eggs, but nobody would throw gingernuts again. It may have been this which decided me, subconsciously, to be an author.

D-clams have now been abolished. Somebody fell off the rostrum (and I wouldn't blame him), or had his eye put out with a gingernut, or set light to himself with the candle — I did hear, but have forgotten. Mothers will breathe more freely, and fathers will say that the world is getting soft. But I doubt if satiric poetry has suffered. The standards were the standards of scholarship Latin verse. Scansion was almost enough.

Meanwhile it was time to find a real profession for Ken. It was now clear to Father that he would get no sort of scholarship at the University, and, more importantly, it was clear to Ken that in his last year at Westminster he would not be a monitor. This was too great a strain even on his humility. He would be the senior boy in College, in his seventh year, and still without authority. It was time he left.

But what to do? He had no ideas, no ambitions, and little more than average public-school qualifications. Barry was articled to a solicitor, and would be admitted next year. It took four years to become a solicitor; four long years in which you need not wonder what you were going to be, four long years before you had need to prove yourself. We were neither of us go-getters; we had discovered a talent for idleness; but I had a sort of jealous obstinacy, heritage of that childish 'I can do it' spirit, which he lacked. To him the four years' respite was attractive. Since he didn't mind what he was, he would be — what was it? — a solicitor.

XVII

Writing light verse in collaboration is easier than one would think. I don't mean by 'easy' what our fellow Westminster, Cowper, meant when he boasted of the ease with which he wrote *John Gilpin*. To Cowper, who knew nothing about it, light verse was merely verse which was not serious, and which demanded, therefore, no application. What I mean is that light verse offers more scope for collaboration than at first thought seems possible. For a set of light verses, like a scene of stage dialogue, is never finished. One can go on and on and on, searching for the better word, the more natural phrase. There comes a time when one is in danger of losing all sense of values, and then one's collaborator steps in suddenly with what one sees at once is the perfect word.

Naturally I cannot remember now the details of all our collaborations, nor say which of any poem was Ken's inspiration or my last word, but I can give two instances of the way in which we supplemented each other. Even if they have no technical interest for the reader, they will show the sort of thing which we were writing.

The first is from a contribution to the Limpsfield uncle's school magazine. It began like this: —

You ask for a poem, my ownest own editor —
  Don't be alarmed at the epithet, pray:
It occurs in Lord Tennyson's *Maud* — have you read it? — a
  Poem of merit authorities say.

Shall I write you a parody, smart and satirical,
  After the manner of *Punch* and the rest —
Or something in dialect, pretty and lyrical,
  Safe to remind you of Burns at his best?

Perhaps you would fancy an 'Ode to an Eiderduck'
  Telling his praises with never a pause:
How he was born a duck, lived — yes, and died a duck,
  Hampered by Nature's inscrutable laws.

Or a rapturous ode on the worth of some Lycidas —
  Blenkinsop Brown he was called when alive,
And reckoned as likely as not an explicit ass:
  Trivial facts not allowed to survive.

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And so on. I was spending some of the holidays with Ken at Weymouth and we wrote this literally together; not, as more usually, by correspondence. The general idea, of course, was old and obvious. As I remember, Ken was responsible for the initiation of the first and fourth verses, and I for the other two, but we worked them all out together. It is the third verse to which I invite your attention.

In the first 'final' version — as we thought a few days before it was finished — the last two lines were: —

How he was born a duck, lived a duck, died a duck —
Fettered by Nature's miraculous laws.

I am still uncertain whether we improved the first of these lines, but I know that we argued about it for hours. There is a charming monotony about this earlier version, which echoes the monotony of a life from which no duck can escape; but I like the break in the rhythm of the other ('How he was born a duck, lived — yes, and died a duck') and I like the hint of astonishment that even in death he was not divided from himself. I should say, though I cannot certainly remember, that Ken preferred the first version and I the second; modest Ken standing aside and letting the tragedy reveal itself, the more egotistic Alan intruding the writer's personality in comment on that tragedy. The comment had to come, in any case, in the fourth line: —

Fettered by Nature's miraculous laws.

We thought this was very funny and ironic, until the more scholarly Ken pointed out that the one thing which Nature could not be was miraculous; it was a contradiction in terms. I agreed reluctantly, feeling that I ought to have seen this for myself, feeling it still more strongly when he suggested the perfect word 'inscrutable.' Now it was my turn to assert myself. I said that we ought to improve 'fettered.' If you were fettered, you were without hope; you knew you couldn't escape, and you threw your hand in. It was much funnier to think of the duck continually trying to be a skylark, and continually being prevented, but always hoping. Some word like 'thwarted,' or 'obstructed' . . . or — Got it! *Hampered.* 'Hampered by Nature's inscrutable laws' — we said it over and over to ourselves, loving it.

My other example is from a set of verses which we wrote in the *Granta* when I was at Cambridge. They described (in, as it happens, the same metre) the proposal of a cosmopolitan young gentleman to his love.

He called her (in Latin) his something in *-issima*,
Hinted (in Greek) she was one of the best,
Asked her politely in Spanish to kiss him, a
Scandalous, scandalous thing to suggest.

And more in that strain. The poem was Ken's idea, and he opened it with this verse: —

An account of one Jones and the very last visit he
Paid to the girl he first met at a dance.
Now in languages Jones had a rare catholicity:
Insular prejudice eyed him askance.

I altered the last line to 'Jones had two Spanish-American aunts.' A consideration of the two versions gives the clue to the separate qualities which each brought to the collaboration.

On January 18, I was eighteen. Ken sent me a pocketbook, and (since we were in that vein) a charming set of laudatory verses. I wish I could print them here, as a tribute not to myself but to him. Like many other things which I wish that I had kept, they are gone, even from my memory. I went back to school almost, for the first time, happily.

We offered our services to *Punch* first, but *Punch* was unappreciative; so we turned to the school magazine, the *Elizabethan.* Over the initials A.K.M. we contributed verses and parodies. It was lucky for us that at this time an old Westminster of whose poetry we had no opinion was sending up 'serious' verse to the editor. Four lines of an ode which he wrote on the death of a distinguished contemporary so burned them-

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selves into the memory that after one amazed reading we could quote them to each other ever afterwards. Even now . . . yes . . .

He than I was somewhat older, and no common tastes we had,
He was good at cricket, football, I was but a pensive lad.
He would sally forth to Vincent Square attired in flannels cool,
I would spend my leisure moments in the cloisters as a rule.

One began to wonder which of them was writing an ode to the other. If only Tennyson could have put as much of himself into the Wellington ode: —

He would sally forth to Water-loo attired in spur and boot,
I remained at home, Euterpe's most industrious recruit.
He would interlard his speech with military 'Blast' and 'Damn' —
I would spend my leisure moments writing *In Memoriam.*

We had great fun with this poet in the *Elizabethan*. The Captain of the school was *ex officio* editor, and since we were both in College, and I was, as it were, his first lieutenant, I could make sure that all A. K. M.'s contributions were published. Indeed, I could even persuade him to publish some rival's ridiculous doggerel in one number in order that we could parody it in the next.

All this was fun, but it never occurred to me that it might be a lifetime's occupation. I was going to be I was not sure what, but first I was going to Oxford or Cambridge, I was not sure which. Oxford looked like being more suited to my means, and (I was told) would suit better my particular mathematical talent, which, as far as it existed, was for 'pure,' not 'applied,' mathematics. As against this I had always called myself Cambridge from childhood, and, having been to Cambridge for that scholarship, had got to thinking of myself as living there happily. Which should it be?

Then one day a copy of the *Granta* came to Westminster. The *Granta* used to call itself the Cambridge *Punch*, until it got the idea of calling *Punch* the London *Granta*. R. C. Lehmann had founded it, and all the Cambridge humorists, Barry Pain, E. F. Benson, F. Anstey, Owen Seaman, had written for it. My friend the Captain and I stood looking at this copy of the *Granta*, and suddenly he said, 'You ought to go to Cambridge and edit that.' So I said, quite firmly, 'I will.' It has an heroic sound, but, to anybody who has said 'I can do it' at the age of two, saying 'I will' at the age of eighteen is easy.

So it was to be Cambridge. I didn't tell Father why. His assumption was that I was going to a University in order to get a First. Having got a First, I was then going to come out top in the Civil Service examination, and turn (gradually) into one of those comparatively unrewarded but nearly always knighted gentlemen who are 'the real rulers of England.' He would have loved to think that I was going to follow him at Streete Court; but I was still deceiving him into thinking that I was too good for a schoolmaster.

It was to be Cambridge, then, because I had set my heart on being Senior Wrangler, because the mathematical standards were higher there, because one could work there with less distraction. Cambridge — if Father could afford it.

He could. Streete Court had survived those first three years and was now flourishing.

(*To be continued*)

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BIG BUSINESS—NO. 14

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This sharp and long-sustained decline in utility construction is a matter of serious concern, not only to the utilities themselves, but to all American business. The utility industry is normally one of the best customers of the heavy goods industries, and its inability in recent years to proceed with its much needed program of expansion and replacement has had a seriously depressing effect on many other lines of business. An increase in the expenditures of utility companies would bring great benefit to the very industries in which the greatest problems of depression and unemployment are now centered.

There has lately been evidence that some of the controversial problems which have restricted normal expansion of utilities can eventually be solved. Nothing could be more constructive from the standpoint of the country as a whole. Breaking the log jam in the utility field should release a flood of delayed construction which will lead to further business recovery and increased employment.

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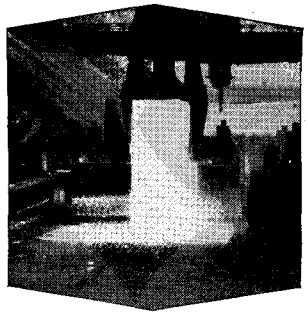

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

In many families one member may be an authority on flowers, another on radio; a third may be the oracle on soil conservation. Here is a chance to become an authority on steel in the home and on the range.

Count 10 points for each question. 50 is the passing grade. 80 to 100 gives grounds for an authoritative manner.

Correct answers opposite page 582.

1. In building homes, the carpenter nails the lath in place, traditionally keeping a reserve supply of nails in his mouth. To minimize possible infection from this habit the steel trade sells lath nails sterilized by:

(*a*) *Being heated in a cylinder and then packed in paper-lined kegs without human handling.*
(*b*) *By dipping in strong solution of carbolic acid.*
(*c*) *By a coating of enamel.*

2. Chain link fence, frequently used as tennis court enclosures, is also used for four of the five following purposes:

(*a*) *Around country estates*
(*b*) *As protection for school yards*
(*c*) *In city parks* (*d*) *On sheep ranches* (*e*) *In zoos*

3. When the buyer desires wire fence of particularly fine appearance, he can obtain a bright, smooth finish in bethanized wire when the zinc coating is applied in one of the following ways:

(*a*) *The wire passes through a zinc solution and an electric current causes the zinc to be deposited on the wire.*
(*b*) *By dipping the wire in molten zinc.*
(*c*) *By spraying the wire with molten zinc.*

4. The smooth, satiny finish of bethanized wire farm fence, and the fact that it can be bent without cracking the coating, commends bethanized wire fence to many users. They naturally ask the question as to whether the cost is:

(*a*) *The same as competitive types.*
(*b*) *Slightly more than other processes to cover partially the difference in production costs.*
(*c*) *A higher price to assure thorough quality.*

5. There are several kinds of steel sheet roofing suitable for various kinds of farm buildings. In the following list of sheet designations six apply specifically to roofing sheets:

(*a*) *blue annealed* (*d*) *3 V-Crimp* (*g*) *Stormproof*
(*b*) *hot rolled* (*e*) *5 V-Crimp* (*h*) *roll roofing*
(*c*) *2 V-Crimp* (*f*) *corrugated*

6. Speaking of farms suggests pigs. Pigs suggest pig iron. Actually, what is pig iron? One of the following sentences is correct:

(*a*) *Pig iron is an exceptionally pure form of iron which in primitive days used to be puddled in a stone trough used by pigs.*
(*b*) *Pig iron is a material commonly rolled into structural members.*
(*c*) *Pig iron is the product of the smelting of iron ore in a blast furnace, and is used in the manufacture of steel and in the production of iron and steel castings.*

7. Which one of the following statements best distinguishes steel from iron?

(*a*) *Steel is harder than iron.*
(*b*) *In general, steel contains less carbon than iron.*
(*c*) *Steel is a more highly refined product than iron.*

8. Modern bathroom fixtures are frequently made of stamped sheet steel covered with attractive enamels. Two methods of applying the enamel are:

(*a*) *electrically*
(*b*) *baking*
(*c*) *with a spray gun*
(*d*) *with an intermediate layer of latex*
(*e*) *with fish glue*

9. The reason copper-bearing steel sheets are frequently used for roofing, gutters, rain spouts and ventilators is:

(*a*) *for appearance*
(*b*) *for ductility*
(*c*) *for strength*
(*d*) *for resistance to rust*

10. What steel company produces a full line of road steels, such as reinforcing bars and guards used in highways which connect the cities with the great open spaces?

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The first symptoms of the disease, often disregarded, may be an unexplained tiredness, weakness, listlessness, or chest pains. Later, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, or the spitting of blood may cause the patient to see a doctor. But by this time some damage has usually been done, making treatment longer and more difficult.

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If you suspect that tuberculosis has entered your home, see your doctor. He may wish to supplement his examination with the Tuberculin Test and X-ray. Changes in lung tissue can usually be seen with the X-ray or fluoroscope before early symptoms are observed or signs in the chest detected by the stethoscope.

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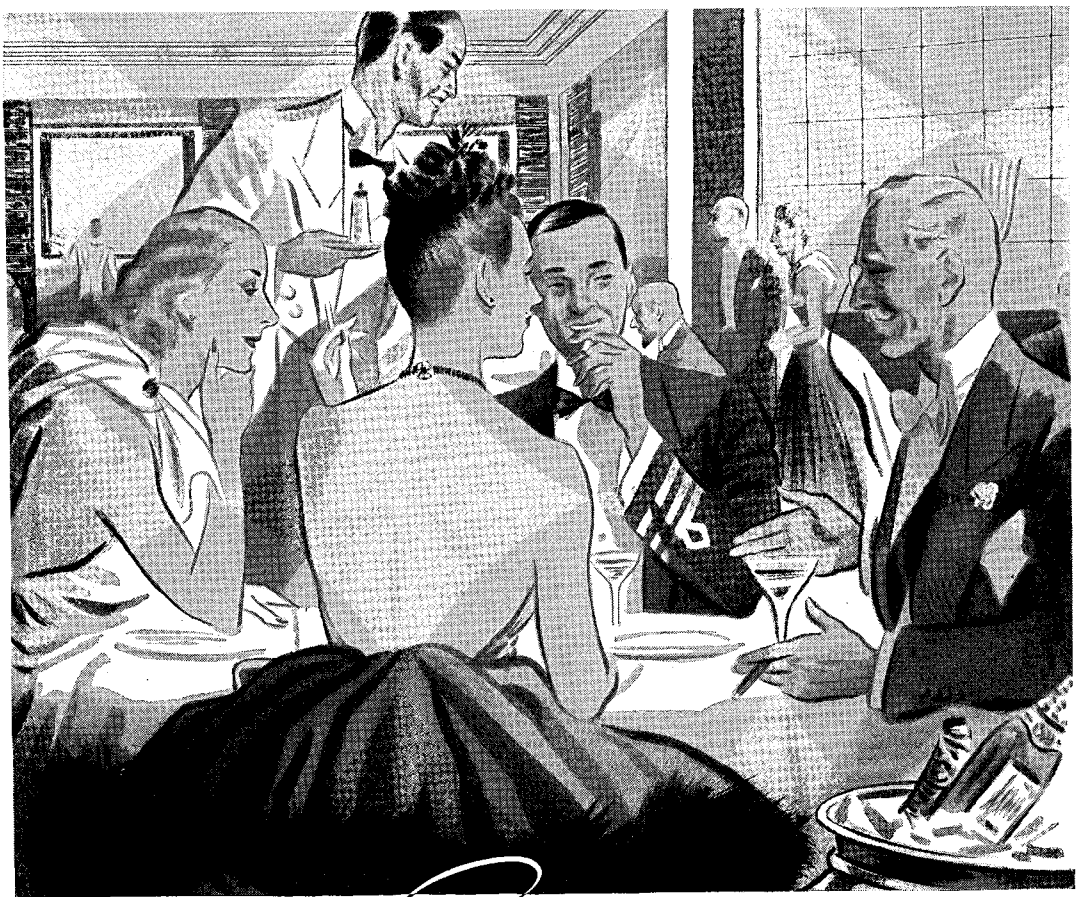

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Answers to Bethlehem Steel Quiz

(See opposite page 578)

1. (a) The heating process is used. Carbolic acid would not be good on the tongue, and enameling would not be a sterilizing process.

2. (a, b, c & e) Chain link fence is closely woven and has strength. These qualities would not be necessary for a sheep ranch which could just as effectively use a lighter, more open mesh of wire fence.

3. (a) The bethanizing process, a Bethlehem development, gives the wire an improved coating of pure, weather-defying zinc. Prior to bethanizing practically all wire was zinc-coated by drawing it through a bath of molten zinc.

4. (a) The product is sold by Bethlehem at the same price as its competitive grade of hot dipped galvanized wire. No premium is charged for this specialty product.

5. (c, d, e, f, g & h) Blue annealed and hot rolled do not apply specifically to roofing. Roofing sheets are generally hot rolled sheets which have been galvanized. The six terms, such as corrugated, which are the correct answers, apply to the shape of the product. Those answering the questions are entitled to 1⅔ points for each of the six letters which were guessed correctly.

6. Iron ore is smelted in a blast furnace and the partially refined metal is then used in steelmaking, or is cast into forms called pigs to be used in the production of castings.

7. (c) Usually the term iron is understood to apply to the trade product and not to theoretically pure metallic iron. Commercial iron is currently a very minor percentage of iron and stee production, as most industrial users require the better physical properties to be found in steel. Answer (a) would be incorrect because some grades of steel are softer than some grades of iron.

8. (b) Baking and (c) with a spray gun.

9. (d) For resistance to rust. Tests at Pittsburgh, Annapolis and other points by the American Society for Testing Materials developed that under exposure to atmospheric corrosion copper-beari..g open-hearth steel outlasted competitive steels by substantial margins.

10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

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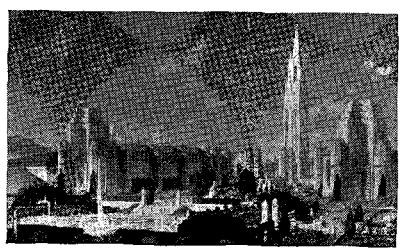

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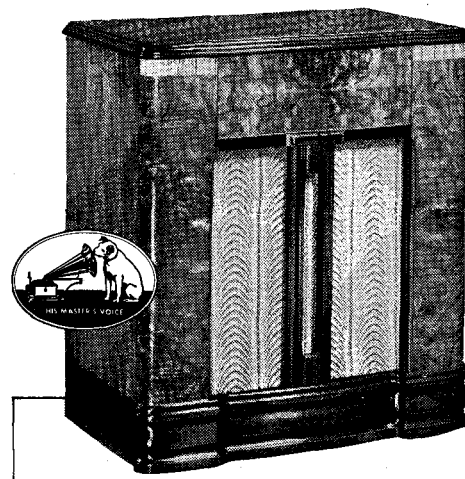

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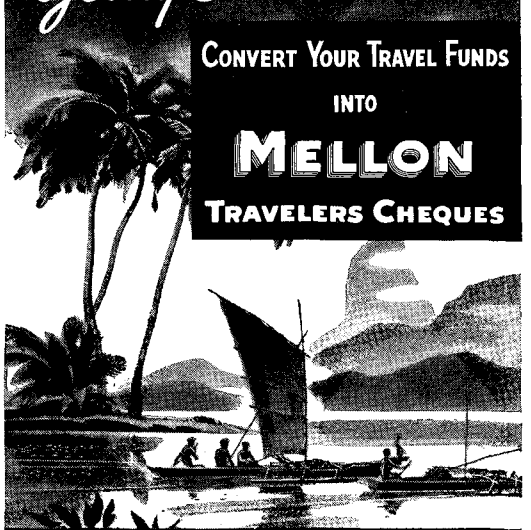

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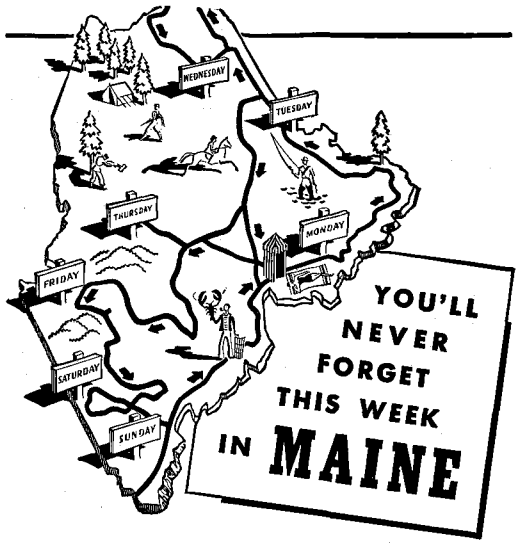

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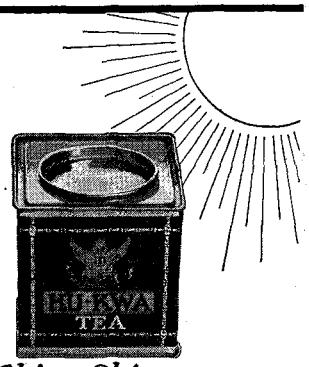

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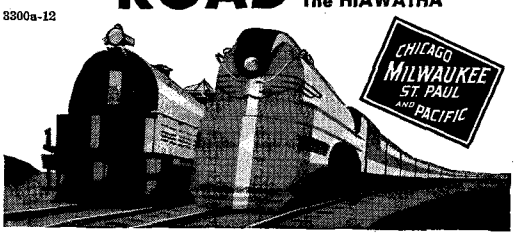

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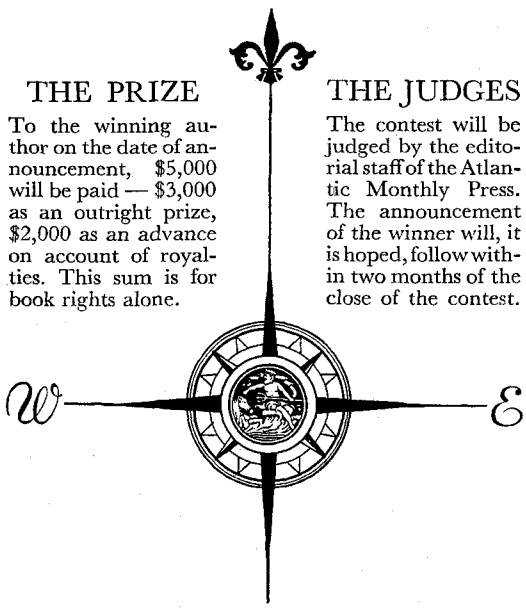

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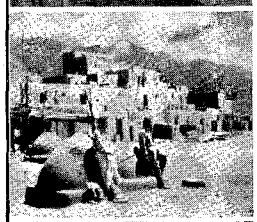

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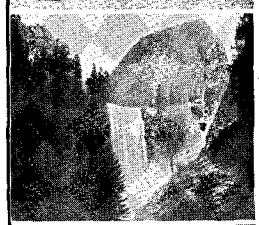

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